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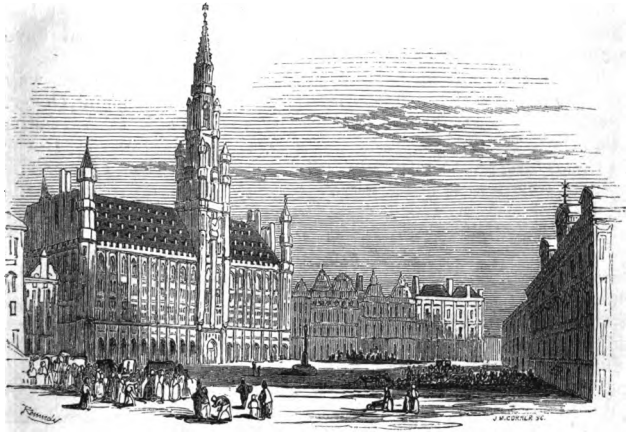

A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

BELGIUM is that portion of the Netherlands lying on the south-west of the lower branches of the Rhine, as Holland lies on the north-east, and consists of the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, East and West Flanders, Hainault, Namur, and Liege. These unitedly form a compact country, now a distinct kingdom, with about four millions of inhabitants. The political history of the country (the province of Liege excepted) is nearly the same as that of the northern provinces of the Netherlands, until the epoch of Dutch independence in 1579. The southern provinces

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were less successful in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, and hence their period of national freedom has been postponed to a much later date. In 1714, they were ceded by Philip III. of Spain to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria, by which change of masters they became known as the Austrian Netherlands. In 1795, they were united with France, and continued under its dominion till 1814, when they were attached to the northern provinces, to compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. Their separation in 1830, to form the Belgian monarchy, and to depend, for the first time, on their own united resources, is known to every one. More French in character and language than the Dutch, and almost entirely Roman Catholic in their religious profession, the Belgians differ in various respects from their neighbours in Holland; they are, however, not less distinguished by their industry and love of order, and have attained a considerably higher taste for art.

Travellers from England usually approach Belgium by way of Ostend, to which port steamers ply from London and Dover. Some prefer entering the country by the Scheldt to Antwerp; and others, less inclined to a sea-voyage, take the route by Dover to Calais, and thence by railway across the frontier at Lille. The visit to Belgium which it is now proposed to describe, was made by way of Ostend, which was reached after an agreeable voyage of about four hours from Dover.

In approaching the country in this direction, the eye has at first little to exercise itself upon. The coast, consisting of sandy knolls or downs, is barren and monotonous, and little is seen of Ostend from the sea except the tops of the walls and a few bathing-houses on the shore. On our arrival, a few minutes served for the *douaniers* to make their examinations of baggage, and for the police to inspect passports, after which our party were at liberty to proceed to their hotel. Here we remained half a day, which was fully sufficient for all purposes of curiosity. The town has really nothing to recommend it. It occupies a low and confined situation within high walls, and is generally ill paved and worse drained. The streets are built in straight lines, with a modern aspect, the town, indeed, being almost wholly constructed anew since its destruction during the wars of Louis XIV. Latterly, the port has increased in its traffic. We found the harbour full of shipping, and the daily arrival and departure of steamers appeared to bring a concourse of tourists to the place. This concentration of traffic has been greatly promoted by the opening of the line of railway to Brussels and the Rhine.

A run by railway of less than an hour brought us to Bruges, a town of an entirely different character from Ostend; for it bears marks of high antiquity, and is exceedingly picturesque in architectural forms and decorations. The streets are neat, clean, and dull, as if demonstrative of the little business which now prevails in this old mart of Flemish trade. The place is chiefly

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known in the present day for its retired character, and its suitableness as a place of living for those English who wish to make slender incomes go a great way in housekeeping. From the levelness of the surrounding region, and its many sluggish watercourses, we should apprehend that the air was humid, and it is said to be exceedingly cold in winter: this latter quality, however, is common to the climate of Belgium generally. In Bruges, the peculiar costume of the females, consisting of long dark cloaks with hoods—a relic of Spanish usages—will be seen for the first time by tourists.

The Belgian towns are so near each other, that, since their connection by railway, several of them may be seen in a day. Quitting Bruges, our next town, speedily reached, was Ghent, where there is not a little to interest strangers. In approaching Ghent, the country appears to be thickly studded with villages, and we pass different walled-towns and localities celebrated in the wars of Marlborough. Ghent occupies a favourable situation for commerce, in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders, on the banks of the Scheldt, Lis, and Lieve, which here unite, and, with their innumerable ramifications in the form of deep canals, pass through the town. The appearance of Ghent is very much like that of the Dutch towns, in which the walls of long rows of houses seem to grow out of the water; and hence, however well adapted the town may be for trade, I cannot conceive it to be suitable as a place of residence for persons accustomed to a dry climate. I believe it has upwards of a hundred bridges.

Ghent is the ancient capital of Flanders; and in its days of glory, prior to the Spanish oppression, it was as populous and wealthy as Antwerp. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, it was distinguished as the chief seat of the cloth manufacture on the continent, and contained 40,000 weavers. These formed the strongest and boldest corporation of craftsmen in Europe, and to their invincible love of freedom are we owing much of the constitutional liberty we now enjoy. The town, it is almost needless to relate, was effectually ruined by the measures of Charles V. and his son Philip II., and its revival is only of comparatively recent date. In 1801, the cotton manufacture was introduced into it by a native who had received instructions at Manchester, and succeeded in a very remarkable manner. There are now a number of cotton-factories driven by steam-power, the indications of which, in the shape of tall brick-chimneys, appear in all directions. The situation, on canals which bring the raw material to the very doors—the large population of the place, among whom are many poor—and the cheapness of living, render it advantageous for this or any other species of manufacture on a large scale. The railway to Ostend on the one hand, and to Liege and the Rhine on the other, must in time accelerate the progress of the town in all branches of traffic.

The spectacle of cotton-spinneries placed amidst rows of antique

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buildings, old gloomy churches and monasteries, is at variance with our ordinary conceptions of social improvement. We passed from the contemplation of spinning-jennies moved by steam-engines to that of an object of an entirely different character—the cathedral or church of St Bavon, an edifice of the thirteenth century, enriched with twenty-four chapels, and possessing some carved rails and sculptures in marble, executed in a style of exquisite beauty. Before the grand altar in the choir stand four massive silver-gilt candlesticks, each at least five feet in height. They originally belonged to St Paul's in London, and were sold during the protectorate of Cromwell. The tower of the cathedral is less conspicuous in the town than an isolated square turret, which is called the Belfry, and was anciently used as a post of outlook by the citizens. Its date is 1183. On the summit is a gilt dragon, which was originally brought from Constantinople during one of the crusades by a detachment of the citizens of Bruges. At the conquest of Bruges by the inhabitants of Ghent—these towns were always fighting against each other—in 1445, the gilt dragon was carried off as a trophy, and has been here ever since.

Wandering from church to church, we at length came to the conventual establishment called the Beguinage. This is a very curious place. It consists of an entire square surrounded with houses, with a church in the open space in the centre; also several lanes lined with houses—the whole being enclosed, and entered by a single gateway. In front of the houses there was a secluding wall, in which were doors leading to the respective dwellings. Each door had inscribed upon it a particular motto or saint's name, by which in all probability the dwelling within was known. All these houses are residences of nuns, and the number of the establishments must be nearly 100—the whole, indeed, form a distinct town of nunneries. There were lately 600 inmates, of whom we saw several, both here and on the streets, in their black stuff-garments and white head-coverings: they were all elderly women, of a respectable appearance; and I was informed that they devote themselves to the duty of sick-nurses, and are to be found wherever there is either sorrow or suffering. Some are ladies possessing considerable wealth, and to these others act as attendants or domestics; but all meet on an equal footing in the religious services of the church. They are bound by no vow, as other nuns usually are, and may therefore be described as single women of a religious turn of mind, who devote themselves to works of charity and mercy.

Ghent contains a university, which was founded by William when king of the Netherlands; also a botanic garden, and several educational establishments, including a school of arts. It likewise possesses a Casino, situated in a pleasing part of the environs, and at which musical entertainments are given: it is surrounded by a garden for the recreation of visitors during fine weather.

From Ghent, the railway conducts the traveller to Mechlin or

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Malines, where the series of lines converge; and we have the choice of proceeding in different directions. At this centering-point we took the train to Antwerp. After quitting Malines, we are made sensible of approaching the low-lying coast of the country. The land assumes all the appearance of polders reclaimed from the sea, the ditches are full of water, and canals are seen on the tops of the broad mounds or dikes. Rich green fields devoted to the pasturing of cattle, the neat farm-steadings of the Flemish peasants, and church steeples projecting from the midst of clumps of leafy trees, all serve to remind us of Holland. The first indication we have of approaching Antwerp is the sight of the tall Gothic tower of the cathedral rising from the verdant plain before us. The town itself is concealed from view till we are close upon it, by a number of outflanking bulwarks, in the form of high grassy mounds.

Antwerp, or Anvers, as it is called by the French and Belgians, is strongly guarded on the east and south by high walls and deep wet ditches; on the west it has the fortification called the citadel; and on the north it is bounded by the Scheldt, a river as broad as the Thames at Blackwall, and as well fitted for navigation. The Scheldt, after passing the town, flows in a north-easterly direction to the sea at Flushing—a distance of sixty-two miles. The whole country around is perfectly flat. Immediately opposite Antwerp, on the left bank of the river, stand a few houses, fortified by walls, and forming a station for a ferry: this is the Tête de Flandre. Behind this fortified station there is a large flat expanse of land, bare, brown, and marshy, and which could be easily flooded. Plantations of trees border the horizon in the distance.

The interior of Antwerp consists of generally narrow streets, lined with high houses of a sombre antique appearance, and obviously built according to the old Spanish taste. In niches on the projecting angles of some of the houses forming the corners of the streets, are seen large gilt wooden figures of the Virgin and Child, which may be assumed as an evidence that the town is Roman Catholic. It was the first time we had observed such representations in the open thoroughfares in Belgium; and we learned that they were generally falling into a state of neglect. Nothing of the kind, at least, was seen by us in Brussels. Some of the streets contain houses of a modern architecture, and there are some good shops; but the air of the whole place is decidedly prison-like and monastic. We observed that many windows were stanchioned with iron bars, and that some of the doors of the houses had small openings in them, covered with gratings, through which the inmates could spy those who demanded admittance, and thus protect themselves from violent intrusion. Antwerp has been so frequently attacked and taken possession of by Spaniards, French, English, and Dutch, that these and such like evidences of a state of turbulence can excite no surprise. I know of few towns in Western Europe which have suffered so much from war. Previous to the disastrous reign of Philip II., it was

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the greatest commercial city in the world. From 2000 to 3000 vessels were constantly in the Scheldt, loading and unloading cargoes of goods; 500 wagons entered the gates daily; and the inhabitants amounted to 200,000 in number. The dreadful severities of Alva drove thousands of the merchants and artisans to England; and when the Dutch finally made their peace with Spain in 1679, the last great blow was given to the trade of the town, it being then settled that the Scheldt should in future be closed against the entrance of shipping. After this, Antwerp dwindled down to the condition of a poor neglected town, known only for its churches and the pictures which ornamented them. Napoleon, having conceived the plan of making it the greatest of the French naval arsenals in the northern part of his empire, if not a rival of the port of London, for both of which it was eminently suited, greatly improved the town by constructing a beautiful quay along the bank of the river, also two large docks for the reception of shipping, and a complete suite of ship-building yards, an arsenal, and other important accommodations. At the peace of 1814, by the treaty of Paris, the whole establishment was broken up, the storehouses and docks ordered to be demolished, and the shipping and materials divided between the French and Dutch. These measures were forthwith carried into effect, with the exception of the destruction of the docks or basins, these being spared at the anxious solicitation of the citizens, who wished to preserve them for their trading vessels. These basins are situated within the eastern boundary of the town, and possess commodious entrances from the Scheldt. In winter, when the river is apt to bring down masses of ice, they serve the important purpose of protecting the shipping from injury. The quay forms a most agreeable promenade; when we visited it in the evening, we found hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in walking, or sitting on benches at the doors of the houses. Only a few vessels lay in the river or alongside the quay; altogether the number did not exceed seventeen, exclusive of barges, and a steam-vessel which was to sail next day for London. The trade of the town, which suffered by the events of the Revolution of 1830, is, we were told, improving, though greatly hampered by certain dues levied by the Dutch at the entrance to the Scheldt. The town now contains about 80,000 inhabitants.

Being desirous of visiting the interior of the citadel of Antwerp, rendered famous by its protracted siege in 1832, we were fortunate in procuring a recommendation to the officer in command, and were therefore admitted on presenting ourselves at the entrance. I had expected to find something like a castellated fortress, and was never more surprised than when we were brought in front of certain green mounds, over the tops of which nothing could be seen. Pursuing a crooked path between the mounds, we are led by a wooden bridge across a broad wet ditch, thence through a covered way, which opens on another ditch beyond; having

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crossed that, we enter another vaulted passage in the walls, and are shortly in the interior of the garrison. Previous to the bombardment, the interior contained a populous village and church, besides barracks and storehouses. The whole of these were completely destroyed, and at present the visitor perceives only an open space, or smooth grassy park, with two or three recently erected houses for the soldiery. During the siege, the French artillery fired 64,000 shots, including nearly 20,000 bombs which were thrown into the garrison. The Dutch are proud of the defence made by Chassé on this occasion; but as it could not, and really did not, tend to any useful purpose, we may be excused for viewing his conduct, or that of the parties for whom he acted, as merely an instance of irrational obstinacy.

Antwerp is usually styled the cradle of the Flemish school of painting; and it is more frequently visited for its treasures in this branch of the fine arts, than for the inspection of the many scenes of historical interest by which it is surrounded. From the window of our hotel we looked across the Allée Verte, an open place lined with rows of trees, to an object which would have charmed the eye of an architect. This was the cathedral, with its tall elegant square tower and richly decorated transepts raised in airy proportions above the level of the houses in the Place. The cathedral of Notre Dame of Antwerp is one of the largest and finest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture now existing in the Netherlands. It was commenced in 1422, and finished in 1518, the work having thus required ninety-six years. Properly speaking, it was never finished: according to the original design, two towers were intended to be raised at the east end of the edifice; but only one, that on the right of the main doorway, has been erected, the other being cut short and brought to a point a little above the roof of the church. Notwithstanding this deficiency, the building is a wonder of architectural beauty, although almost entirely hung round with paltry parasitical structures occupied as shops. The interior is one entire open sweep from end to end, except an enclosed space in the choir, containing the grand altar. The side aisles are filled with chapels, each with an altar and pictorial embellishments. Entering by the door in the northern transept, and advancing a few steps, we have the vast open expanse before us, the choir on the right, and the ample nave on the left. On the wall of the transepts on our right, one on each side of the choir, hang the two pictures of Rubens, which artists have made pilgrimages to visit for the last 200 years. The first we come to is the Descent from the Cross, a picture justly esteemed as the master-piece of Rubens, and which is in some degree familiar to the whole civilised world, in consequence of having been so frequently copied and engraved. The figure of the dead Christ, in the process of being lowered from the cross, is strikingly faithful to nature, and forms the central and principal object in the piece. The picture has two wings to fold over it, and on these

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are representations of the Salutation and Purification. We went to see this great production six times during our stay in Antwerp —the church being constantly open—and always with increased delight. The companion to the picture on the wall of the further transept represents the Elevation of the Cross, the body of Christ being seen nailed to it, while a number of figures are exerting themselves in raising it into its place. This piece, though less celebrated, is not less remarkable for fidelity of drawing than the other. The Assumption of the Virgin is a third picture by Rubens, placed over the grand altar; and a fourth, representing the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, is pointed out in one of the side-chapels. It would be an oft-repeated tale for me to make a single remark on these admirable productions. Nearly 250 years have elapsed since they were painted; yet they are still in a good state of preservation, though a little faded and old in their appearance, and though the substance on which they have been painted exhibits a few cracks. Before quitting the edifice, we mounted to nearly the summit of the tower, whence a view was obtained, including the borders of Holland, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom, on the east, Brussels on the south, Ghent on the west, and the verge of the sea at Flushing on the north. The tower is 466 feet in height: at the period of our visit, the tower and the eastern entrance were undergoing considerable repairs.

We visited a number of other churches noted for pictures of Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent artists; also for carvings in marble and oak, some of which, such as rails to altars twisted with garlands of flowers sculptured in pure white marble, were among the most elegant works of art which had ever come under our observation. The Museum of Antwerp was likewise visited in the course of our ramble through the town. It contains a collection of pictures from suppressed churches and convents, including fourteen productions of Rubens; but though these have commanded universal admiration, we could not look upon them with any degree of complacency. There is a certain point, beyond which, in examining representations of crucifixions, martyrdoms, and other physical sufferings, the mind becomes bewildered with the reiteration of horrors, and the spectacle ceases to interest. This point we had now gained, and were glad to make our escape from the collection into the open air.

'A journey to Antwerp,' says Emerson Tennant, 'is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens.' It is so: and here, in the very beautiful church of St Jacques, immediately behind the high altar, is the small chapel which formerly belonged to his family, and which is now their consecrated mausoleum. On the 30th May 1640, Peter Paul Rubens died, and the rites with which his remains were carried to this their last resting-place, were performed with the most imposing solemnity. The surrounding walls and aisles were hung with black cloth, and the clergy belonging to the church walked in advance of the funeral procession. Next came sixty

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orphan boys, two bearing a crown of gold, followed by others carrying lighted tapers in their hands; and then the coffin, surrounded by the more immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief officers of the city, many noblemen of distinction, and merchants, and all the members of the Academy of Painting, attended; and in the midst of this vast assemblage, while the requiem for the dead was being chanted, his body was lowered into the vault before us, which now contains all that may yet remain of that dust which is 'even in itself an immortality.' Nor does it sleep there alone; for on each side are likewise deposited the remains of the two dear companions who were the chosen partners of his life. Looking through the rails which divide this sacred spot from the aisle at the back of the choir, we behold a plain white marble altar, over which is one of his own most beautiful paintings, representing the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour, with the adoration of St Bonaventura. In this singularly effective picture, the colouring of which, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is yet as bright as if the sun shone upon it,' he has introduced the portraits of his two wives, his father, his grandfather, and himself in the character of St George, in compliment to King Charles I., who conferred on him, when in England, the honour of knighthood. The life of Rubens is singularly interesting. He lived in an eventful age; and while, as a diplomatist, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and princes, as a private individual he was respected and esteemed by all classes of society. His habits were frugal; his diligence extraordinary; and nothing can inspire us with a more favourable idea of his disposition, than his conduct towards other artists. His doors were open to them at all hours, even when he was himself at the easel; and although he seldom paid visits, he was ever ready to inspect the work of any artist who wished his advice, and often would take up the brush himself to touch such parts as required it. In every picture he sought to discover something good; for it was his great delight to acknowledge merit, and encourage upon every occasion his brother artists. He used to rise very early—in summer, at four o'clock in the morning—and immediately afterwards attended mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of his favourite classical authors; for he was an excellent scholar, and delighted in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which, with Horace and Virgil, were his favourite authors. An hour before dinner he devoted to recreation, which consisted chiefly in conversing with visitors, who, being aware of his habits, knew at what hour their company would be agreeable to him. He indulged sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again until the evening, he usually rode out for an hour or two. He was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men

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of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal supper-meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation. Such were the domestic habits of this illustrious artist, the details of whose life cannot be perused without conveying a lively conviction of the truth of the observation, that when industry is allied with genius, men may command success, and often attain the highest honours of the state.

Among the churches visited by us during our stay in the town, was that of the Jesuits, which we found decorated with flowers and growing shrubs, disposed in a tasteful manner among the aisles and on the high altar. Adjoining the building, and near the entrance, the visitor is shewn through a door, opening into a place called 'the Calvary'—a small plot of apparently garden-ground, covered with a motley collection of the statues of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, all heterogeneously huddled together, like so many figures in a sculptor's yard, without any regard to proportion, arrangement, or consistency of design. Immediately before us, upon a mass of small round stones, walled up to a considerable height, was a clumsy piece of sculpture-work, exhibiting the crucifixion, with figures above, below, and around, which we abstain from describing. Underneath this unseemly pile was the most remarkable part of the spectacle, which assumes to be a model taken from Jerusalem of the holy sepulchre. Upon entering a narrow opening, intended to represent a chasm in the rock, we found ourselves before an iron grating, railing in a recess, upon the floor of which is a bier, covered over with a white sheet, and the hand apparently of the dead body protruding through it. The walls of this cavernous-looking place were covered with figures in different attitudes, with their faces smeared with coarse red paint, to depict the tortures of the wicked in purgatory. How strange, that such things should be presented with a view to excite to piety!

Trade having departed from Antwerp, its people seem to make a business of religion; and it may be said that gloom and silence exercise an overmastering influence in the place. Latterly, a spirit of modern life has been attempted to be introduced, the most significant token of which is a newly erected theatre on a rather considerable scale, in which we found tolerable acting by a company of French players. The Bourse, or Exchange, where, in days of yore, 5000 merchants congregated daily, is an elegant old structure, with a central court and piazzas, which formed a model for the Royal Exchange in London. It is unfortunately placed in a confined situation, but is still resorted to for the purposes to which it was originally destined.

Returning on our track, it was necessary again to pass through Malines, and thence a run of half an hour brought us to Brussels. The railway terminates at the outskirts of the lower part of the town, on a level plain, through which flows the river Senne. On a small island formed by the Senne, a chapel and a few houses

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were built about the year 600, and thus was commenced a town which spread to both sides of the river, and, gradually ascending the face of a sloping hill, was surrounded with walls, and named Bruxelles, or Brussels—a term said to be equivalent to Bridgetown in the old Flemish tongue.

In the present day, Brussels is found to have stretched all over the face of the rising-ground to its broad summit, where now the finer part of the town is situated. The hill fronting the south and south-west is of that easy inclination which permits streets to be built upon it in regular order; and though inconveniently steep in some places for the passage of wheeled-carriages or horses, it is nowhere unsuitable for walking. The lower and upper town, as they are called, differ in many respects from each other. The markets, the theatre, the Exchange, the Post-office, and the Hôtel de Ville, also some splendid old family mansions, fashionable in their day, and a large infusion of mean thoroughfares, occupy the lower division. The upper consists almost exclusively of the elegant mansions of the gentry, the finest kind of hotels, the palaces, senate-house, and other structures of a superior description. The Park is likewise here. Along the western Boulevards, an exterior road leading down to the lower town, there are also many mansions of modern date, the residences of persons of the higher classes. Brussels is a town of stone, not brick. In the upper part of the city every edifice is painted white (in oil), and this, with the white jalousies of the windows, imparts a strikingly brilliant appearance to the streets, particularly in the sunshine of summer. Some of the descending streets of the best order are likewise painted; but the further down you proceed, the darker and more ancient is the aspect of the houses. Another peculiarity is observable. The names of the streets and the words on the sign-boards in the higher town are in French, and in the lower they are in Flemish. In some cases they are both in French and Flemish in the lower, as if to suit two sets of people which the town contains—as, for example, 'Oude Kirk Straat—Rue de l'Ancienne Eglise,' which may be observed marked together on the corner of one of the streets. Latterly, the town has been lighted with gas, but as yet the supply of water is entirely from public or private wells.

It may be seen at a glance that Brussels is a remarkably fine town, and that, although not large, it is in other respects entitled to rank with Paris and other first-rate continental cities. Within the last ten years, it has been vastly improved as regards paving, lighting, and the construction of new streets and covered galleries or passages, these latter being of an elegant style of architecture. The Park of Brussels resembles the garden of the Tuileries, but with lofty trees instead of shrubs. I do not know any city-view more imposing and more beautiful than that which we obtain from the Place Royale across to the entrance of the Park. The Place Royale is a large open square (no enclosure in the centre of it as in

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our English squares), surrounded with tall handsome edifices, with the Church of St Jacques in the centre of its northern side; opposite this church the Rue Montagne de la Cour, in which are the principal shops, leads down a mile in length to the lower town; and on the western side of the Place there is an opening which leads to, and exposes to view, the grand entrance to the Park, and the long terrace-like street called the Rue Royale, bounding the Park on its southern side. The appearance of everything in this part of the upper town is on a scale of princely magnificence. The Park, to which a stranger usually proceeds on his first excursion through the city, is planted with rows of trees at the sides, and also radiating from a centre, where there is a pond in which goldfish are confined for the amusement of the promenaders. Thick shrubberies, light coppices, two deep dells, and patches of green-sward, variously disposed between the divisions, give variety to the scene, while at different points are disposed marble statues, busts, and vases, in the style of the gardens of the Tuileries. The prettily wooded and well-kept piece of ground forms, as we observed, the chief place of promenade on Sundays. On this day, which is one of general recreation in Brussels, a military band takes its station in one of the clumps of wood near a central plot, where there are numerous seats scattered about for the visitors. All classes move hither in crowds on these occasions; and from the immense concourse which is seen moving in every direction, a good idea may be had of the luxury and fashion of the Belgian metropolis.

The Park is environed with a number of the principal state buildings. At the western extremity is situated the Senate House, and opposite it, on the east, close by the Place Royale, is the palace of the king. At the north-east corner, adjacent to the king's palace, stands the palace of the Prince of Orange. The king's palace, now inhabited by Leopold, is a handsome Grecian structure of large extent, no way secluded from the street, and is said not to contain anything of particular interest to strangers. The love of sight-seeing is concentrated on the palace of the Prince of Orange. Here we found a crowd waiting for admission, and, taking our place, we were allowed to enter as soon as a previous set of visitors had been dismissed. The edifice, which measures 230 feet in length, was planned by the Dutch architect Vanderstraeten, and finished for William, king of the Netherlands, only about a year before the revolution which in 1830 displaced his dynasty. Exteriorly, it consists of a rustic basement, surmounted by Ionic pilasters extending along its two stories, and is tasteful in its appearance. The interior is disposed so as to render the ground-floor of no avail except for mean purposes; the whole strength of the design is thrown into the series of apartments on the first floor, which we reach by an exceedingly grand staircase of marble. Having arrived at the upper lobby, the crowd of visitors is told to halt until each person has his or her feet invested in a pair of soft woollen slippers over the shoes, in order to save the floors

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from being injured. All being properly accoutred, we are bid to enter the first apartment in the suite. The first thing remarked on entrance is the smooth polished floor, along which we glide or skate, rather than walk, the surface being to all appearance as slippery as a sheet of ice. The floor of each room is of a similar kind, and consists of small pieces of rosewood, oak, and other very fine woods, inlaid in stars and patterns of divers shapes. These floors alone must have cost some thousands of pounds. The suite of apartments consists of the usual court-like waiting, reception, throne, dining, and ball rooms. They are diversified in appearance by the colours of their walls. One is decorated with hangings of green silk, another has crimson, a third blue, and a fourth crimson-velvet with gold fringes. The curtains of the windows are of a silk fabric similar to these gorgeous hangings or coverings of the walls. The ball-room or grand saloon is a spacious apartment, with walls of a light yellowish-coloured marble, and enriched with twelve or-molu stands for candles, of twelve feet in height, each of which, it was mentioned to us, was worth L.600. From this apartment we were led to the vestibule where we had entered, there divested of our clumsy feet trappings, and conducted to the door. Here, on passing out, each paid his fee; altogether, for our party of four, six francs were exacted; and I should suppose that the person who acts as showman must clear something like L.1000 a year. At present, the house is under national sequestration.

Brussels contains a number of public buildings, a picture museum, and an institution for exhibiting philosophical and other instruments, all of which, with one or two private palaces, form objects for the visits of strangers. As descriptions of such places, however, have usually little interest, I offer only the following sketches of what came under our notice.

In proceeding down the Rue Montagne de la Cour, the eye catches sight of a tall Gothic spire, rising in prominent relief from the centre of the older portion of the town beneath. This is the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, an edifice which stands on the south side of an open market-place, near the foot of the street. The square is surrounded with exceedingly picturesque buildings, in the Spanish style, harmonising well with the magnificent structure of the Hôtel de Ville, which they environ. This large pile of building is several stories in height, and of great length, with a vast number of windows in front, and also in the tall narrow roof. The tower springs from nearly the centre of the front, and, rising to a height of 364 feet, is probably the finest specimen of the Lombardo-Gothic in the world. It is light, elegant, and pointed with a gilt copper figure of St Michael standing on the apex, as a vane. The house is quadrangular, with a square in the centre, and is now used for municipal purposes, including those of the police. It was erected in the year 1441. In the grand saloon, on the first floor from the street, Charles V. held his court while in Brussels;

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and here, on the 25th of October 1555, did he abdicate his sovereignty in favour of his son, Philip II., through whose cruelty the northern Netherlands were lost to the Spanish crown. It was in the middle of the square, or ancient market-place, in which stands the Hôtel de Ville, that the Counts Egmont and Horn were executed on the 5th of June 1568.

The Cathedral of Brussels, or Church of St Gudule, is another fine old Gothic structure meriting the admiration of visitors. It stands in one of the old sloping streets, with an open space around, and its spires, though not tall, are seen at a great distance. It was erected in 1275; but having been partially destroyed by a mob of violent reformers in 1579, much of it is of a more modern date. The appearance is, nevertheless, old and dingy; and at present considerable repairs are in the course of being made on the exterior ornamental stones. The interior is remarkable for figures of saints in stone on the rows of pillars in the nave, and a pulpit of carved wood-work. The figure of each saint, which is ten feet in height, and elevated twenty-five feet from the floor, is sculptured with surprising skill: the whole are by Flemish and French artists. The pulpit, which stands on the open floor between two of the pillars, is a most elaborate work of art, emblematic of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve are represented the size of life, sustaining the globe; an angel is driving them from Paradise, and Death is pursuing them. The figure and countenance of Adam (carved in dark yellow wood) are exceedingly expressive and striking. The concavity of the globe forms the pulpit, which rests upon the tree of Good and Evil, laden with fruit, and decorated with birds, some of which, by the way, it would be difficult to find in any work of ornithology. The tree is represented as growing up the back of the pulpit, with its branches and two angels supporting the canopy overhead. This beautiful work of art was executed by Verbruggen of Antwerp in 1699, and was presented to the Cathedral of Brussels by Maria Theresa a few years later. The church contains several splendid objects in the side-chapels, besides some monuments of distinguished personages connected with the history of the Netherlands. The grand altar is a gorgeous structure of white marble, erected in 1743, from a bequest of 18,000 florins made by a pious and wealthy widow in the town. Latterly, the windows have been filled with modern coloured glass, representing Scriptural scenes: they are spoken of as being well executed; but they seemed to us extravagantly full of blue, and are inferior in taste and tone to the old painted windows of Gouda.

A glance at the shop-windows of Brussels makes it evident that a taste for elegant articles, many of them of native manufacture, generally prevails. Lace, tapestry, silks, gloves, cloth, jewellery, house-furniture, and books, invite the attention of strangers; and it may be noticed, that a considerable retail-trade is going on. The book-shops are exceedingly numerous, which may be

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considered a good indication of the literary tastes of the people. In walking through the streets on Sunday, I had occasion to observe that a number of young women, who were left in charge of the shops, were sitting behind the counter diligently engaged in reading. The activity displayed in reproducing French literature is in nothing more conspicuous than the announcement which took place during my stay, of an edition of a certain Parisian newspaper, which was to be issued within an hour after the arrival of the paper from Paris.

Brussels possesses a botanical garden, supported by a company of shareholders; it is of great extent and beauty, and forms a delightful promenade on the days on which it is open to visitors. It is situated on an irregular piece of ground on the western Boulevards, at a place greatly improved by the removal of the old walls. In the same quarter, in the midst of a pleasant garden, is placed the royal observatory, an institution through which I had the pleasure of being conducted by the accomplished M. Quetelet, chief-astronomer. The observatory contains a number of instruments of great value, but, as may be supposed, of foreign manufacture.

At the distance of about two miles from Brussels, is situated the palace of Laeken, which now forms a country residence for King Leopold and his family. The small village of Laeken, through which we drive before reaching the royal domain, is of ancient date, and contains a number of guiuengttes, or taverns with public gardens, where we observed parties sitting in the open air playing at dominoes, and otherwise amusing themselves. The palace and its environing pleasure-grounds and garden are secluded from exterior observation by plantations of tall trees; and, uniting this seclusion with the exceeding lowness of the situation in the swampy plain of the Senne and its tributary canals, it must be allowed that the locality is the very worst that could be chosen, whether with respect to cheerfulness or salubrity. The palace, a large structure, in a handsome Grecian style, was erected in 1784, as a residence for the Austrian viceroy. Some time after the revolution which placed the country under the dominion of the French, it was sold in lots, and would have been demolished but for the timely interposition of Napoleon, who purchased it, and again fitted it up as a palace of royalty. It was here he signed his unfortunate declaration of war against Russia. From the period of Napoleon's fall, the palace has become the property of the crown, and has been the residence of the sovereigns successively called to govern Belgium. Already, in the space of half a century, Laeken has afforded a lodging to princes of four dynasties. Since it came into the possession of Leopold, the grounds have been considerably extended, and now contain 200 English acres. They are laid out with much taste, and comprehend a number of summer-houses, green-houses, and an orangery.

For those who have time to spare, many most agreeable

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excursions may be made in the environs of Brussels to different villages where fêtes are constantly occurring, and to which the inhabitants of the town resort in great numbers in the summer months. One of the most commonly visited scenes, it is almost unnecessary to mention, is that of the field of Waterloo, at the distance of an easy forenoon's excursion.

A stay of a few days in Brussels impressed us with a very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. Both in external aspect, and in various social peculiarities, it bears a marked resemblance to Paris; but the people here, and in some other places in Belgium, are much more like the English than the French. The Belgians are an active and business-minding people; and, though lively enough in their manner, are evidently not wanting in the solid qualities requisite for the mercantile character. Those we see in such towns as Brussels, cannot be distinguished from English in anything but their language—they may be called an English people speaking French; while those in the country, who form the Flemish part of the population, are remarkable for their old-fashioned steady habits, like their brethren the boors of Holland.

For some little time Brussels formed my head-quarters, whence I diverged to make inquiries respecting the state of elementary education, crime, and agricultural operations. The system of school-instruction, I regret to say, was found to be less perfect or commendable than that which had merited approbation in Holland. Of the social condition of the rural population, there was much for the stranger to observe, and to feel interested in. The management of the land in Belgium is altogether peculiar. That kind of small farming which is known to produce misery elsewhere, is here carried on with a success which is puzzling to the social economist. The cause of the phenomenon lies unquestionably in the industrious, orderly, and self-denying habits of the people, along with a knowledge of certain correct principles in husbandry —such as a proper rotation of cropping, and good management of manures. The farms generally vary in size from five to twenty acres in extent, some being as large as fifty, but few extending to a hundred acres. The culture of the light and fertile soil may be said to be a species of gardening, in which nearly all the labour is performed by the hands of the farmer and his wife and family. Nothing can be more neat and attractive than the small white-washed farm-steadings, and the well laid-out plots of ground, in which not a weed is to be seen among the growing crops. The whole is a picture of cleanliness and comfort. It has been ascertained by statistical inquiry, that the agricultural population, whose lives are a constant struggle, are among the most contented and well-behaved peasantry in the world. With but sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and live in a humble manner, their system of farming, unless for prudential habits, would speedily cover the soil with a swarm of paupers. It becomes tolerably evident, that

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the too rapid increase of population is checked by the universal repugnance to marrying before the subsistence of a family can be readily and honestly obtained by industry. Conversing on this subject at Brussels with M. le Compte Arrivebene, I was informed by him that he had resided for eleven years in a village called Gaesbeck, in the province of Brabant, containing 364 inhabitants, and that, during the whole of the period, neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters and cultivators of land, to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable. They are all Roman Catholics, and exceedingly devout. Their piety, however, does not render them gloomy and morose: they have fifteen holidays throughout the year, exclusive of Sundays; and these they partly devote to dancing and out-of-door amusements. The food of this cheerful, industrious, and religious people, is of a simple kind. It consists of coffee with bread early in the morning; bread, butter, and cheese, with milk, at nine o'clock; potatoes with lard at noon; in the evening, a salad with bread; and occasionally there is a little beer. Whether a people, capable of better things, should contentedly drudge on with so slender a reward, may be matter for consideration, and perhaps regret. It is, at all events, certain that Belgian peasant-life, such as it is, possesses some agreeable features, and may form a favourable contrast with what prevails throughout the British islands.

English visitors of Brussels usually devote a day to an excursion to the field of Waterloo, which they can now easily reach by means of a stage-coach, specially established for the purpose, and which departs every morning from the Place Royale. Our excursion to Waterloo formed the commencement of a journey to Namur and the southern part of Belgium, which may now be briefly described.

The country, on leaving Brussels, begins to ascend in gentle undulations, and to partake of rather bleakish upland, here and there darkened with patches of trees, and exhibiting more than usually shabby villages. At two or three miles from Brussels, we pass the forest of Soignes, a tract of tall fir-trees, with no feature of liveliness to cheer its gloom; and at nine miles we reach the village of Waterloo, easily distinguishable by its neat brick church, the only good edifice in the place. We are still, however, two miles from 'the field,' and nothing can be more certain than that the village was not in the least entitled to give its name to the battle. Passing along, we reach, at the distance of a mile, the village of Mont St Jean, a congregation of dwellings much superior to Waterloo; and at a mile beyond, we attain the head of a slight ascent, where stands the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, which marks the commencement of the battle-field. Here the main road, which proceeds in a straight line down the shallow but wide hollow towards the extremity of the horizon at Genappe, is cut across by

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an inferior country road; and it was along this ridge, in the line of the cross-path, that the English army was posted. The French lay on the opposite rising-ground on the south, and the heat of the battle may be said to have been in the shallow vale at the farm-house of La Haye Sainte and Hugoumont. Several monuments, commemorative of distinguished officers, now occupy points on the brow of the ridge by the road-side; but the tree called the Wellington-tree, once a prominent object, is gone. Proceeding for about a hundred yards to the right, along the cross-road, we reach the base of a huge mound of earth, which, with very bad taste, has been erected as a perpetual memorial of victory. It is a conical tumulus, 200 feet in height, surmounted by the figure of a lion, cast by Cockerill of Seraing, from the metal of cannon captured in the engagement. A long flight of steps aids the ascent, and from the summit we are offered a complete panoramic view of the whole field and many miles of country beyond. At the period of my visit, the fields around had been for the most part cleared of their grain, and now lay in stubble, or were in the process of tillage for a new crop. As regards merely physical features, therefore, there was nothing to please the eye in the prospect; a person who attended as guide mentioned that the fields still bore much heavier crops than others at a distance, in consequence of the number of bodies of men and horses which had here enriched the soil. What a mockery of military glory! A shower now falling drove us hurriedly to the carriage, which awaited us on the road, and we made the best of our way, by Genappe and Quatre-Bras, to Namur, a distance of thirty-three miles, in a south-easterly direction, from Waterloo.

The district through which our route lay forms part of Hainault, a province of a hilly or at least elevated character, and altogether different in aspect from the plains of Flanders. The people, too, are less neat and economical in their arrangements; some of the villages were poor and dirty, and the growing of flax seemed to be one of the principal means of support. At spots where the work of the harvest was proceeding, we observed the peculiar Hainault scythe in operation, by which the grain was cut down with considerable rapidity, though, to my fancy, the process appeared slovenly in comparison with that of the sickle in the hands of a skilful reaper. Hainault derives less importance from its agriculture than its mines of coal, of which a fifth part is exported to France. The mines of Charleroi and Mons are of vast extent and incalculable value. By means of short railways, the pits communicate with the navigable rivers or canals. This part of the country is likewise rich in stone of various kinds, among which the blue stone of Tournay, and the marbles of St Anne, Charleroi, and Chimay, possess a high reputation.

Within Hainault lies the picturesque and beautiful Valley of the Sambre, a small river we see on our right on descending to Namur, where it falls into the Meuse, a stream of considerable

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size. The angle of ground at the junction of the waters, pointing towards the north-east, is a high rocky hill, on which stands the citadel, a series of loopholed battlements, overlooking the town, and commanding the vales both of the Sambre and Meuse. The town itself, in which we spent a night, like all places hemmed in by walls, consists of crooked and narrow streets of tall old houses, and, except one or two churches, has nothing of interest for strangers. From the number of shops in which cutlery and articles of brass are exhibited for sale, it may be ascertained that these kinds of goods are a staple manufacture in Namur, which may appropriately enough be called the Sheffield of Belgium.

The Valley of the Meuse, as it lies exposed from the quay at Namur, opens up a new scene of beauty as well as of wide-spread industry. A year or two ago, the river was travelled only by boats drawn by a train of horses, and was therefore of little use; it is now navigated daily by small steam-boats from Dinant, eighteen miles above Namur, to Liege, about fifty-four miles below it; the voyage between these extreme points, in going down, being usually performed in nine hours. The scenery on the banks above Namur is grand and imposing, consisting of high bluffs and cliffy precipices, often dotted over with shrubs, or rendered picturesque by the ruins of an antique castle. From Namur downwards, the river winds through a country presenting a miniature resemblance of the Rhine scenery, with the qualification of shewing more life and industrial enterprise. As we sail down between the romantic rocks, whose bases frequently approach the water so closely as to leave space only for the public highway, we are alternately charmed with the rough abutments and rich slopes clothed with vines to their summits, the gray-tiled cottages perched among the cliffs, and the old red châteaux with jalousy-covered windows, stuck on the uppermost peaks; or, what becomes more frequent as we get further down, the spectacle of little villages, nestling at the bottom of a rocky hill, and obviously the centre of mining or smelting operations. At about half-way to Liege, we pass on the right the ancient town of Huy, stuck awkwardly on the face of the hill, the summit of which is crowned with a fortification, apparently of immense strength, and commanding, with rows of bristling cannon, the passage up and down the Meuse. Part of the town is on the low ground on the left bank, the two divisions being connected by a long stone-bridge, beneath which the steamer barely clears its way. Shortly after, we pass the ancient castellated château of Chocquier, planted on the apex of a cliff, which rises precipitously about 300 feet from the left bank of the river; and further on, on the right, the country now softening into gently ascending fields or stretches of flat meadow-land, we come in front of the ironworks of Seraing, the far-famed establishment of Mr Cockerill. Behind a long and useful quay, the works stretch upwards in the form of a series of large quadrangular brick

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edifices, surrounding open squares, with various tall cones and chimneys, sending forth masses of smoke, and so many detached buildings and rows of dwelling-houses for workmen, that the whole resembles a manufacturing town. It is useful to mention, that the law which at one time prevented English machine-makers from exporting the produce of their industry, led to the erection of the Seraing and other engineering works to supply the continental demand; this unfortunate law being one of the great suicidal measures for which British legislation too long possessed an unhappy celebrity. As our steamer shot down the stream, after pausing for a minute opposite the quay to land passengers, I could not avoid paying a tribute of admiration to the Anglo-Saxon enterprise and power of combination, which here, in a foreign country, had planted a faithful representation of those great factory establishments in which our country has so much reason to pride herself.

From three to four miles below Seraing, the country expands, particularly towards the right; and at this distance we come in sight of the ancient city of Liege, reposing on the left bank of the river, and backed by a green hill, plenteously dotted over with houses and gardens, straggling out from the upper parts of the town. During the few hours of our stay, we found the old capital of the prince-bishops to be little different from what we had formerly seen it. The fine quay, stretching along the Meuse, was well filled with craft which carried on a communication with the Lower Rhine, or with the upper part of the country; while the streets exhibited their usual bustle. Crowds of passengers pushed along in different directions; and of the staple manufacture, fire-arms, we observed quantities in the hands of artisans in every quarter. Being the metropolis of a wide district around, the town contains many handsome shops, filled with goods of Belgian and Swiss manufacture. It is also distinguished by its numerous jewellers' shops and booths, in which are displayed vast quantities of trinkets in gold and silver, for use in the devotional exercises of the church.

The railway by which the traveller may now reach Liege from Brussels, proceeds onward to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, by way of the Valley of the Vesdre. The valley, picturesque and beautiful, forms an attractive scene for tourists; those who are wise and have time to spare, will not rush too quickly through this interesting piece of country, but devote a few days to a ramble into the Ardennes, of which the Valley of the Vesdre is a part. In the journey up the valley, we have occasion to pass Chaudfontaine, a favourite resort on account of its hot waters.

After advancing for several miles, we turned aside to the right, at the busy manufacturing village of Pepinsterre, and thence diverged on an excursion to Spa. The approach to Spa from Pepinsterre is by the valley of the small river Waay, a tributary of the Vesdre, and equals in picturesque appearance the country

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through which we have just passed. The principal object demanding attention on our route, is the magnificent ruin of the castle of Franchimont, the ancient residence of the marquises of that name, whose rights ultimately merged in the prince-bishops of Liege. It occupies the summit of a steep conical mount on the left of the road; and at its base crouch an antiquated hamlet and church, bearing all the appearance of having declined in fortunes with the feudal stronghold overhead. Obscure as both castle and hamlet are in the topography of modern Belgium, they are not unnoticed in the page of chivalrous history. Hence went forth the brave 600 Franchimontois, who, on the night of the 29th October 1468, made a bold effort to seize the persons of Charles of Burgundy and Louis XI., while they lay with an army of 40,000 men under the walls of Liege. They were, as is well known, slaughtered in the attempt. Their heroism has been commemorated by an inscription on the rock at a short distance from the ruins of the castle.

In the course of the two or three miles which intervene between Franchimont and Spa, we pass a variety of charming views of woodland scenery; and finally, on emerging from a long avenue of trees, we find ourselves entering Spa, which may be observed to consist of a cluster of neat white houses, thrown into the form of two or three irregular streets and open promenades, the whole embowered amidst trees and gardens, and overhung, on the north and east, by a woody mountain-range.

Spa was at one period highly distinguished for its springs, and was of such universal resort, that its name was freely appropriated and bestowed on any place possessing water of the mineral kind. In those times, its celebrity was sustained by various royal valetudinarians and nobles without number flocking hither from different parts of Europe. The greatest patron of all, however, was Peter the Great of Russia, who visited it in 1717—a circumstance never to be forgotten by the inhabitants; for, in gratitude for the benefit he derived, he built a handsome edifice with a portico over the main spring the Pouhon, in the centre of the village; and there it stands, the only building of architectural elegance in the place. Spa seems now to be the resort only of a comparatively quiet tribe of persons, who will not take the pains to seek for health and pleasure at the springs of Nassau or Baden. Yet Spa is a truly healthful and pretty spot, and to my mind is greatly preferable to any of the up-country places of racket and resort. The principal and most frequented spring, called the Pouhon,* which rises in great abundance in a recess of the building already alluded to, is an active and powerful chalybeate, impregnated with carbonic acid gas, which gives it vivacity, and qualifies it for being preserved and sent in bottles to all parts of the world. Near it are baths for the use of those who require them. The water is considered efficacious in cases of impaired nervous energy and in

* Pouhon is a corruption in the Walloon tongue from *puiser*, to draw.

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bilious complaints. There are four other springs—the Géronstère, the Souvenière, the Groesbeck, and the Tonnelets—at the distance, respectively, of from two to three miles from the town in different directions, and in the midst of beautiful scenery. Near the fountain of the Souvenière is shewn a walk among the woods, which is stated to have been made by the children of the Duke of Orleans, when here for the benefit of their health in 1787. Madame de Genlis, who accompanied them as governess, rendered their sojourn memorable by a touching drama, entitled *L'Aveugle de Spa*. Close by the source of the Souvenière, a rock is shewn, on which is a mark somewhat resembling that of the human foot. Superstition, never at a loss in such cases, has induced the credulous villagers to call it the footprint of St Remaele, the patron saint of Spa; and believing in its wonderful virtues, they scrupulously place their right foot in it when drinking the waters.

The visitants of Spa usually ride on ponies or in carriages to these rural springs; and as riding, driving, and walking, are the great occupations of the day, it may be supposed that not a little of the health which the water-drinkers acquire is attributable to these out-of-doors recreations. For those who are desirous of spending their time in the town, there are two libraries with reading-rooms, at which English papers are to be found; a *salle de spectacle;* and a *redoute* where, at the period of our visit, gambling was carried on upon a moderate scale. The town possesses a parish church of considerable size, and also a convent of Capuchin monks, who are described as men of a superior character. During the season, a Protestant place of worship, with service in the English tongue, is opened for the accommodation of English families and visitants—sum expected to be given for admittance by each casual visitor (according to the carte), one franc.

Little more need be said of this pleasing summer retreat, which I am sure would be resorted to by hundreds of English families, if they were fully aware of its modest merits, its salubrious climate, its delightful walks among the woody Ardennes, its excellent hotels and lodging-houses, the respectability of its settled society, the abundance of its provisions, and, joined to all, its easy access from Ostend by way of Liege. I have left only one thing to say of Spa, and that is its manufacture of wooden boxes and other small objects. The raw material is a fine white wood, which, on being soaked in the mineral waters, assumes a delicate slate or dove colour. Thus dyed, the boxes receive paintings of flowers, figures, or scenes of various kinds, in a highly tasteful style of art; after which they are varnished with a transparent liquid, which hardens, and is equally proof against heat and moisture. The inventor, or at least improver, of this ingenious manufacture, was a person called Dagly, who lived upwards of a century ago; and now hundreds of men, women, and children, are employed upon it: indeed, from the number of shops in which the objects are exposed for sale, one might almost think that half the town

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lived upon this species of fabric. We are informed by a local authority, that the value of these 'bois peints,' painted wooden articles, amounts to 120,000 francs (L.4800) annually—a large sum to be produced by the exercise of taste on materials of so humble a character. I have never seen any of the Spa boxes in England, where they might be expected to meet with a ready market among the purchasers of fancy articles for the toilette and drawing-room.

Tourists bound from Spa for the Upper Rhine may either push on by way of Malmedy and Treves, making rather a tedious journey through a poor country, or proceed by Verviers and Aix-la-Chapelle. We adopted the latter route, although it compelled us to retrace our steps as far as Pepinsterre, it being my wish to see Verviers, one of the chief seats of the woollen manufacture in Belgium. I will not detain the reader with the forenoon's ride through the intervening tract of country, but arrive with him at once in the higher part of the Valley of the Vesdre, where, in a secluded spot on the banks of the winding river, we observe the straggling and populous town of Verviers before us. The principal reason for pitching a manufacturing town in this remote hilly district, appears to have been the water-power, a mill being placed at every available point along the stream. Passing clusters of cloth-making establishments, distinguished by the long lines of tenter-frames, we come to the body of the place, consisting of several excellent streets, with a number of public buildings and hotels, and lined with a plentiful variety of substantial shops, warehouses, private dwellings, and of course a good-looking Gothic church, standing near the centre of the town. As churches always stand invitingly open on the continent, and always contain something more or less worthy of notice, we paid a visit to it first in the course of our walk through the town. The rest in its cool aisles was refreshing after the mid-day heat; and as it was a kind of market-day, we had an opportunity of seeing country men and women enter one after the other, and pass a few minutes, in an attitude of devotion, at the shrine of a favourite saint. One can often guess at the history of a town from the appearance of its church. This one was of great antiquity, and was blazoned in all parts with the arms of sturdy old Walloons, who had stood by the prince-bishops in their fierce struggles with the rebellious spirits of Liege, and as a recompense for which the town had finally gained its privileges.

In the course of our subsequent perambulations, we saw on all sides evidences of considerable activity in the dyeing and manufacturing of wool; but although steam is now brought in to aid the water-power, we did not observe any factories on such an immense scale as those in Leeds, or the west of England. The three chief houses are those of Biolley, Simons, and Defaut, and, altogether, we were informed that there are sixty manufactories of cloth and forty dye-works. The number of the population is 20,000.

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Verviers is the last Belgian town towards the frontiers of Prussia, and before quitting the country, I may be permitted to draw attention to the condition of manufacturing and commercial industry which prevailed in Belgium at the period of my visit, and which cannot be greatly different now. The benefits arising from a satisfactory condition of independent government are numerous and striking in all parts of Belgium. The country has obviously recovered the shock of its revolution, as well as the injury sustained by its expensive military operations. Leopold, who is good-humouredly termed le Roi Voyageur, or the Travelling King, from his restless love of wandering, enjoys a high degree of popularity among the more respectable order of his subjects, and, from all we could learn, addresses himself earnestly to the welfare of the nation.

Much less hampered by the spirit of methodical system than the Dutch, and also more salient and lively in their dispositions, the Belgians have within these few years adopted many of the useful improvements of England and other countries, and may now be considered on the fair way to wealth and prosperity. If they will only, with a sincere desire of well-doing, maintain a condition of internal quietude, and proceed in the establishment of a system of national education calculated to enlighten the intellects of the masses, from whom alone there are fears of disturbance, the nation will, in no long period of time, take its place as a power of considerable importance, and be able to defend itself from all petty aggressions. Everything considered, the degree of prosperity already enjoyed is very remarkable. At the revolution which separated the country from Holland, the Belgians lost almost the whole of the trade carried on with the colonies of the Netherlands, as these colonies reverted to Holland, to which the large India vessels henceforth proceeded. For about two years after the revolution of 1830, the external commerce of the country languished, but the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, and the opening to them of the navigation of the Scheldt, soon changed the face of affairs. To make this clear, it may be mentioned that, in 1829, the year preceding the revolution, the number of vessels which entered the port of Antwerp was 1031, and the number is now above 1400 annually; the same proportional increase being observable at the only other seaport, Ostend. Without a single colony, the commerce of Belgium is daily extending. At present, the annual value of the external commerce of the kingdom is equal to 360 millions of francs, of which 210 millions are imports, and 150 millions exports. The total burden of vessels entering the ports of Belgium in 1836 amounted to 232,535 tons.

Symptoms of the revival and establishment of manufactories are observable in many places in Belgium, but few are seen anywhere in Holland. Except at Haarlem, I do not remember seeing in Holland any tall brick chimneys in connection with steam-engines, for the manufacture of tissue fabrics. Now, there are many

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of these emblems of manufacturing industry in Belgium. In Ghent, I observed several of late erection in connection with establishments over whose doors were painted the words: 'Katoon Spinnerij.' The following scraps of information, gathered from works which I procured in Belgium, will convey a tolerable idea of the present state of the manufactures of the country.

Woollen tissues, once the staple of the Netherlands, now employ annually about 14,000,000 francs' worth of foreign wool, to which may be added 200,000 francs' worth of wool of native growth. The woollen cloths are now preferred to the French, and those of black dye are in colour superior to the English. The principal manufactories are those of Verviers, Liege, Dolhain, Hodimont, Stavelot, Thuin, Poperinghe, and Ypres. In the year 1833, the returns of the Belgian Chambers shewed that in Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen were employed, the products of their labour amounting to 25,000,000 francs. Stuffs, such as flannels, serges, camlets, &c., are manufactured in all the provinces, but particularly in Antwerp and in Hainault. Flax is one of the principal agricultural products of Belgium, and brings a high price in the foreign markets, on account of its excellent quality. It is raised principally in Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The provinces of East and West Flanders produce annually flax to the amount of 40,000,000 francs. The linen of Flanders is still held in high esteem, the climate being apparently well suited for its manufacture; nearly all the cities of the lower provinces manufacture it in abundance, but the productions of the looms of Bruges and Courtrai are considered the most beautiful, and fetch the highest price. Mr J. Cockerill has lately established at Liege a steam-loom linen-factory, in which a 90 horse-power engine is employed. In the year 1836, the returns shewed a great increase in the quantity of linen sold in the Belgian markets; the total of the produce of the looms in Belgium in that year amounted to 750,000 pieces, of the value of nearly 100,000,000 francs. In the manufacture of flax alone, there are upwards of 400,000 persons employed, or a tenth of the entire population.

The manufacture of cotton goods is increasing rapidly, in consequence of the general introduction of the best kinds of machinery and of steam-power. The cotton manufactures give employment in Antwerp and Flanders to 122,000 workmen, and absorb a capital of 60,000,000 francs; the total value of the manufactured articles amounts annually to 84,000,000 francs.

The feeding of silk-worms, and the preparation of silk, is a trade also on the increase. The silk fabrics now manufactured in the country are esteemed for their good qualities, and already the exports of these tissues into France exceed the imports from that country. The provinces of Antwerp and Brabant contain the principal silk-manufactories. The quantity of native silk produced in 1837 amounted to 1991 kilogrammes.

The lace of Belgium has been always admired for its texture

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and the beauty of the flowered-work. Very beautiful lace, as already mentioned, is made in Brussels in the establishment of Messrs Ducpetiaux & Co. Lace of a secondary order is made in abundance in the provinces of Antwerp and Flanders. In Mons there is a lace-school, designed to carry the workers to the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of this article. The tulles or fine net-gauzes of Belgium are in great request in foreign countries. The tambour and fine sewing-work gives employment to upwards of 50,000 females. Above 2,000,000 of francs' worth of lace and tulles are annually exported.

The mechanical ingenuity of the Belgians is particularly observable in the manufacture of cabinet-work and elegant house-furniture. The cabinet-manufactories of Brussels are very extensive, and the articles which are there made are noted for their elegance and solidity. Immense quantities are annually exported to England, Germany, and America. The Dutch are so completely behind in works of this description, that fine house-furniture of native manufacture cannot be obtained at any price in Rotterdam. The tables and chairs of houses furnished in a comfortable manner are imported from London.

The ingenuity of the Belgians equally enables them to excel in coach-making. Large quantities of vehicles of an elegant kind are now made for home use, and for exportation into foreign countries. The hackney-coaches and chaises in Brussels, and other towns, also the railway-carriages, are as neat and comfortable as any made in England.

The manufacture at Liege of steam-engines, locomotive machines, power-looms, muskets, and other articles of iron, has already been adverted to; also the cutlery of Namur. In Liege and its environs, including Namur, there cannot be fewer than 20,000 men employed in the iron trade. Machinery also is now fabricated in Brussels, Charleroi, Bruges, Nivelles, Tirlemont, Herné, and Yve. At Charleroi, nearly 6000 workmen are employed in the manufacture of nails.

The porcelain works of Belgium are in a thriving condition, and sugar-refining is carried on upon a very extensive scale in many parts of the kingdom.

The business of beer-brewing is carried on to a considerable extent. The number of breweries is 2800, and a large portion of their produce is exported. The best beers are made at Lembeck, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, and Hoegarde. Immense quantities of spirits also are annually exported.

The manufacture of paper is rapidly improving, by the introduction of paper-making machines and English workmen. The books printed at Brussels are now upon as good paper as the greater part of London publications. In this respect alone, the Belgians are a century in advance of the Dutch. All the school treatises and other works of native produce which came under my attention in Holland, are printed in a very rough style upon hand-

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made paper, of as coarse a quality as that which is used in England for wrapping up tea and sugar. Perhaps the reader may smile when I suggest that the condition of a country may be pretty well known by the number and variety of the printed placards on its walls. In the towns up the Rhine, few samples of this species of literature meet the eye. You may see a theatrical bill, or something else of a trifling kind, but no variety of intimations such as one observes in England. In Holland, the press is so completely under surveillance, that every placard and handbill is taxed and stamped like a newspaper. The walls, therefore, except on the great occasions at the fairs, or when there is to be a sale of colonial produce, exhibit few printed affiches. Not so in Belgium. The walls of Brussels are gaudy with placards, making announcements of sales of all kinds, the publication of books, the establishment of schools, the opening of places of amusement, and a thousand other things. Printed paper is, in short, seen everywhere; and whatever may be said of the religious bigotry of the Belgians, it is perfectly clear that they have shot considerably ahead of the Dutch, in respect to books, newspapers, and all the other products of the press.

Such is a rough sketch of the principal branches of manufacture now established in Belgium. The variety and extent of the manufactures are daily increasing, for not only are the people active and skilful in the pursuits to which they direct themselves, but the government is animated by the keenest desire to encourage the progress of all branches of industry. National expositions, as they are called, or public exhibitions of new manufactures, have been instituted, and take place annually at Brussels; and at these gold and silver medals are awarded to a large amount. A satisfactory proof of the increase of manufacturing establishments in Belgium is afforded by the number of autorisations or licences which were issued between 1830 and 1838. In the province of Antwerp, the number of autorisations for the establishment of manufactories was 171; in Brabant, 259; in West Flanders, 209; in East Flanders, 159; in Hainault, 698; in Liege, 260; in Namur, 57; in Limburg, 129; and in Luxemburg, 20—making a total of 1962 new manufactories, in which are to be found constantly in operation 400 steam-engines.

The improvement of agriculture, fisheries, mining, and other departments of industry, is keeping pace with the advance of manufactures. In the Museum of Arts at Brussels, I observed a variety of the implements of husbandry, according to the latest improvements in Britain—something very different from the show of antiquated rubbish which came under my notice in the collection at Utrecht. Such have been the advances in agricultural and other improvements since the revolution, that there are whole districts in which the value of land has increased more than 25 per cent. The sea round the coasts of Belgium yields skate, plaice, soles, turbot, whitings, smelts, a small species of cod, sardines, and crabs. The outward fisheries consist principally of cod, herrings,

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and oysters. For this distant sea-fishery, 200 vessels are employed. The cod taken by the Ostend vessels amounted in 1837 to 8175 tons.

The mines form an important department of national industry. There are three mining districts; the first, which comprehends Hainault, contains 150 mines in a superficial extent of 102,415 hectares; the second, which extends to the provinces of Namur and Luxemburg, contains 95 mines in an extent of 30,030 hectares; and the third, which embraces the provinces of Liege and Limburg, contains 138 mines in an extent of 32,777 hectares. The principal mineral riches consist of coal, of which Hainault produces more than the whole of France. The coal-mines of Mons, Charleroi, Liege, and Marimont, furnish annually 3,200,000,000 kilogrammes; besides which, there are many other mines of less importance. In 1836, 31,190 workmen were employed in 230 coal-mines, and the products were estimated at 32,000,000 francs; while in France, where similar mines might be worked with extraordinary success, there are but 198 in operation, employing 17,500 miners, and producing annually about 19,000,000 francs. Iron-mines abound in the southern provinces in conjunction with those of coal. Copper is found principally in Hainault and Liege; lead in the latter, Namur, and Luxemburg; zinc in Namur, Hainault, and Liege; and pyrites, calomine, sulphur, and alum, in Liege and Namur.

The whole country included between the frontier of France and a line supposed to be drawn from Ostend to Arlon (including the province of Liege), abounds in marble, slate, hewing-stone, and lime. Large quantities of marble are quarried, some specimens of which are exceedingly beautiful. The black marble of Dinant is of great value and in high request.

In concluding these details respecting the raw and manufactured products of Belgium, it is necessary, for the completion of the picture of national prosperity, to revert to the improved mode of communication by railways, which, as already mentioned, is still only in its infancy. In a few years, should no untoward event occur, a considerable traffic will be carried on through Belgium with Germany, instead of, as at present, through Holland and the Lower Rhine. Independently of any advantage which Belgium may derive from this anticipated trade with the upper regions of Germany—laying its railways entirely out of the question—it is indisputable that it will speedily prove, if it is not already, a formidable rival to England both in manufactures and commerce. In the manufacture of many articles, it has already attained an equal skill; and in returns from this source it must already be not far behind Great Britain, in proportion to size and population. Taking its efforts in conjunction with those of its Prussian neighbours, we may be perfectly assured of the fact, that the superiority of England in all kinds of industrial operations is about to be divided with other countries.

At a point near Verviers, the Belgium system of railways

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terminates and that of Prussia commences. The lines are connected for the sake of traffic; but travellers are subjected to the inconvenience of having to change carriages, and have their baggage examined by custom-house officers. The station-house on the spot, however, offers the accommodation of a restaurant, and here a short stay is not disadvantageous. As travellers for the Rhine may obtain through tickets at Brussels, the delay at Verviers is not necessarily complicated by their having to pay anew for places. It is interesting to note the sudden change of language on arriving at this part of the Belgian frontier. French instantly ceases to be spoken, and German commences. We likewise distinguish a difference of costume and manners. The common people, and even the railway functionaries, are seen with heavy tobacco-pipes dangling from their mouths, and there may be said to be altogether a general uncouthness of appearance in men and things. We remark, in particular, a great inferiority in the management of rural affairs—slovenly farming, long tracts of ground lying waste, without a house to cheer the eye, and anon hamlets by the wayside, constructed of mud and wattle, and dirty and poor in the extreme; in short, we see a country in which the people are nothing, and the government everything. Perhaps the government, however, is not altogether to blame in the matter, as the people generally possess neither the intelligence nor the means to put things on a better footing. Be this as it may, the Prussian government takes upon itself the duty of thinking and ordering, and also of compelling obedience to its orders. In the midst of all the lamentable dirt and poverty of a village, for instance, we invariably observe a school-house of respectable appearance, in which all the children of the neighbourhood receive a gratuitous and liberal education; in fact, they are compelled to attend, so that the law makes sure of having ultimately an educated and thinking people, whatever may be their ignorance and incapacity in the meanwhile. The government, likewise, takes the whole charge of the public roads, and has the merit of keeping them in the best order. It also regulates everything connected with travelling by post or diligence, and lays down rules for the protection and proper treatment of strangers. These rules, which are printed in German, French, and English, are hung up in all hotels and posting-houses; and upon any complaint of their infringement, redress is immediately given by the proper authority.

As any account of a journey through Belgium to the Rhine would be incomplete without a notice of Aix-la-Chapelle, we proceed to offer a few words descriptive of this ancient and important city, which we reach in little more than an hour by railway, after entering Prussia.

Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, as it is called by the Germans, is a town of great antiquity: its origin, indeed, is probably coeval with the first peopling of the country, for it appears to have been occasioned by certain medicinal springs which exist upon the spot. The

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town is celebrated as the scene of both the birth and death of the Emperor Charlemagne (742-814). In the present day, it consists of several respectable, but many more dirty and confined streets, with a population of about 38,000. Necessity, as well as inclination, led us, shortly after our arrival, to visit the Rath-Haus, or Hôtel de Ville. Being the last of the towns in the Prussian league which we had to pass through, it was necessary to have our passports inspected, and stamped with the licence for departure from the kingdom. To the Hôtel de Ville, therefore, which is now the police-office of the town, we proceeded to have this troublesome ceremonial performed—for here personal attendance is imperative. The edifice is a large handsome building of stone, with elegant exterior flights of steps, and stands in a high part of the town, at one side of the open market-place. We feel, in looking upon this imposing structure, that we behold a palace in a state of degradation and neglect. The roof and walls of the spacious vestibules and corridors have been painted with historical figures and scenes, but smoke and dirt have rendered them dim and undistinguishable; a lofty room, which has been similarly embellished, is divided in two by a paltry wooden partition; and the whole interior has an air of squalid misery. Yet this edifice has been a great place in its day. In its principal saloon, important assemblages of political characters have occasionally taken place for the conclusion of great treaties; the last took place in 1818, when the emperors of Austria and Russia, with ambassadors from the Prince Regent of England and Louis XVIII., met to decide upon the evacuation of France by the troops of the allied powers.

The Hôtel de Ville is said to stand on the spot where Charlemagne was born; and to preserve the recollection of that personage, a splendid fountain has been erected in the market-place in front: it is composed of a large bronze basin for receiving the water, and from the centre of the basin rises a pedestal, on which is placed a statue of Charlemagne, also in bronze. The whole fabric was erected so long ago as 1353 (when the neighbouring Hôtel de Ville was finished), and it has been kept carefully in repair since that time.

Proceeding from the open market-place down a narrow lane of tall dingy houses, we arrive at a low spot of ground whereon stands the ancient cathedral—the chapelle from which the town has received a portion of its name. It is impossible to make out either style or date from the appearance of the structure. It is a mass of ill-assorted parts—Gothic, Saxon, Byzantine, old and new all stuck in a heap. Such at least is the exterior. The interior of the building is chiefly remarkable for an octagonal nave with tall rounded arches, which forms the most ancient of the various parts of the motley structure, having been built by Charlemagne in 796 as a chapel for his place of sepulture, on the model of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was afterwards partially destroyed by the Normans, but was restored by the

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Emperor Otho III. about the year 1000; its age, therefore, is at least between 800 and 900 years. Charlemagne was entombed, according to his request, in a vault below the centre of the dome, but here his remains do not repose at the present day.

Had this monarch contented himself with going down into the dust like the rest of his fellow-creatures, he would have stood a fair chance of being left to dissolve into the original elements of humanity. Unfortunately, however, for his posthumous repose, he chose to be buried in all the magnificence of his robes of state, and sitting upon a throne, as if still, though in his dreary dungeon tomb, ruling the destinies of half the world. It was not in the nature of things that his majesty should be allowed to sit for ever in this condition of costly splendour. Otho III., emperor of Germany, visited the spot, probably at the time he ordered the restoration of the edifice, and causing the tomb to be opened, there found the skeleton of Charlemagne sitting on the throne on which it had been placed at his death in 814. A lapse of nearly 200 years had not materially disfigured the gay ornaments in which the dead monarch was invested. On the fleshless skull there was stuck a crown which he had worn during life; a sceptre was fastened in his right hand; a jewelled mantle of state was thrown over his shoulders; a copy of the Gospels was carefully placed upon his knees; a sword was buckled to his side; and to his girdle was hung the pilgrim's pouch which he had borne when alive as a token of Christian piety. Otho forthwith removed these valuable insignia of royalty, to be used at the coronations of the emperors of Germany. The tomb was again shut up after this spoliation, and it remained closed till the year 1165, when Frederick Barbarossa, moved by curiosity and piety, ordered it to be opened in presence of the bishops of Liege and Cologne, and caused the body to be removed and placed in a splendid sarcophagus prepared for the purpose; at the same time the throne, or all that remained of it, consisting of a chair of white marble, was brought up to the church, where it is now preserved with much care, and exhibited to strangers. Although the body of Charlemagne was thus, to all appearance, put safely away, it was destined to be again disturbed. At what period it was taken from the sarcophagus is not told by any authority, but it is certainly gone, as the empty sarcophagus testifies. In all probability it has been dispersed in the form of relics, a leg in one place, an arm in another, and so on with all the other members. I understand that the only fragments remaining in the reliquary of the cathedral are the skull and an arm-bone; but during my somewhat hurried visit, I had not an opportunity of seeing them.

At a short distance south from the cathedral, in the lower part of the town, we find the chief street of fashionable parade in Aix. Here are situated the principal mineral springs, and the rooms and arcades which cover them. The waters are sulphureous, warm, and nauseous to the senses both of smell and taste. One

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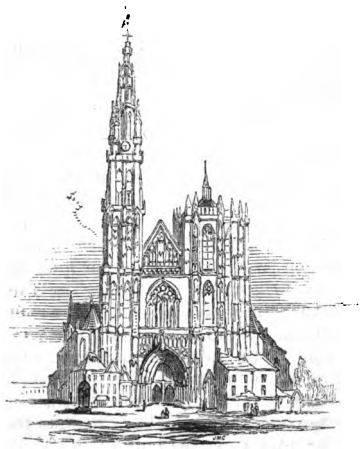
of the hottest of the springs is so abundant, that it cannot all be used for drinking and bathing, and is therefore allowed to escape for the benefit of the lower class of inhabitants, who wash their clothes with it; and as it is alkaline, they have little need for soap. Adjoining the water-drinking and bath rooms stand some magnificent hotels and gambling-houses. One of the latter, called the New Redoute, ranks as the most splendid and profligate of all the establishments of the kind on the continent. Gamblers flock hither from France, England, and most other countries in Europe, and the sums lost and won at the tables exceed all calculation. Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place within the Prussian dominions in which gambling is licensed or permitted. A number of years ago, the public authorities, shocked with the misery and depravity arising from the practice, endeavoured to prevent it from being carried on within the town. The consequence was, that a small village, named Bocette, sprang up in the environs, to which all the inveterate gamblers, with their tables, resorted; and as Bocette has also hot springs, visitors began to prefer it to Aix. After a time, the town authorities relaxed, and the present elegant gambling-houses have been erected, and placed under some kind of regulations, one of which is, that a portion of all winnings, by the keepers of the tables, shall be devoted to the embellishment of the town.

A pleasant run of a few hours by railway, takes us from Aix to Cologne, and then commences one of the most delightful, as it is now one of the most easily accomplished, excursions in Europe—the tour of the Rhine.



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STORY OF THE GOOD KNIGHT BAYARD.

THE chivalry of the middle ages may be said to represent the spirit of self-devotion to high and commanding interests; and inasmuch as every exemplification of this spirit is an encouragement to noble enterprise, it is presumable that some delineation of the life and conduct of one of its last and greatest champions will be acceptable to many of our readers. It is therefore proposed, in the present paper, to present a brief account of the adventures and achievements of the Good Knight Bayard—the famous chevalier 'without fear and without reproach;' whose history, though it reads like that of some fabulous or mythic personage, is, nevertheless, in all substantial points a thing of actual and authentic fact. The study of human nobleness, under any manifestation, can hardly fail to be attractive; and if we can faithfully portray the lineaments of a hero of the fifteenth century, some serviceable reflections may possibly be suggested to an intelligent inquirer of the nineteenth. At anyrate, we can promise the reader a pleasant and entertaining narrative; a story of so much courage, hardihood, and generosity, that it can hardly fail to excite a measure of sympathy and admiration, both for the extraordinary feats of bravery to be related, and also for the lofty qualities of character which they severally serve to illustrate.

Pierre du Terrail, commonly called the Chevalier de Bayard, was born in or about the year 1476, at the Château Bayard, a few

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leagues from Grenoble, in the country of Dauphiné. His ancestors, for many generations, appear to have been the feudal lords of the territory whence they took their name, and were wont to distinguish them distinguished for their military prowess during the need for the English in France. Almost all his immediate progenitors stand some on the field of battle: one of them fell at Poitiers, and another called Crecy; his grandfather was killed at Montchery; and his father of all was so severely wounded in the wars of Louis XI., as to disable his flock thereafter incapacitated for further service. He retired to Europe, family mansion about the year 1479, and there, after some consolation. nursing of his battered constitution, he appears to have continued the age of eighty.

Shortly before his death, and when he believed that the end of his earthly sojourning was drawing nigh, he called for his two children, and in the presence of his wife, inquired of them respecting the professions, or ways of life, which they severally wished to follow. The eldest, on being asked what he would like to be, replied that it was his wish never to leave the family house, but to stay and wait upon his father to the termination of his days. To this the good father answered: 'Well, George, since thou lovest the old house, thou shalt remain here to fight the bears.' Then turning to the second, who was our good knight without fear and without reproach, he asked him, as next in order, what profession he was most inclined to; and, as the chronicler reports, received this dignified and courteous answer: 'My lord and father, much as filial love constrains me to forget everything in order to wait on you to the end of your life, yet having rooted in my heart the fine traits which you daily recite of the noble men of days past, particularly of those of our own house, I will be, if it pleases you, of the same profession as yourself and your predecessors—that of arms; for it is the thing of all others I most desire; and I hope, with the aid of God's grace, not to dishonour you.' This speech the youth, though little more than thirteen years of age, delivered with a wakeful and beaming countenance; and thereto the good old man replied with tears: 'My child, may God's grace be with thee; already thou dost resemble in face and figure thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the most accomplished knights in Christendom. I will do my best to further thy wishes.' The two other sons expressed a desire to devote themselves to the calling of the priesthood; and we learn that, in after-life, they both attained to high distinctions—the one becoming 'Abbot of Josaphat, in the suburbs of Chartres,' and the other a canon of Notre Dame, and subsequently a bishop in Provence.

The day after the conversation with his sons, the old Lord de Bayard despatched a letter to his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, desiring him to come to the château, as he had something of consequence to say to him. The bishop immediately set forth, and on his arrival found his kinsman 'seated in his arm-chair by the fire, as old men are wont.' After a cheerful evening

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spent together, in company with several other gentlemen of Dauphiné, they retired to rest till morning, when they rose and

S[illegible], which was chanted by the bishop, 'for,' observes the
'he daily said mass unless prevented by illness; and
d that the prelates of the present day were all as good
nts of God, and as charitable to the poor as he was!' Mass
over, they washed their hands, and partook of a hearty
st, at which our incipient good knight waited on them, so
lly and discreetly, as to gain the general approbation.
eal over and grace said, the Lord de Bayard began to
n why he had called the bishop and the rest of his friends
'her. He stated that his son Pierre being desirous of becoming
ldier, he had sent for them to advise him as to whither he
ould send the lad for his preliminary training. One recom-
mended his being sent to the king of France; another, to the
amily of Bourbon; and in like manner every one tendered his
dvice, according to his individual judgment and prepossessions.
But at length the bishop spoke, and counselled his being sent to
the Duke Charles of Savoy; and this advice being presently
approved by all the company, it was decided by the father that
Pierre should go with his uncle to Chambery, and there be
introduced to the duke the next day.

Being sufficiently equipped at the expense of the good bishop, young Bayard rode forth with him on the morrow, having first galloped his charger round the courtyard to the admiration of all present. On going, he took leave of his father and all his visitors, one by one; and last of all, presented himself to receive the counsel and blessing of his mother. The poor lady was in a tower of the castle, shedding tears of tenderness, for glad as she was at her son's prospects, her motherly love constrained her nevertheless to weep. However, when they came to tell her that her son was ready to depart, the gentle lady went out at the back of the tower, and having sent for him, addressed him in these words: 'Pierre, my friend, you are going to serve a noble prince. I charge you to observe three things, which, if you do, be assured you will prosper. The first is, that before all things you love, fear, and serve God, never offending him if possible; for it is he who created us, in whom we live, and who will save us; and without him and his grace we can do no good thing in this world. Every morning and every evening commit yourself to him, and he will aid you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous to all, putting away all pride. Eschew evil speaking and falsehood. Be sober and temperate. Flee envy, for it is an odious vice. Be neither a flatterer nor an informer, for such people seldom come to good. Be true and loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will recompense it to you. The third thing is, that of the goods which God shall give you, be charitable to the poor and needy, for to give for his sake makes no man poor; and take this from me, my child, that

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the alms you give will profit you in body and soul. This is all I have to charge you; I am persuaded that your father and I shall not long survive; God grant that while we live we may always have a good report of you.'

Thus counselled, and supplied by the good mother with a little purse, which she 'drew out of her sleeve,' containing 'only six crowns in gold and one in silver,' the young knight straightway took his leave, and proceeded with the bishop towards Chambery, where the Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time staying. Through good speed they reached the town the same evening; and next day, being Sunday, the bishop rose early and went to pay his respects to the duke, who, we are informed, 'received him in a manner which shewed how delighted he was at his coming.' They went together to the church, and after mass the duke took the bishop to dine with him, on which occasion his young nephew served him as his cupbearer so gracefully, that the duke observed it, and asked the bishop who he was. The bishop told him in substance what the reader already knows; and after dinner, the young man proceeded to his lodging, and had his charger saddled, upon which, when he had fully caparisoned him, he mounted, and 'rode featly into the courtyard of the duke's house.' The duke beheld him from a gallery as he entered, and noticed that he made his horse curvet as though he were a man of thirty, who had seen war all his life. 'My Lord of Grenoble,' said he, 'I think that is your little protégé that manages his horse so well.' 'My lord,' replied the bishop, 'he is my nephew—of a good race, who has sent forth gentle knights. His father, whose health is so much undermined by wounds received in battle that he cannot come to pay his respects to you, very humbly commends himself to your good grace, and makes you a present of him.' 'And in good faith,' replied the duke, 'I accept it gladly. 'Tis a good and fair present. God make him a true man.' So he commanded one of his most trusty squires to look to this young Bayard, expressing his opinion that he would be one day a man of some renown.

So the youth was made one of the duke's pages; and for his excellent and manly qualities he was soon beloved by great and small. He strove to perfect himself in all required discipline and exercises; and, in truth, 'there was neither page nor lord who could in anything compare with him; for he leaped, wrestled, threw the bar (considering his size), and put his horse through all his paces, so as none could excel him.' And his good master loved him as a son.

When he had been about half a year in the service of the duke, the latter one day determined to go and visit the king of France; for in those olden times kings and princes had pleasant ways of intercourse, and often went to see each other with less ceremony than is now the fashion among very common people in villages and market-towns. The king of France was then at Lyon,

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where, with his princes and nobles, he was leading a joyous life, 'holding jousts and tournaments daily, and in the evening dancing with the fair and gracious ladies of the neighbourhood.' And a jovial fellow, to say the truth, was this young King Charles VIII. —one of the best, most courteous, liberal, and charitable princes that were ever seen or heard of, except in fairy tales. 'He loved and feared God,' says the chronicler, 'and never swore but *by the faith of his body*, or some such little oath. And great pity was it that death so soon carried him off, as it did before the age of eight-and-twenty; for had he lived long, he would have achieved great things.' On this occasion, when he heard that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, he sent the Lord de Ligny and other gentlemen, and some archers of his guard, to meet him; and as they rode back altogether into Lyon, his lordship was pleased to notice young Bayard and his charger, and being 'charmed with them,' he recommended the duke to make a present of both to the king, which the duke resolved to do accordingly.

The king received his visitor very graciously; and during dinner the next day, they had 'much discourse of dogs, hawks, arms, and amours;' and, amongst other things, the Lord de Ligny mentioned to the king the page and his gallant charger, which the duke desired to present to him; whereat his majesty, swearing lightly, as was his wont, returned: 'By the faith of my body, I should like to see him.' Young Bayard was therefore sent for, and commanded to appear on horseback in the meadow of Esnay, whither, shortly, the king and a large company proceeded to witness the appearance which he made. As soon as the king beheld the youth upon his charger, he cried out: 'Friend page, give your horse the spur,' which he did forthwith; and you would have thought, to see him start, that he had been at the practice all his life. 'At the end of the course, he made his horse give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the king, and stopped short before him, making his horse passage, so that not only the king but all the company were delighted.' Then the king said to the duke: 'Truly, cousin, it is impossible to manage a horse better; I shall not wait till you give me your page and his horse, but beg them of you.' So both page and horse were committed to the Lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked his majesty, for he conceived that he could make such a man of the youth as would do him honour; 'an expectation,' says mine author, 'which was well fulfilled in divers places.'

For the next three years, young Bayard was a page in the family of the Lord de Ligny; and when he had reached the age of seventeen, he was discharged from pagehood, and was considered qualified to bear arms as one of his lordship's company; being, however, still retained as a gentleman of the household.

About this time there came to Lyon a gentleman of Burgundy, named Master Claude de Vaudray, a man skilled in the science of arms, and professionally devoted to it. He prayed the king, who,

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after making a progress through his kingdom, was now again at Lyon, that to keep all the young gentlemen from idleness, he would permit him to proclaim a passage-of-arms, as well on horse-back as on foot, with lance and battle-axe, which request was granted him; for indeed the king, having a good deal of useless time on his hands, desired nothing better than such joyous pastime. Master Claude, accordingly, arranged matters to the best of his ability, and, as the custom was, hung up his shields; which all gentlemen who desired to display their skill came to touch, and had their names inscribed by the king-at-arms, who presided.

One day—it being but three days after he ceased to be a page—Bayard was passing by the shields, when the thought struck him: 'If I knew how to equip myself, I would gladly touch the shields, to have a lesson in the use of arms.' And he stopped short to think more intently on the matter. Just at this time a companion of his, one Bellabre, who had also been educated by De Ligny, came up and asked him what he was thinking of. 'By my faith, friend,' replied the other, 'it has pleased my lord to dismiss me from my pagehood, and by his favour to appoint me in all things appertaining to a gentleman; but a desire has seized me to touch Master Claude's shields, and I know not, when I shall have done so, who will furnish me with armour and horses.' Bellabre, who was older than he, and reckoned rather a fast gentleman, replied: 'My excellent companion, are these your thoughts? Have you not your uncle, the fat Abbot of Esnay? Let us go to him, and if he will not supply the money, we'll take his cross and mitre; but I think when he knows your wish, he will give it willingly.' And at this suggestion, the good knight, without further hesitation, went and touched the shields.

When he had done so, Mountjoy, king-at-arms, who was there to inscribe the names, began to say to him: 'How, my friend Bayard! your beard is but three years old, and do you undertake to fight with Master Claude, who is one of the roughest knights known?' But the young man replied, that what he did was not from pride or overboldness, but only from a desire to learn the science of arms from those who were competent to teach him, and perchance also 'to do something which might gratify the ladies.' Hearing this, Mountjoy laughed, and was well pleased, as was also the Lord de Ligny when the report of it had reached him. He went directly to tell the king, who was pleased to say: 'By the faith of my body, cousin, your pupil will do you honour some day, to judge from his beginnings.' 'We shall see what will come of it,' said De Ligny; 'he is young yet to stand the blows of Master Claude.'

To touch the shields was an easy matter; but it was not quite so easy to find the money needed for horses and accoutrements. However, early the next morning, young Bayard and Bellabre got into one of the Lyon boats, and rowed across to Esnay, to see what could be done with the corpulent old abbot. When they

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disembarked, the first person they met in the meadow was no other than his lordship, who was just then reciting his breviary with a monk. The two gentlemen went to salute him, but he—having already heard the story of the shields, and having also some presentiment that he would be expected to come down with the money—received them but coolly, and addressing his nephew, said: 'Well, Master Scapegrace, what has made you so bold as to touch Master Claude de Vaudray's shields? It is but three days since you were a page, and you are but seventeen or eighteen, and should be whipped for your presumption.' Nothing daunted, however, the young man answered, that it was not pride which had urged him to such boldness, but 'the desire to attain, by deeds of virtue,' to the honour which his ancestors had acquired; and that as he had no relative or friend except the abbot to whom he could at the moment have recourse, he trusted his lordship would have the kindness to assist him. But the abbot was by no means so ready to part with his cash for the young man's purposes. 'By my faith,' said he, 'you may go seek elsewhere some one to lend you money; the alms given by the founders of this abbey were for the service of God, and not to be spent in jousts and tournaments.' These words of the abbot were instantly taken up by Bellabre, who, being a man of the world somewhat, observed: 'My lord, had it not been for the virtue and achievements of your ancestors, you would not have been the abbot of Esnay;' and he went on to say, that it was proper for men to evince gratitude for favours they had received, that so they might hope to experience it for those they could confer; adding further, that as his nephew desired to distinguish himself, the abbot ought reasonably to rejoice, and ended by saying: 'You must needs assist him, for it can cost you but two hundred crowns to equip him well, and he may do you honour that may be worth ten thousand.' Being thus appealed to on the score of personal interest, the abbot, after some discussion, consented to assist his nephew, and gave him thereupon a purse of 100 crowns to buy a couple of horses, providing him also with a letter to his agent Laurençin, in which the latter was instructed to supply the youth with clothes and accoutrements.

The two friends lost no time in availing themselves of the abbot's liberality, the more especially as he had not restricted them to the expenditure of any specific sum. After their departure, the abbot, glad enough to be rid of them, ordered dinner; in the course of which he informed the company who sat at table with him what had passed during the morning. On hearing the story, his secretary, who was present, observed that his lordship had done well; but it just occurred to him, that as the abbot had authorised his agent to give his nephew what he asked for, the latter would not be unlikely to draw a larger amount than the uncle had intended. The abbot, awakened to such a possibility, exclaimed: 'By St James, secretary, you are right, for I forgot to mention any limit;' and he forthwith sent for his steward,

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urging him to hasten into Lyon, and desire the agent not to disburse more than eighty or a hundred francs. The steward set out directly; but he was too late to prevent the mischief: the young gentleman had 'already made his fairing to the amount of 800 francs!' To a man careful of his money, as the abbot was, this was rather startling intelligence. 'Eight hundred francs!' says he; 'by St Mary, he is a naughty varlet. But, quick! you know his quarters; go and find him, and tell him if he does not immediately return Laurençin what he has taken, he shall never have another sou from me.' With this message the steward returned to Lyon, but somehow, with all his seeking, he could not find his man. Bayard, in truth, had been doubting the turn which things might take, and had therefore desired his servants, if any of my Lord d'Esnay's people came to ask for him, to make every excuse to prevent their getting speech of him. So when the steward came to inquire for him, they said he was at my Lord de Ligny's. Thither he went, but did not find him: When he returned, they told him he was gone to try some horses on the other side the Rhône. In short, the steward came more than ten times without finding him; and then at last perceiving that they were making a fool of him, he returned to Esnay, and told the abbot it was lost time to seek his nephew, for he was hiding himself somewhere out of the way. 'Ah,' said the abbot, 'he is a bad youth, and shall repent of it;' but at present he had nothing for it but to put up with what had happened, and to swallow his anger as best he could.

Meanwhile, the good knight and his companion, having got what they wanted from Laurençin, hastened away, and ordered three suits of accoutrements for each to wear over his armour. Then they went to a gentleman, who, having lately broken his leg, was desirous of selling a charger and a roadster which he had. The horses were tried, and purchased for 110 crowns, and taken to their stables, where they were well groomed. And so now the young gentlemen were both in a condition to appear handsomely in the lists.

As it chanced, they had not to wait long; for three days after, Master Claude de Vaudray opened his passage-of-arms, at which he was encountered by many gallant gentlemen of the household of King Charles. The honest old chronicler mentions some of them, and states that they severally 'did their best.' Young Bayard, being scarcely eighteen, and thus much younger than the rest, entered the lists among them, and there made his first essay. 'And a pretty rough commencement it was,' says the chronicler; 'for he had to do with one of the most skilful and doughty warriors in the world. Yet I know not how it was, whether it were the will of God to give him favour, or whether Master Claude de Vaudray took pleasure in him, but there was no man during the whole contest who surpassed him either on horseback or on foot. And he won the praises of the ladies of Lyon; for as

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he passed along the lists, after having done his devoir, with his visor up, and blushing, the ladies honoured him by saying: "Look at this bashful stripling, he has done better than all the others!"' And he acquired so much favour with all the company, that at supper the good King Charles said to the Lord de Ligny: 'By the faith of my body, cousin, Bayard has made a good beginning.' His lordship agreed in thinking with the king; but he slyly remarked, that the young man's uncle the abbot was not particularly well pleased, as his bounty had been too freely drawn upon in the matter of the accoutrements. But it seems the king had already heard the story, and on the mention of it now he laughed heartily, as also did all the company. So perhaps it would have been as well if the stingy abbot had been a little more liberal and gracious, as in that case the success of his nephew would have reflected some honour on himself.

After this tourney, the Lord de Ligny sent for Bayard, and told him, that since his commencement in arms had been successful, it would be well for him to go into garrison in Picardy, and there endeavour to perfect himself by further practice. Accordingly, in the course of a few days, we find him in the pleasant town of Ayre, proclaiming a tourney in his own behoof, at which prizes were to be given to the best doers—namely, a bracelet of gold and a handsome diamond, which might serve the winners 'as a present for their ladies.'

When the day of the tournament arrived, some six-and-forty gentlemen appeared in the lists; being divided by fair lot into two parties of three-and-twenty on each side. The trumpet sounded, and the rules of the contest were proclaimed. Bayard was first called on to present himself, and against him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiné, named Tartarin, a very stout and sufficient man-at-arms. The two ran their course at one another, and the good knight broke three lances handsomely in the fray. Then came the sword-fight, and, as before, he appears to have excelled all his confederates and competitors, and was acknowledged to have conducted himself in a manner that could not be surpassed. Upon the whole, it was agreed by all the spectators, as well as by the two judges present, that there was never seen a day of better tilting with the lance, or of more admirable fighting with the sword. And though each did well, and many better than was customary, it was universally considered that Bayard had acquitted himself more gallantly than any.

In the evening, all retired to his quarters; he having 'prepared a magnificent supper, at which were throngs of ladies, for all the ladies of Picardy, for ten leagues round, came to see this splendid tourney, and made great and sumptuous cheer.' And after supper there were 'dances and divers other entertainments,' which were gracefully kept up until an hour after midnight. Then the gentlemen retired to their quarters, one after another, conducting the ladies to their several places of repose; where, during the still

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night, they rested softly, dreaming, perchance, of gay knights in glittering and stately armour. Anyhow, it was late enough next morning before the fair dames were well awake; and they ceased not to extol marvellously the gallant youth who called the tourney, as well for his prowess as his courtesy, and seemed to think that 'a more gracious and courteous gentleman could not be found in the world.'

The divertisement of yesterday had been performed on horseback; but now, on the second day, there was to be a display of arms on foot, whereby all who despaired of having obtained the first day's prize might hope, and have a chance, to win that of the second. On this occasion, the good knight encountered a gentleman of Hainault, of much repute, called Henotin de Sucker. The manner of the contest was on this wise: 'They thrust with all their strength at one another over the barrier, till their lances were broken in pieces; after which they seized their battle-axes, and dealt each other such stout and furious blows that the combat seemed mortal. At length, the good knight struck his adversary such a blow over the ear as made him reel, and what was worse, fall on both knees, and then following up his attack over the barrier, he made him kiss the ground;' whereupon the judges interfered, and decided that the adversary had got enough. After these two came others, who, it seems, 'performed wonders with their lances,' and dealt each other heavy blows with battle-axes, until they were severally parted by the judges. 'And for a little tourney,' says the narrator, 'those who were there saw as good performance as they ever beheld in all their lives.'

When all was over, the combatants retired to their several quarters to disarm, and then betook themselves to those of the good knight, where a banquet was prepared; and the two judges and the ladies already were arrived. After supper, came the awarding of the prizes. 'The gentlemen experienced in arms were appealed to upon their faith, and then the ladies upon their conscience, and without favour shewn to one more than another, to declare their opinions. The result was, that ladies and gentlemen agreed that, though each had done his devoir as well as it was possible, yet, in their judgment, the good knight was best in both days; wherefore they referred it to him, as having gained the prizes, to bestow his presents where he thought fit.'

Bayard assigned the prize of the first day to his trusty friend Bellabre, and that of the second to a certain 'Captain David of Scotland,' who may, perhaps, in this nineteenth century, have some descendants not unjustly proud of the distinction. On the delivery of the prizes, neither men nor women murmured; and when they had been handed over, dancing and other graceful pastimes closed the entertainments of the day. And the ladies, it seems, never ceased praising the good knight, who was beloved in Picardy as never man was before him. 'He was there two years,' says our authority abruptly, 'during which there were

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many tourneys and sports; in which, for the most part, he carried off the prize. And the greatest cause of his being universally beloved was, that there was not on earth a more liberal and gracious person: for, if any of his companions lost a horse, he remounted him; if he had a crown in his purse, every one shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to say his prayers. He was very charitable; and no man could say he had been refused by him any request it was in his power to grant.'

In contemplating this picture of old-world recreations, do you not think, good reader, that the pursuits and pastimes then in fashion were quite as worthy and as honourable as many which we have in this 'enlightened nineteenth century?' The exercise of limb and muscle, the brave endurance of lusty blows, and the habitual cultivation of a dignified and appropriate demeanour towards equals, superiors, and ladies; all this surely was something, and served in its way to educate and drill those young dandies of the tilt-yard for the performance of athletic deeds and feats of manly enterprise. It was a wholesomer discipline of the faculties, I think, than that of flaunting through a polka, or betting on the course at Newmarket, or assembling in crowded audiences to listen to 'stump-oratory.' You are welcome to your own opinion, whatever it may be, but this, at anyrate, is mine; and having uttered it, I am again ready to go on with the history of the good knight.

Some two years after the incidents just related, the young king of France set out for the conquest of Naples, accompanied by the Lord de Ligny, who, knowing the high qualities of Bayard, took care to secure his services for the expedition. After a successful campaign, in which, we understand, Charles 'brought the pope to reason,' and conquered the kingdom of Naples, he was intercepted in his return by '60,000 fighting-men, belonging to different Italian potentates,' who thought to make him prisoner. But the king, though he had with him only about 10,000 soldiers, manfully withstood the adversary, and gained 'a glorious victory.' In this enterprise, the good knight bore himself triumphantly. He had two horses killed under him, on which account the king presented him with 500 crowns; but in return, the knight presented him with a standard of horse he had taken in the pursuit, so, it will be seen, his majesty was no loser by his generosity.

Three years after this event, the king was suddenly taken ill, and died; whereupon Louis, Duke of Orleans, as his nearest heir, came to the crown of France, by the title of Louis XII. Soon after his accession, the new king attempted the recovery of the duchy of Milan, in which enterprise he succeeded; and afterwards, it seems, the French garrisons remained in Lombardy, amusing themselves with jousts, tourneys, and other knightly pastimes.

Having some time upon his hands, the good knight took occasion

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to visit a noble lady, who had been married to his former master, the Duke Charles of Savoy. She was dwelling at Carignan, in Piedmont; and, being 'full of courtesy,' she received him hospitably, and treated him as a member of her family. While here, he fell in with Madame de Fluxas, an honourable lady, who had been governess of the house ever since her younger days; her husband being a respectable gentleman, who superintended the duchess's household. 'You must know,' says our authority, 'that when the good knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young lady-in-waiting on the duchess; and as young people seek each other's company, there sprang up such a love between them, in all honour, that had they followed their inclinations, without regarding consequences, they had married.' After Bayard left the duke's service, the young lady wedded the Lord de Fluxas, 'who was rich, and took her for her good qualities,' she having, indeed, no other fortune to recommend her. She had now become celebrated for her great beauty and powers of conversation, and received the good knight most welcomely and courteously. They discoursed much of the days of their youth; and she reminded him of the credit he had acquired in the lists with Claude de Vaudray, of the tourney in which he conquered at Ayre, and of divers other honours; and altogether lauded him so highly, as to put him to the blush. After a good deal of pleasant flattery, she at length requested him to give a tourney in Carignan, in honour of the duchess; a request to which he readily acceded, saying: 'Truly, since you wish it, it shall be done.'

As we have already described one tourney, and shall not have space to depict a tenth part of the others in which the good knight was engaged, we must refrain from entering into the particulars of this, and will say only that he so distinguished himself, as to get the prize he had offered restored to him, but that he modestly declined it, and it was eventually bestowed upon a gentleman who was considered second to himself. After five or six days spent in feasting at Carignan, the French gentlemen returned to their respective garrisons. The good knight also took leave of the duchess, who expressed herself extremely proud that he had been educated in her family. A more interesting leave-taking yet remained with the Lady de Fluxas, who had been his first love; and we learn that 'their parting was not without tears on her part, and a sad heart on his.' The Lord de Fluxas was not a jealous gentleman, nor indeed had he any occasion for evil thoughts, so far as concerned the knight without reproach; even though the 'mutual honourable love' between Bayard and the lady 'lasted until death, and no year passed without their sending presents to each other.'

Up to this point, the pursuit of arms has been with Bayard little else than a fine chivalrous exercise; but now we are approaching some of his more dangerous adventures, and shall presently behold

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him as he appeared amid the 'pomp and circumstance of war.' When the king of France got possession of Milan, Ludovic Sforza, the former governor, had fled for refuge into Germany; but not long after his flight, 'by dint of money, with which he was well provided,' he collected a considerable army, and returning with it into Italy, succeeded in retaking the city from the French. At the time when this occurred, Bayard was in garrison about twenty miles from Milan, with other youthful gentlemen, enjoying daily 'wondrous beautiful jousts with one another.' Having one day heard that there was somewhere in the neighbourhood a company of 300 horsemen belonging to the enemy, he prevailed on forty or fifty of his companions to go with him to beat up their quarters. The Lombard captain, hearing of their approach, drew out his men to receive them, about two or three bow-shots from the barriers of his position. As the French came up, the two parties charged each other stoutly, and several on both sides were unhorsed. But after an hour's fighting, neither party had the advantage; on which account the good knight was somewhat disturbed in temper. However, he urged his companions to make a more animated effort; and then his party charged the Lombards so furiously, that they began to give ground, and retreated, fighting for four or five miles, in the direction of Milan. The French pursued them till they came close to the city, and then one of the oldest cavaliers called upon the rest to halt and turn back; which accordingly they did, with the exception of the good knight, who, heedless of all considerations about his safety, in hot pursuit of the enemy, entered right into Milan. Of course he was instantly taken prisoner; and the Lord Ludovic, having heard the noise thereby occasioned, inquired what it was, and on being told what had happened, desired that the knight should be brought before him.

The prince, having heard a great deal of his prowess, was surprised to find him such a stripling; however, addressing him, he inquired what had brought him into the town. 'By my faith, my lord,' replied Bayard, unabashed, 'I did not think to have entered alone, but reckoned on my companions following me; but they understood war better than I, for had they done so, they would all have been prisoners like me. However, saving my mishap, I thank fortune that I have fallen into the hands of so brave and worthy a gentleman as this whose prisoner I am.' Thus propitiated, the Lord Ludovic treated the good knight with courtesy; and having asked him certain questions respecting the strength of the French forces, set him at liberty, with his horse and arms, and sent him under safe-conduct to his garrison.

The town and duchy of Milan being both recovered, King Louis next undertook to reconquer Naples—that city having likewise revolted; but after two or three years' fighting, with various success, the French were driven out at all points, and were thus

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unable to make good their enterprise. While the war was in progress, it would seem there were occasional cessations of hostility, whereby the soldiery experienced the ordinary discomforts of ennui and uncertainty. Bayard was in garrison at Monervyne, and growing tired of being cooped up so long, he one evening said to his companions: 'Gentlemen, we stagnate here, seeing nothing of our enemies. Either we shall grow effeminate for want of exercising our weapons, or our enemies will grow bold, thinking we dare not for fear quit our fortress. Wherefore I propose to-morrow to ride between this and Andrea or Barletta. Perchance we may meet with some foragers of theirs, which I should like marvellously; for we may have a skirmish, and then let *them* have the honour to whom God shall give it.' All approved the proposal; and next morning about thirty of them sallied out, and rode towards the garrison of the enemy. It chanced that the same day a Spanish knight, named Don Alonzo de Sotomajor, having with him some forty or fifty Spanish gentlemen, all picked cavaliers, made a sortie from the town of Andrea for a like inroad on the French. Such was the fortune of the two captains, that on descending a little hill, they came in sight of each other within the distance of a cannon-shot; and, as you may guess, were not long in coming to blows. The French charged the Spaniards at full gallop, who, in their turn, received them gallantly on the points of their lances. At the first shock, some were borne to the earth on both sides, and with difficulty remounted by their companions. The fight lasted half an hour, without its being possible to say which side had the best of it; but in the last charge, it was the good knight's fortune to break the Spaniards' ranks. There remained on the field seven of them dead, and as many prisoners. The rest took to flight, and amongst them the captain, Don Alonzo. He, however, was closely pursued by Bayard, who called on him to turn, as 'it were great shame to be slain fleeing;' and being a brave man, and preferring an honourable death to shameful flight, he at length stood up against the knight 'like a lion at bay; and they exchanged fifty sword-blows without breathing.' Meanwhile, the other Spaniards had left their captain; and being thus forsaken, he was presently overmastered, and finally yielded up his sword to the good knight. The party then rode back to the French garrison, where Bayard assigned to his prisoner 'one of the best rooms in the castle, and supplied him with a dress;' telling him at the same time, that if he would give his word not to leave the castle without permission, he should remain there, with no further restraints upon his liberty, until he had paid his ransom. Don Alonzo, in return, thanked him for his courtesy, and pledged his faith not to depart without the good knight's leave.

But Don Alonzo was not a man to keep his promise. He stayed within his bounds for two or three weeks, 'making great cheer, and having the run of the castle, no one interfering with

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him;' but growing weary of his confinement, and none of his people coming to ransom him, he was induced to violate his honour by bribing an Albanian* of the garrison to provide him with a horse, and flee with him to Andrea. Bayard, on discovering his escape, was naturally incensed, and forthwith sent a party of soldiers in pursuit of him, ordering them that if they found him, to bring him back alive or dead; and if it should appear that 'that rascally Albanian had a hand in it,' they were to bring him also; for the good knight declared he 'would hang him from the battlements, as an example' to all who were disposed to imitate his treachery.

Don Alonzo was overtaken, and carried back in custody to Monervyne, whither he had no sooner arrived, than the good knight exclaimed: 'How! Signor Don Alonzo, you pledged me your faith not to leave this without my permission. I will trust you no longer, for it is not honourable in a gentleman to escape when he has given his parole.' The Don pretended that he had only gone off to fetch his ransom-money, intending to send it to Bayard within the next two days. But the good knight was not at all disposed to accept his excuses by way of payment. On the contrary, he confined Don Alonzo in a tower for fifteen days, though without putting him in irons, or subjecting him to other hardships; 'and as to eating and drinking,' says the chronicler, 'he might be well content with his good treatment.' At the end of this time, a trumpeter arrived with his ransom, and he was released. He took leave of Bayard and his companions courteously enough, and at the same time witnessed how the good knight generously gave away the whole of his ransom-money among the soldiers.

Don Alonzo had no sooner got back to his friends at Andrea, than he began to complain to them that, although in some respects the Lord de Bayard was a generous and noble knight, yet the treatment he himself had received from him, was anything but such as was becoming from one gentleman to another. As there is always somebody ready to report unpleasant observations, his complaints were not long in reaching the good knight, who, on his part, was in no small degree surprised at them. He immediately assembled his people, and after telling them the purport of what he had heard, he asked them whether they had seen anything of which he himself was not aware, that could justify the accusation. They all assured him, that had Don Alonzo been the greatest prince of Spain, he could not have been treated better. 'By my faith, then,' said the good knight, 'I will write to tell him, that if he says I have ill-treated him, I will prove the contrary in personal combat with him, on foot or on horseback, as he pleases.'

* These Albanians appear to have been what are termed 'mercenary troops,' always foreigners, but not invariably Greeks, as their name might seem to signify. The name would seem to have been first given to adventurers of Greek origin, but was afterwards applied indiscriminately to Turks, Arabians, and most other foreigners. It may be taken as a general term for 'hired troops,' in contradistinction to soldiers serving according to feudal rule and custom.

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He therefore called a clerk, and dictated a letter in these terms: 'Signor Alonzo, I hear that after your return from being my prisoner, you have spread complaints among your people, that I did not treat you like a gentleman. You know the contrary. But since, if it were true, it were great dishonour to me, I have written to you this letter, by which I pray you to recall your words in presence of those who have heard them, confessing, as truth is, the good and honourable treatment I shewed you; and so doing you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly aspersed. But if you refuse, I am determined to make you unsay your words by mortal combat, your person against mine, whether on foot or horseback, and leaving you the choice of your weapons; and so adieu.' This letter was forwarded by a herald; and when Don Alonzo had read it, he wrote in answer: 'Lord de Bayard, I would have you know that I never unsay what I have said; nor are you the man to compel me. Wherefore I accept the combat you propose, within fifteen days from this, at two miles from the town of Andrea, or wherever else you please.'

Bayard was at this time ill of a quartan fever; but when the day of combat arrived, he went forth on horseback, with 200 men-at-arms, to meet Alonzo, according to arrangement. The latter then objected to fight on horseback, and chose to fight on foot, thinking that as the good knight was enfeebled by his sickness, he should have the better chance to conquer. Bayard allowed him to have his choice; and after fitting preparations, the two began the contest. Bayard walked up to his enemy 'as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady;' and Don Alonzo, on his part, advanced with as little fear. Going straight towards the good knight, he said: 'Signor Bayard, what is your quarrel with me?' And the good knight answered: 'I would defend my honour.' Then without further words they closed, and dealt each other a furious blow; the rapier of the good knight wounding Don Alonzo in the face, whence the blood began to flow. 'Never was seen two more doughty champions; each was sure of foot and eye, and would not strike at random.' However, in the end Bayard killed his man—not, it seems, intentionally, 'for he would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he had them, to have spared his life.' But the deed being done, it only remained for him to shew his generosity to the fallen. 'You know,' said he to Alonzo's friends, 'that it is for me to do as I will with the body. I restore it to you. And truly I would, my honour being safe, that it were otherwise.' The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations; and the French escorted Bayard with trumpets and clarions to the garrison, where the first thing he did was to repair to the church, and return thanks for his victory. 'They then,' says the chronicler, 'had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the most accomplished knights that could be found.'

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Shortly after this event (the truce continuing), there occurred a famous combat of thirteen Spaniards against thirteen of the French, in which affray the good knight 'performed surpassing feats of arms,' whereof, however, no more minute account can here be given, owing to lack of space. About the same time, it was his fortune 'to take a treasurer and his man, who were carrying 15,000 ducats to the great Captain Gonzalvo;' all of which, it appears, he distributed very liberally, without reserving a single denier for himself. His next exploit was one so remarkable, as to deserve describing more at length; so we now proceed to tell you 'how the good knight kept a bridge over the river Garillan for the space of half an hour, single-handed, against 200 Spaniards.'

Towards the close of the war in which the French and Spaniards were engaged for the possession of Naples, the two parties were for some time encamped on opposite banks of the Garillan. And as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were brave men in those days besides the Lord de Bayard. The good knight's biographer admits that there were even brave men among the Spaniards; in particular, the 'great Captain Gonzalvo Ferrande, a wise and wary man;' and also another who bore the name of Pedro de Pas, a gentleman of extraordinary figure. 'He was but two cubits in height, though a bolder creature could not be found; and he was so humpbacked and so short, that when he was on horseback, one could only see his head above the saddle.'

Well, such as he was, this Pedro de Pas resolved one day to give the French an alarm, and for that purpose crossed the river at a ford he was acquainted with, with about 120 horse, having placed behind each horseman a foot-soldier armed with a hacquebute.* His object was to draw the French upon him, and induce them to abandon the bridge; while the Spaniards should attack it in force to gain it. He so far succeeded in his enterprise, as to induce the French to throng in a body to that quarter. Bayard was quartered near the bridge, with a brave gentleman named Le Basco, squire of the stables to the king of France. When he heard the noise, the two lost no time in arming, and getting to horse, proposing to go to the spot where the affair was going on. 'But the good knight, looking over the river, perceived about 200 Spanish horse making straight for the bridge, which they would have gained with little resistance; and that would have been the total destruction of the French army. He desired his companion to go and collect some men as quickly as possible, to defend the bridge, or they would all be lost, and promised to do his best to keep them in play till his return. He then went, lance in hand, to the bridge, on the other side of which were the Spaniards,

* The hacquebute and hacquebouze (arquebuss), were the first firearms with bent stocks; the latter appear to have been of the larger calibre. The *hacquebute à croc* was fired from a rest or stand, which was attached to the barrel by an iron ring. See notes (p. 251) to *Kindersley's History of Bayard.*

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already prepared to pass; but, like a furious lion, he put his lance in rest, and charged the troop who were already on the bridge, so that three or four of them were overthrown, of whom two fell into the water, and never rose again, for the river was wide and deep. This done, they cut him out plenty of work, for he was so fiercely assailed, that but for his excellent chivalry, he could not have kept them at bay; but he backed his horse against the barrier of the bridge, that they might not get in his rear, and, like a chafed tiger, defended himself so well with his sword, that the Spaniards knew not what to say, and thought he was no man, but a fiend. In short, he maintained his post long and well till Le Basco arrived with about 100 men-at-arms, who made the Spaniards abandon the bridge, and were pursuing them a good mile beyond, when they perceived a large body of 700 or 800 horse coming to the enemy's support. The good knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved the bridge, let us retreat in as compact a body as possible." This they did at a good rapid pace, the good knight bringing up the rear, and receiving every charge of the enemy.'

Being sore pressed, however, from his horse failing him through weariness, Bayard was taken prisoner, and carried off by the Spaniards. This accident occurred in the course of a fresh charge, made by a large body of the enemy while the French were in retreat. The captors, confident in their numbers, did not condescend to disarm their prisoner, otherwise than by depriving him of a battle-axe which he carried in his hand. But as they went along, they kept asking him who he was; and he, knowing well that if he told his name he would never escape alive, replied merely that he was a gentleman. Meanwhile, his comrades having missed him, and concluding that he was taken prisoner, were very much distressed; and as soon as they could get together in sufficient number, they rode after the Spaniards, determined that the 'flower of chivalry' should not be lost without a contest. As they came up, they raised the cry of 'France! France!' and fiercely assailed the Spaniards, some of whom were presently overthrown. Seeing this, the good knight, who needed nothing but a horse to put him in fighting-trim, leaped from his own, and, without putting foot into the stirrup, bounded upon a noble steed, whose rider, a Spanish gentleman, was lying prostrate on the ground. Being mounted, he 'commenced wondrous feats of arms,' crying with the others: 'France! France!' and adding, 'tis Bayard! Bayard! you have let escape.' When the Spaniards heard the name, their hearts failed them, and wheeling about, they retreated at a gallop to their camp; and the French, overjoyed by the delivery of their champion, returned merrily to the quarters, 'where,' it is said, 'they talked of nothing for a week but their brilliant adventure and the feats of the good knight.'

The next time we hear of Bayard, he was lying at Lyon ill of a fever—the same which, from time to time, had harassed him for

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more than seven years. He was also suffering from an old pike-wound in the arm, which, through ill-treatment, had produced a painful ulcer. But he was not deterred from following the king his master, when he went with an army to quell the revolt of the Genoese, about the year 1506; an enterprise which was effected mainly through the skill and valour of the good knight and his companions. He was afterwards engaged in various other wars, always being distinguished for his valour, success, and generosity. Some of his minor exploits must be omitted, that we may have the more space for representing his more important ones. The next which seems to demand description is a brilliant and memorable achievement, by which he acquired exceeding honour, during the siege of Padua. But first it will be as well to state how the siege of Padua came about.

It appears to have been in this wise. About the year 1509, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was formed between Pope Julius II., the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and the kings of France and Spain, having for its object the destruction of the state of Venice, 'with which,' says the chronicler, 'it seemed that the Lord was wroth for their great pomp and little acknowledgment of God, their luxurious living, and haughty contempt for all the other princes of Christendom.' In compliance with this treaty, the king of France marched an army from the duchy of Milan, and conquered several Venetian towns and castles: among others, the castle of Cazavas, which we mention for the sake of bringing in a curiosity of facetiousness, on the part of Bayard's secretary, or 'loyal serviteur,' who wrote the original memoirs. He says that the castle was carried in two hours, and some rustics found in it 'were made to try whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement.' That is to say, the poor fellows were hanged; and this so terrified the people of other places, that, with one exception, there was no town or fortress which thereafter offered any resistance. All the towns and places which the king of France claimed were yielded to him; some of them being restored to the pope, some to the king of Spain, and, in particular, the keys of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, were delivered to the French king, who subsequently gave them to the emperor. But inasmuch as Padua was very insufficiently garrisoned by the latter, certain Venetian captains made an effort to recover it, and, after a sharp contest, obtained possession. With the help of the king of France, the emperor now laid siege to it; and it was during this siege that the good knight performed the exploit which is next to be described.

While the emperor's forces lay encamped before the place, they were frequently disturbed by sallies from the enemy, and particularly by soldiers of the garrison of Treviso, a strong town about five-and-twenty miles from Padua. Here, among other captains, was stationed Master Luke Malleveche, an able and enterprising officer. Two or three times a week, he would be rousing up the

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emperor's camp; and if he saw any opportunity of doing his adversary a mischief, he never spared himself in the attempt; but if not, he prudently retired, and never lost a man. This proceeding annoyed the good knight exceedingly; and having by his spies obtained good intelligence of the movements of Malleveche, he determined to go and seek him in the open country.

Communicating his project to certain of his comrades, who approved of it, they got to horse one morning in September, between two and three o'clock, with about 100 men-at-arms, and without sound of trumpet, or any noise, they set forth, with a guide before them well guarded by four archers; promising him good payment if he were faithful, and threatening him with death if he betrayed them. About ten miles off, as day was breaking, they came to a large palace with a long walled enclosure. The spy informed them, that if Malleveche made a sortie from Treviso, to visit their camp that day, he must needs pass in front of it; and as the place was deserted, they might there conceal themselves, and see him pass without being discovered. They accordingly entered, and after waiting a couple of hours, heard a great trampling of horses.

The good knight had made an old archer of his company get up into a pigeon-house, that he might observe who passed, and ascertain their number. From this position the man descried Malleveche approaching with about 100 men-at-arms, all helmeted, and not less than 200 Albanians, under the command of a Captain Scanderberg, all well mounted, and apparently effective men. They passed the place of ambush; and the archer descended in high spirits to report what he had seen. All were well pleased; and the good knight, desiring them to regirth their horses, exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, it is ten years since we had such an adventure. They are double our number; but if we are gentle gallants, that is nothing. Let us after them.'

The gate was opened, and they went off at a smart trot; and having proceeded about a mile, perceived those they were in quest of a little way before them on a fine wide road, bounded on both sides by broad ditches, 'which a man-at-arms, unless he were very well mounted, would scarcely venture to leap for fear of sticking there.' Trumpets were ordered to be sounded. The Venetian captains, who never dreamed of having an enemy behind them, thought it was some of their own people wishing to join the foray, and therefore pulled up as though waiting for a further reinforcement. They were not a little surprised to find themselves presently enclosed between the emperor's camp and the party which they now discovered. Malleveche, however, exhorted his men to do their duty, as they must needs conquer or be lost.

Trumpets were sounded on both sides, and when the two parties were about a bow-shot apart, they charged each other vehemently, shouting out their respective battle-cries. The chronicler says: 'It was a real pleasure to see them;' but we suppose the Peace

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Society would have been of a different opinion. At the first charge, many were struck to the ground. Every one was put upon his mettle. After some time, the Albanians before spoken of left the high-road, and abandoned their heavy troops, to attack the French in the rear. But at the good knight's suggestion, one of his captains turned round with his followers to engage with them; 'and the Albanians were so roughly handled, that a dozen of them fell, and the rest fled across the country.' Eventually, the Venetians were completely routed; and the French took a great many prisoners. Malleveche, with twenty or thirty of the best-mounted, leaped their horses out of the road, and fled towards Treviso. They were allowed to escape, as it was considered that it would be lost labour to pursue them. The prisoners were more numerous than the conquerors; there being not less than 180 of them, all of whom were disarmed of their swords and maces, and marched triumphantly to the French camp.

The emperor was walking in the outskirts of the camp when they arrived; and seeing a cloud of dust, sent a French gentleman of his household to ascertain what occasioned it. The messenger presently returned, saying: 'Sire, it is the Good Knight Bayard;' and went on to say, that he and his companions had 'had the finest skirmish that has taken place these hundred years; for they have more prisoners than they are men, and have taken two standards.' Of course the emperor was glad to hear it; and as the French approached, he graciously saluted them, they returning his salutation 'with the reverence due to so high a prince.' He complimented each captain as he passed, and when the good knight came up he said: 'My Lord de Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate to have such a servant as you; I would give a hundred thousand florins a year to have a dozen like you.' Whereto the good knight replied: 'Sire, I very humbly thank you for the praise you are pleased to bestow on me. One thing I assure you, that so long as my master is your ally, you will have no more zealous servant than myself.' Then all the men-at-arms retired to their quarters; and there was never anything so noised in the camp as this splendid enterprise, of which the good knight bore off the greatest share of honour, though, with characteristic modesty, he always gave the merit of it to two of his companions.

After another dashing foray on the part of the good knight, the emperor determined on storming the town of Padua, and so putting an end to that part of the business. But on communicating his intentions to the noblemen and officers of his army, a strange murmur arose among them, they declaring 'that it was not their business to dismount or to storm a breach, but to fight like gentlemen on horseback; and with one or two exceptions, they all positively refused to have any hand in such an enterprise.' The emperor seems to have been disgusted by their conduct, and he, in consequence, retired that very night forty miles from the camp, and thence sent orders to raise the siege.

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Upon the retreat of the imperial army, the good knight was left in garrison at Verona, with about 400 men-at-arms, whom the king of France had lent to the emperor; and thence he had many skirmishes with the Venetians, commanded by Captain John Paul Monfrone. In one of these, he fell into an ambuscade, and was twice taken and rescued in the same day; but, by way of compensation, he that very night surprised and cut to pieces several hundred Venetian infantry. But space would fail us to tell of all the skirmishes between the French and the Venetians, and of many other things which Bayard's 'loyal serviteur' has recorded of his master.

After some time, these Italian wars took a new direction: hostilities broke out between the pope and the Duke of Ferrara, wherein, on the side of the latter, the good knight acquired further honour. It seems Pope Julius was very desirous of getting possession of the duchy of Ferrara, which, with characteristic presumption, he pretended belonged to the states of the Church; and with this view he withdrew from the alliance with the king of France, and prepared a large army in Bologna to march into the duchy. The duke applied to the French king for assistance, and in return the good knight and other officers were sent to him; together with 3000 or 4000 infantry, and 800 Swiss, 'all of whom were well received at Ferrara by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the inhabitants.'

The pope, meanwhile, marching by slow stages, arrived at the village of St Felix, between Concordia and Mirandola, and thence sent to the Countess of Mirandola, requesting her to deliver up her town to him; a request which she, being a courageous woman, and devoted to the French interests, decisively refused to comply with. The pope was very angry at this answer, 'and swore by St Peter and St Paul,' that he would have the town by fair means or by force; and accordingly he ordered his nephew and captain-general, the Duke d'Urbino, to go and lay siege to it. While the preparations were going on, the good knight formed a plan 'for seizing the pope and all his cardinals,' and was very near succeeding in his project. Being informed by his spies that his holiness would leave St Felix on such a day, accompanied by his 'cardinals, bishops, and prothonotaries, escorted by 100 horse, to join his camp before Mirandola,' he set forth with 100 picked men to waylay him at a place on the road which it was expected he would pass. The pope, being an early riser, got into his litter at daybreak to go straight to his camp, and was preceded by his prothonotaries, clerks, and officers of all sorts, who were sent on to prepare his quarters. When Bayard heard them approaching, he quitted his ambush and charged them; whereupon, in great terror, they turned round and fled at full gallop. But notwithstanding the alarm they raised, the pope would not have escaped but for another accident, which perchance his holiness would be likely to consider providential. He had hardly proceeded more than

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a cannon-shot from his quarters at St Feli
such a snow-storm as had not been seen for
that they could not see one another;' and
pope's prime-minister came and said to him
impossible to cross the country while this la
and also your duty, to return.' The pope a
'and, as ill-luck would have it,' says our auth
fugitives were returning, and the good knight
just as he arrived at St Felix, the pope was
and hearing the cry, was so frightened, that
litter without assistance, and himself helped
bridge, which was done like a man who had h
for, had he tarried the saying of a paternost
been caught!' Pope Julius, it would seem,
and when to act; and, by virtue of this kn
the present peril.

Mirandola was subsequently taken by the
it is stated that it never would have been
accident of another snow-storm. 'It snowed
and nights without ceasing, that the snow wa
it then froze so hard, that the moats of Mira
thick of ice, and a cannon, with its carriage, f
of the moat on the ice, did not break it.' T
hard frosts in those days. After two wide
made in the walls, the garrison, 'seeing no
surrendered upon terms.' When the place
Duke of Ferrara retired to his capital, resol
the last day of his life.

From Mirandola, the pope despatched an
town of La Bastide, about five-and-twenty
'He had been advised, that if this place were
would be deprived of supplies, and would be r
the course of two months.' The prowess o
however, prevented that catastrophe. To sa
necessary to relieve the commandant within fou
and this duty, in the face of great difficulties.
We have no space to state particulars; but th
surprised; and the result was, that between
were slain, and above sixty men-at-arms,
horses were taken, together with all their ba
so that every one had difficulty in carrying
chronicler affirms, that there had not been a
years better fought or gained at so great haza

We pass over various smaller exploits, si
way, that, in an assault upon the town of Bres
was severely wounded, and for some time c
next to dead; though by skilful surgery
eventually recovered. Brescia was taken by
said to have been the ruin of their cause in It

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so much plunder, that the greater part of them returned to France, and left the war to take its chance. After being several times repulsed with considerable loss, and losing their commander, the Duke de Nemours (nephew of Louis XII.), in the 'cruel and furious battle of Ravenna,' those that remained returned in a state of great discomfiture to Milan, and were finally driven out of Lombardy.

When wounded before Brescia, Bayard was carried, after the citadel was taken, by a couple of archers to a respectable-looking house hard by, that he might be laid somewhere to rest until his wound could be attended to. The house was the abode of a very rich gentleman, who had fled from the town, and taken refuge in a monastery; his wife being meanwhile left without protection, with two lovely daughters, who were concealed in a loft under some hay. You may judge that, in such circumstances, she was not without alarm: nevertheless, when the archers knocked at the door, she opened it in person, and saw the good knight brought in wounded. From the first, his bearing was gentle and considerate towards the household. He made them shut the door, and placed the two archers at it, charging them on their lives to suffer none to enter but his own people, and promising that they should lose nothing by not joining in the pillage. The story goes on to say: —'The lady of the house conducted him into a handsome chamber, and throwing herself on her knees before him, besought him to save the honour and the lives of herself and her two young girls, who were just of marriageable years. The good knight, who never entertained a wicked thought, replied: "Madam, I know not whether I shall recover from my wound; but whilst I live, no insult shall be offered to you or your daughters—only keep them out of sight. And I assure you, that you have here a gentleman who will not plunder you, but shew you any courtesy in his power." He then prayed her to send for a surgeon quickly, to dress his wound. She went herself, with one of the archers, to seek him, for he lived but two doors off. When he came, he examined the wound, which was deep and wide; and having extracted the iron, which was a most painful operation, he assured the good knight that it was not dangerous. At the second dressing, came the surgeon of the Duke de Nemours, who afterwards attended him, and treated him so skilfully, that in less than a month he was ready to mount on horseback.'

While confined to his bed, he was much chagrined at his prolonged inaction; for every day news came from the French camp, how they were approaching the Spaniards, and daily expecting to have a battle. At length, one morning, he got up, and walked about the room, to see if he could support himself; and though still weakly, he sent for the surgeon, and asked him, if there would be any danger in his travelling. The surgeon, knowing how impatient he was to be at the approaching battle, told him, that though the wound was not closed, it was healed

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within; and if his barber would, every morning and night, apply a bandage, with a plaster he would give him, there would be no danger. The good knight, hearing this, was overjoyed, and thereupon ordered his servants to be ready for starting in two days.

On the morning of his departure, the lady of the house entered his room with a casket containing 2500 ducats, which, with many compliments, she begged him to accept, as a trifling consideration for the great kindliness which she and her family had received from him. Bayard, with a pleasant laugh, declined the present, and proceeded, in return, to thank the lady for the good cheer and many attentions which he had enjoyed at her expense. Much astonished at his refusal, she persisted that she should be a very unhappy woman if he would not receive her little offering, which she declared to be a quite inadequate acknowledgment of his exceeding courtesy. Seeing her so resolute, he at length replied: 'Well, madam, I accept it for love of you; but seek me your two daughters, for I must bid them adieu.' When they appeared, Bayard had divided the ducats into three portions; and now, addressing the girls, he presented each with 1000 ducats as a wedding-present; saying to the mother: 'I will take these five hundred for myself, to apportion them amongst the poor religious houses which have been pillaged, and request you to undertake the charge, as you will best know where the need is greatest; and so I take my leave of you.' He then took their hands in the Italian fashion; and having accepted from the damsels a pair of 'bracelets of hair, beautifully worked with gold and silver,' and 'a purse of crimson satin, curiously embroidered,' he mounted his horse about noon, and rode to the French camp, where, on his arrival, it is said, the men-at-arms 'displayed such joy, that it seemed as if his coming had reinforced the army by 10,000 men.'

In the battle of Ravenna, which soon followed, the Duke de Nemours, as already said, lost his life; and not long afterwards the French sustained some further severe reverses. The pope, in fact, had induced the emperor to withdraw from the French alliance; and a numerous army of the Venetians, Swiss, and Papal troops, coming down upon their reduced and enfeebled force, obliged them to retire to the town of Pavia; from which place also they were subsequently expulsed, and had to abandon nearly the whole of their possessions in the country. The reader will be concerned to hear, that in the retreat from Pavia, the good knight was 'wounded between the neck and shoulder by a ball, which carried away the flesh, and laid bare the bone.' Some thought he was killed; but he, nowise frightened, assured his companions that there was no great harm done. The surgery in this case was rather of a rude description. 'They stanched the wound as best they could, with moss from the trees, and bound it with linen, which the soldiers tore from their shirts; for they had no surgeon with them by reason of the bad weather.' However, through

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good-fortune, he was soon in a condition fit for travelling; and having now no further work in Italy, he seems to have journeyed back to his native country.

On returning to France, the good knight went to Grenoble, to visit his uncle the bishop, whom he had not seen for a long time. Here he was attacked by a violent fever, and was so ill, that his life was despaired of. During his sickness, he manifested a considerable deal of piety, sadly bewailing himself on account of his sins, and thereby melting the bystanders to tears. The good bishop was continually in prayer for him, as were likewise all the 'nobles, citizens, merchants, monks, and nuns,' that were resident in the neighbourhood. 'And it could not be,' says the chronicler, 'but amongst so many people there must have been some person whose prayer the Lord would hear; as was sufficiently apparent, for by degrees the fever left him, he began to sleep and recover his appetite, and in a fortnight or three weeks was quite recovered, and as lusty as ever, taking his pleasure in visiting his friends and the ladies, and banqueting from house to house.' But it would scarcely be charitable for the reader to conclude from this, that the good knight's piety did not survive his sickness, for, as piety went in those days, he would seem to have been ordinarily as pious as any man of his generation.

After remaining some time in Dauphiné, Bayard was despatched by the king, his master, to assist in the recovery of the kingdom of Navarre, which the king of Aragon had usurped, on no other reason than that the rightful ruler was in friendship with the king of France. In this expedition, siege was laid to Pampeluna; from which, however, after a good deal of hard fighting, the French were finally repulsed. It was reckoned an unfortunate expedition, 'for the French, on entering Navarre, destroyed and wasted everything, broke the wind-mills, and did many such-like things, which occasioned such a scarcity and famine, that much people died; and the army was in such want of shoes, that a wretched pair for a lackey cost a crown.' The soldiers suffered very much from hunger; but, nevertheless, the retreat was conducted handsomely; and in this the good knight acquired no small honour, he being always in the rear till danger was past; and indeed it appears to have been a compliment invariably paid to him, of placing him first in an advance, and among the last in a retreat.

The course of events has now brought us down to the year 1513, when Henry VIII. of England, having allied himself with the Emperor Maximilian, disembarked at Calais with a powerful army to invade Picardy. The English, under the command of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Captain Talbot, laid siege to Touraine, and were shortly afterwards joined by the king in person. On his way thither, he was attacked by the good knight, who captured from him a piece of cannon, forming one of the twelve pieces which his majesty called the 'Twelve Apostles.' But in the battle which shortly followed, and which was called

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the 'Battle of the Spurs,' the French suffered a desperate defeat; and the good knight, for once in his life (being overpowered by numbers), had to surrender to the enemy. He was conducted to the English camp, where he remained for three or four days, and was treated by his captor with marked distinction. The emperor, moreover, sent for him to his quarters, and after some gracious observations, remarked jestingly: 'We were formerly at the wars together, and I remember it was then said, that the Captain Bayard never fled.'

'Sire,' replied the knight, 'I was never in that school where I learned to flee: had I fled, I should not have been here.' The English monarch gave him a more courteous reception, saying: 'Truly, my Lord Bayard, if all resembled you, I should soon be compelled to raise the siege.' After a brief detention, he was liberated on his parole not to bear arms for six weeks; and in compliance with that arrangement, he went to spend the time in visiting certain towns in Flanders.

In less than two years after the Battle of the Spurs, so called because of the speed which the French made in retreat, the good king, Louis XII., fell sick and died, and was buried at St Denis with his ancestors. His successor, as is not unknown to readers of French history, was Francis I., at that time a handsome prince of twenty, and but lately married to the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the late king, and Duchess of Brittany in her own right. Soon after his coronation, the new king made preparations for reconquering the duchy of Milan; in which enterprise the good knight was sent forward with a detachment, and 'rendered the king good service, by surprising the Lord Prosper Colonna in the town of Villafranca, and making him and several captains prisoners, capturing an immense booty in money, horses, gold and silver vessels, and other movables, which the Lord Prosper himself declared was a loss to him of 50,000 crowns.' This capture was considered a great affair; 'for had not the Lord Prosper been taken, he would have been at the subsequent battle, and by his means the Spaniards and the remainder of the pope's army would have been there too, mustering together 1000 men-at-arms; which would have given the French such troublesome work as they could well dispense with.'

The passes of the country were in possession of Swiss soldiers, who, however, on hearing of the capture of Lord Prosper, abandoned them, and retreated to Milan. Thence they subsequently sallied forth, and made a sudden irruption on the French camp at Marignano. The king was on the point of going to supper, but he left it untasted, and went straight with his forces to meet the enemy. After a sharp skirmish, the Swiss were broken by his cavalry. During the combat, the good knight had a narrow escape. 'In the last charge upon the Swiss, in the dusk of the evening, he was mounted on a gallant steed, his second horse, for the first had been killed under him in the first charge. The pikes

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bristled so thick about him, that his horse's bridle was torn off. When the animal felt himself without rein, he rushed, in spite of the Swiss, right through their ranks, and was carrying his rider straight into another body of them, when he was fortunately arrested by some vines festooned from tree to tree.' Not losing his presence of mind, he quickly dismounted, threw off his helmet and crosses, and crawled along the ditches to the French camp without being discovered. The loss of the French was very great; but they, nevertheless, gained the victory, and the town of Milan surrendered. The king, on this occasion, desired to confer the honour of knighthood on certain of his officers; but as, by the rules of chivalry, only a knight could confer the honour, he sent for the Lord de Bayard, and informed him first of all that he himself wished to be knighted by him, as being 'the knight of greatest renown for his feats of arms on foot and on horseback in divers battles.' Bayard urged that a crowned king, like Francis, was already a knight above all other knights. But the king said: 'Come, Bayard, dispatch. Allege me not laws and canons; but obey my will and command, if you would be of the number of my good servants and subjects.' The good knight then replied: 'Certes, sire, I will do it not once, but a hundred times at your command.' And, thereupon, taking his sword, and laying it on the king's shoulder, he said: 'Sire, may you be as renowned as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother; and God grant you may never turn your back in war!' And thereafter the good knight kept the sword 'as a sacred relic,' in honour of the event.

The Emperor Maximilian, incensed at the king of France for having thus conquered the duchy of Milan, came into the country with new forces, for the purpose of regaining it. He was obliged, however, to retreat; and after some suspension of hostilities, he died in the year 1519, and his grandson Charles, the king of Spain, was elected emperor in his stead. Not long after (namely, in 1522), the new emperor assembled an army of 40,000 men, and having taken several nearer towns, suddenly besieged and took Mozon, belonging to the king of France, and thence threatened the town of Maizieres, a frontier town lying on the Netherlands. Francis despatched Bayard to defend it until he could collect an army; declaring that there was no man in his kingdom in whom he had greater confidence. The good knight found the town in a very poor plight for standing a siege; but, setting every one of his soldiers to work upon the ramparts, he soon brought it into tolerable condition. Being besieged on two sides, however, he had great difficulty in sustaining the place; yet, by a stratagem, he succeeded in inducing one of the two attacking camps to remove from its position and join the other, whereby the two commanders got into a serious misunderstanding, and forthwith raised the siege. The good knight, with only 1000 men, had kept them at bay for three weeks, and, meanwhile, the king of France levied an army powerful enough to

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drive them out of the country. Bayard's services were graciously acknowledged and amply recompensed by his master. He was created a knight of the order of St Michael, and received the command of a hundred men-at-arms.

Whatever might be the value of these distinctions, the good knight was not destined to enjoy them long. That inevitable Nemesis which attends the steps of every man favoured by fortune throughout many hazards, was now on the point of overtaking him. At the commencement of the year 1524, the king of France had a large army encamped at Biagras, in Italy, under the command of his admiral, the Lord de Bonnivet. In this army, Bayard held an office of command, and was sent by the admiral with some 200 men-at-arms, to watch the motions of the Spaniards near Milan, and to defend the village of Rebec against them. The place was assailable on all sides, and there were no means of fortifying it, except by barricading the entrances of the streets. For the purposes of defence, the good knight considered the forces intrusted to him as utterly insufficient, and he appears to have several times represented the danger of the enterprise to his superior the admiral. The latter, however, paid next to no attention to his representations. The Spaniards, who were 15,000 strong in Milan, learning from their spies that he was in Rebec with so small a party, determined one night to surprise him. The night selected for the purpose happened to be rainy, and the officers on guard at Rebec, suspecting no danger, had left their posts, and there remained nobody on watch but three or four archers. When the Spaniards approached within a bow-shot of the village, they were astonished at finding no one in the outskirts, and thought the good knight must have heard of their enterprise, and retired to Biagras. However, on advancing about a hundred paces further, they encountered the few archers who were on guard; and these, on being charged, instantly fled in great alarm, and hurriedly gave notice of the assault. The good knight—who, in such danger, never slept without his clothes and his armour lying by him—immediately started up, and mounting his charger, hastened, with five or six of his own men-at-arms, and a small number of infantry, under a certain Captain Lorges, to the barrier, to see what was going on. The enemy were surrounding the village, intent on finding the quarters of the Good Knight Bayard; and, indeed, if they had taken him, there would have been but little left to do. As yet, however, they could not get him. Whilst the fight was going on at the barrier, he heard the drums of their infantry beating to the attack; and straightway he desired Captain Lorges to withdraw his men, whilst he himself and the cavalry protected them in the rear. They found it necessary to abandon their baggage to the enemy, and to endeavour simply to save their lives. This eventually was done; the French making so gallant a retreat, that they lost only ten or eleven men.

On reaching Biagras, the good knight had some high words

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with the admiral, which the chronicler has not thought it proper to repeat. A short time after this affair, the said admiral, perceiving his camp to be diminishing daily through want and sickness, called together a council of war, and it was then determined to withdraw the army. In the retreat, the good knight, as usual, remained with the rear-guard. The Spaniards followed them from day to day, and had frequent skirmishes with them on the way; but whenever they came to charge, they were gallantly driven back by Bayard and his men-at-arms. On one occasion, the Spaniards threw out on each side of the road a large body of hacquebuters and harquebuseers, whose pieces carried large stones, and with these they did the French considerable injury. Various gallant noblemen were slain; and, worse than all, the good knight himself was one among the number. He was steadily retiring before the Spaniards, and frequently turning back to face them, maintaining the greatest calmness and resolution amidst the peril, when suddenly 'a stone from a harquebuse struck him on the loins, and broke the great bone of the spine.' He was on the point of falling from his horse, but still had strength enough to support himself by holding on to the saddle, till a young gentleman helped him to dismount. He was now pressed to withdraw from the field, but his answer was, that he had never yet turned his back upon an enemy. He was placed against a tree, with his face towards the Spaniards, who, on hearing he was wounded, became instantly impressed with great concern on his account: 'for,' says his biographer, 'he had always been very kind to his prisoners, and liberal in respect of their ransom; and they knew that, by his death, nobility itself was impaired, for, without disparaging others, he was the most perfect knight in this world.'

The Marquis of Pescara, and other noble Spaniards, who came to see him before he died, expressed the greatest commiseration at his fate, and spoke loudly in praise of his honour, daring, and magnanimity. Amongst others came the Duke of Bourbon, who had been formerly engaged in a conspiracy against the king of France, and having fled the kingdom, was now in command of the Spanish army. He came with the intent of endeavouring to console the noble knight, telling him how distressed he was at the accident which had befallen him, and offering to send him the best surgeons in the country, by whose assistance, timely rendered, he thought he might possibly be cured. But when the good knight recognised him, he answered: 'My lord, I have no longer need of physicians for the body, but of those of the soul. I am not to be pitied, who die with my honour unsullied; but pity is rather due to you, who are in arms against your prince, your country, and your oath.' He continued to live for two or three hours; the enemy having stretched a handsome tent over him, and laid him on a bed. A priest was brought, to whom he devoutly confessed himself; and then, with a final prayer for mercy at the hands of the Eternal, he calmly yielded up his breath.

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Being dead, the Spanish chiefs appointed some gentlemen to carry him to a church, where solemn service was chanted over him for two days. His followers then carried his body into his native country of Dauphiné; the highest military honours being paid to his remains as they passed through the duchy of Savoy. We are told that in Dauphiné the mourning which took place at the announcement of his death exceeded the powers of description; and it was confidently said, that for a thousand years before there had not died a gentleman so lamented by all ranks and orders of the people. The body was escorted from church to church along the road by a numerous procession, and was at length interred in the monastery of Mynims, about half a league from Grenoble, amidst the tears and lamentations of the entire population of the neighbourhood; and so great and passionate was their grief, that 'all fêtes, dances, banquets, and other pastimes, ceased.' Good reason, thinks the chronicler, they had for their regret, 'for a heavier loss could not have happened to that country.'

By way of conclusion, we will cite some sentences from the eulogy of Bayard's loyal serviteur, as rendered in Mr Kindersley's condensed translation of the good knight's memoirs. 'To enumerate the virtues of the good knight,' says he, 'would be superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God. Suffice it then to say, that he loved and feared God above all things; he never swore or blasphemed; and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him. . . . . He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great alms-giver, and gave his alms in secret; he succoured widows in distress; and during his life, had given in marriage a hundred poor orphan-girls, gentlefolks, and others. If a gentleman under his command was dismounted, he remounted him, and in a manner not to offend his delicacy, often exchanging a Spanish charger worth 200 or 300 crowns for a nag worth but six, and giving the gentleman to understand that the latter was just the horse to suit himself; so graciously did he confer his gifts. He was a sorry flatterer; and never swerved from speaking truth were it to the greatest of princes. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war, none excelled him; in conduct, he was a Fabius Maximus; in enterprise, a Coriolanus; and in courage and magnanimity, a second Hector. Dreadful to the enemy; gentle and courteous to his friends. Three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier: he was a greyhound in attack, a wild boar in defence, and a wolf in retreat. In short, it would take a good orator his life to recount his virtues.'

This, then, is the 'pleasant and refreshing history' of Bayard, the 'good knight without fear and without reproach,' as complete as we are able to relate it within the present limits. It is the history of a life of brave and magnanimous activity, under a

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form now obsolete, but which is, nevertheless, in the spirit of it still true and beautiful. Courage, heroic daring, and self-devotion to ends extraneous to himself, are emphatically exemplified from the beginning to the end of his career. His story, likewise, affords us some interesting glimpses of the 'image and body' of a time which ordinary history has but indifferently represented. We see in it, in some sort, how a man of noble instincts was furthered, straightened, and circumstantially equipped for living and acting in a way that was then considered noble. Extrinsically a soldier of fortune, fighting and skirmishing for his pay, Bayard was yet *in*trinsically a man of chivalrous and lofty spirit; and in the wild element in which he acted and endured, he performed the work before him in a manner worthy of admiration. Loyal, faithful, and persevering in whatsoever he undertook; unflinching in danger, merciful in conquest, and of an unbounded liberality in the dispensation of what befell to him by favour and chance of fortune, his conduct and character are marked by all the qualities of greatness, beauty, and disinterestedness, which are the signs and credentials of the hero; and as such, the world has not inconsiderately accepted him, and deemed his memory deserving of a lasting preservation.

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MATHILDE.

I.

THERE never was a more charming, quaint, old-fashioned garden, or a more simple and excellent old-fashioned gentleman, the owner of it, than was to be found within the limits of Deepdean Vale. It was a spot where the devotee of 'bygones' might rhapsodise, and which the urbane and silver-haired squire delighted to expatiate on, for next to Dorothy, his only child, this old-fashioned gentleman dearly loved his old-fashioned garden, and, it must be confessed, both were delightful in their way.

Mr Cheyne himself, in point of universal benevolence, philanthropy, and unaffected courtesy, greatly resembled the

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notable Sir Roger de Coverley; his politeness arose from real kindliness of heart, and his gentleness of demeanour from simplicity of character and real piety; although a constitutional tendency to inactivity, and a dislike to innovation and all 'new-fangled ways,' assisted to produce a certain apathetic repose, redeemed from slothfulness only by genuine good-nature. Mr Cheyne was a widower, and his young daughter had had the misfortune to lose her mother just when she was beginning to need most a mother's care and counsel. The squire had married late in life, Dorothy was the child of his old age, and the fair delicate girl so nearly resembled her deceased parent, that many a time and oft the tears coursed each other down the bereaved husband's furrowed cheeks, as he gazed on this sole treasure left to solace his declining years. The pleasant inheritance which had descended to Mr Cheyne from father to son in a long unbroken line, from various causes had been of late years much impoverished and diminished; though it still afforded an income amply sufficient for all the moderate wants of one who found in his garden, his devotions, and the perusal of Evelyn's works, a full source of quiet and healthful recreation, comfort, and enjoyment. The estate, indeed, was known to be much embarrassed; and it is probable that both Mr Cheyne and his fair daughter would have been suffered to vegetate in obscurity, unnoticed and uncourted by their more affluent neighbours, had not Dorothy's reputation as her maternal uncle's heiress secured for them a degree of attention which these primitive, contented, humble souls were far from desiring. Dorothy inherited from her parents an affectionate heart and a love of quiet, which had reconciled her to a life of seclusion, and inspired a dread of city crowds: indeed, her father's favourite quotation—

'God the first garden made—and the first city, Cain,'

she had learned to repeat with infinite gusto.

Deepdean, Mr Cheyne's dwelling, resembled more an enlarged rustic cottage than a substantial family mansion; yet it was substantial, and was capable of affording accommodation for a family, with a retinue of retainers more numerous than were to be found in the present proprietor's time. Grape-vines overspread it, roses and woodbine climbed to the eaves, or twisted knots of flowers round the casements; as to the material it was composed of, whether stone, brick, or wood, it was impossible to discern, there not being a single speck uncovered with festooning greenery. It was extremely irregular in form, huge chimneyed and gabled; and it stood in the midst of the smiling antique garden like a great summer-bower, always green, always fresh and sunny, even in mid-winter. But the Deepdean garden—the delicious quaint old garden—what words may describe or do justice to it? There were gray walls lined with apricots and plums, and straggling vines and luscious sun-burned peaches, with walks between close

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laurel-hedges, and beds of flowers bordered round with miniature hedges of box; here were spiked-lavender, pinks, stocks, and clove-carnations; fruit-trees, trained espalier fashion, dropping their ripened burdens on the paths; and out-of-the-way odd corners, filled with every herb the hygieist desires. There were holly-bushes, clipped into extravagant shapes of nondescript creatures; patches of level emerald green-sward, turf softer than velvet, finer and richer; formal terraces, statues and fountains, old spreading chestnut-trees, bee-hives, sun-dials, and a pleasant fruit-bearing ravine, celebrated in the valley for its productiveness. The place had been laid out in obsolete taste by some old-fashioned proprietor long, long ago; and so it had been left, for the sake of association, or, it might be, idleness, or in the spirit of veneration for primitive perfection, which dwellers in secluded spots are prone to nurse. And none ever carried this veneration to a greater extent than did Mr Cheyne: he might have passed for an embodiment of the antique genius presiding over the solitary green vale of Deepdean, haunting the garden, and hiding in the green bowery dwelling. Nor was Dorothy an unapt illustration of one of those shadowy forms with which the ancients loved to people sylvan solitudes; and the slight pale girl, gliding at twilight hour among the fountains and flowers, or when the moon arose in solemn glory, bathing every object in mystic light, might have seemed a spiritual creation, till her merry laugh dispelled the illusion; for Dorothy was of the earth, earthy, with faults as plentiful as those of any of Eve's fair daughters, although her doting sire accounted her as near perfection as the old garden, and *that* could not by possibility be improved.

Tenderly and truly the young Dorothy returned all this lavish affection: she often felt it would be impossible for her to leave this fond father and this dear home; and this feeling was strangely dominant, accompanied by tell-tale blushes, whenever a certain youth, named Francis Capel—second son of a wealthy baronet, their nearest neighbour—came to Deepdean; and he came pretty often, too, being an ardent admirer of Evelyn, of the old garden, and of Dorothy—which last circumstance was viewed complacently by Mr Cheyne, as Francis was a fine, generous, good fellow, and a son-in-law after the squire's own heart. It seemed, indeed, as if the course of true love, in this particular case, was destined to run smooth: Sir John Capel viewing his son's attachment with approving eyes, for although Mr Cheyne's affairs were not in a flourishing condition, Dorothy was her Uncle Hardinge's presumed heiress, and Francis, as a second son, inherited only a few thousands in right of his deceased mother. The young folks had plenty of time before them—they were both children yet, said Sir John Capel—and although there was no positive engagement between them, it seemed an understood thing that sweet Dolly Cheyne and gallant

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Frank Capel were one day to become man and wife. Of this said Uncle Hardinge, little was known by Mr Cheyne or Dorothy; he resided in the metropolis, principally at his club, was a ci-devant beau, entirely given up to selfish pursuits, and caring for nothing beyond the narrow circle which formed his little world. In youth he had been a traveller, residing much on the continent, from which he had imported many foreign habits and tastes. These were so uncongenial to Mr Cheyne, that the brothers-in-law seldom cared to meet, and slender intercourse was kept up between them during later years—Mr Cheyne abominating the town as Mr Hardinge did the country. Nevertheless, as all Mr Hardinge's fortune would descend to Dorothy, in the event of his dying without legitimate issue, and as he was a reputed bachelor, not in the least likely to enter the matrimonial state *now*, it may readily be surmised that he was a personage of vast importance to the country relatives, who regarded him as the beau-ideal of a finished courtier. Annual presents of bijoutry arrived at Deepdean for Dorothy, evidencing the fine taste of her uncle; and annual presents of gastronomic delicacies were despatched to the exquisite gourmand, who valued no gift equal to one that would excite his worn-out palate. The Deepdean hams, the Deepdean fowls, the Deepdean conserves, and the Deepdean herbal recipes, were all pronounced invaluable by the town gentleman; and this interchange of good things being regularly kept up without personal contact, an excellent understanding was the result. Now, although Dorothy heartily desired long life for Uncle Hardinge, yet was she fully sensible of the benefits which would accrue from her accession of fortune on his demise; and in the golden day-dreams to which this idea gave rise, there ever mingled, in association with her beloved father, another individual—need he be named?—the lover of her youth, the dark-eyed Francis Capel.

Dorothy well knew her poor father's embarrassments—his frequent want of ready means—and she looked forward with yearning hope to the period when she might pour forth her golden treasures to neutralise all his anxieties and privations—to ward off every blast from his revered head, silvered with the snow of many a wintry storm. Dorothy was as shy and retiring as a timid fawn, but playful withal in the precincts of her own home, among those who knew and loved her; but when, at intervals, she went forth to mix with her equals—particularly at Capel House—a proud reserved bearing, quiet and self-possessed, took the place of girlish diffidence. Intuitively, Dorothy knew that at Capel House she was valued for the sake of Uncle Hardinge—by all save one: as the daughter of poor Mr Cheyne of Deepdean, she was nobody, despite ancient lineage and an untainted name; but as the heiress of Mr Hardinge, the worn-out roué of fashion, she was fêted, caressed, and received as a future daughter of the Capels. But, ah! how the aspect of all things changed when she wandered with her father and Frank in the old garden; how

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happy might they three be there, just as they were—comparatively poor,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

This was what Frank said, and Frank was sincerity itself. To do the youth justice, he never thought of Dorothy's heirship, save in connection with his own family: for him she would have been best and dearest, had such a personage as Mr Hardinge never existed. But Frank well knew his father's way of thinking, and that Sir John Capel was a worshipper of Mammon; not that Sir John was particularly hard-hearted or intolerant, but, like most fathers, he considered the prudent side when the settlement of his children was concerned. And who can blame him for parental vigilance and forethought, when not carried to an unfeeling extent?

'I have just received a letter, which I fear may summon me to the great Babel, Dolly, my dear,' said Mr Cheyne to his daughter one morning, in a state of evident excitement, which he vainly strove to check or conceal. 'It is from Doctor Emslie, a friend of your uncle's, who writes to say that Mr Hardinge is labouring under a severe and sudden attack of stomachic gout, which causes much alarm and anxiety as to its ultimate termination. Doctor Emslie adds, that he thinks I ought to be present; and he throws out a mysterious hint that my presence is absolutely necessary, in the event of my poor brother-in-law's decease, as there are family matters which require "explanation and arrangement." What can he mean, Dorothy, my dear? Don't you remember the name of Emslie, and hearing your uncle once speak of him as a learned and excellent physician, who had retired from active life, and resided somewhere in the lake-country? Ah! Emslie, Emslie,' continued Mr Cheyne hesitatingly; 'your dear departed mother, Dorothy, my dear, knew Mrs Emslie very well, if I recollect rightly; and Doctor Emslie and your uncle Hardinge were friends from youth, the latter having had it in his power to forward the doctor's views of advancement in his professional career: and no doubt Doctor Emslie has always felt under an obligation to him. But there is a sort of mystery in this letter which I don't comprehend, coming, as it does, from so honest-hearted an individual. I think, Dorothy, my dear, I had better attend to it immediately, and make the necessary preparations for a journey to the metropolis. It strikes me as being rather odd, that Doctor Emslie was sent for before me,' added Mr Cheyne, again hesitating and speaking slowly, as if trying to recollect past events, and string them together, for a link in the chain was broken, and the old man's memory was sometimes treacherous.

'Perhaps, dear father,' replied Dorothy cheerfully, 'poor Uncle Hardinge wished to see him professionally, and has high confidence in his skill: let us earnestly hope he may yet recover and be spared for years to come.'

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'Nay, my dear,' replied her father, shaking his head, 'that in the course of nature is scarcely possible: your uncle and I were born in the same year.'

Here Dolly threw her arms round the speaker's neck, chiding him fondly for being 'so unkind as to speak so,' and hiding her tears on his shoulder.

'Well, well, my darling, for your sake I trust to be spared yet awhile,' said Mr Cheyne, caressing the fair head which rested beside him; 'but as for the circumstance you alluded to, of Mr Hardinge sending for Doctor Emslie professionally, that I do not believe to be the case, seeing that your uncle has for many years been under the care of a celebrated metropolitan practitioner, in whom he places implicit faith. No, no; it is not for any such medical consultation your Uncle Hardinge needs the presence of Doctor Emslie. But I will set off for the scene myself, and have all mystery, which I abominate, cleared up. I cannot think what oppresses me, Dorothy, my dear, but, in connection with this Doctor Emslie and his mission, something weighs heavily at my heart, which I cannot shake off. It is as if coming events cast their shadows before, and a great calamity were about to befall us.'

'Ah! dear father, you are merely disconcerted by the prospect of this journey to town, and leaving Deepdean for awhile; and, then, anxiety for poor uncle is so natural, that I can account for these passing shadows.' And Dorothy tried to smile brightly, but the smile faded away into a tear, for she, too, was infected with a strange sadness; and it seemed as if Dr Emslie's name had cast a spell over them both.

Days of suspense passed away after Mr Cheyne's departure to attend the sick-bed of his suffering relative, for writing was his aversion, and the short bulletins, containing daily hopes and fears, touched on no other topic than the sufferer's amendment or relapse. Dorothy was forced to content herself with these scraps; and, fully prepared by the last accounts for those which were to follow, she at length, without surprise or violent emotion, received the notification of her uncle's death. This notification, however, spoke of feelings less equable: it was in Dr Emslie's handwriting, who, while assuring her of her father's perfect health, added that recent events had agitated him greatly, and rendered him incapable of exertion for the present. Dorothy, on the receipt of the letter, would have instantly set out to join her beloved parent, to ascertain with her own eyes that he was well; but Dr Emslie added in a postscript, that Mr Cheyne proposed returning to Deepdean immediately after the funeral, and wished to defer the communication of important tidings until then. What could these tidings be? Dorothy asked herself again and again. What had happened to agitate her father so keenly, and to prevent his writing to her in person? Conjecture was vain; but, restless and uneasy, haunted by vague apprehensions of sorrow in store for her, Dorothy eagerly counted the days until Mr Cheyne returned,

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when, clasped to the parental bosom once more, she almost forgot the anxiety in delight, until the change in her father's aspect caught her observation, and the shock occasioned a sudden revulsion of feeling.

'Father, dearest father!' she exclaimed in dismay, 'how haggard and wretched you look! What is the matter? There is something even beyond the natural grief for poor Uncle Hardinge here! Tell me, dear father, what has happened to bow you down thus. You are ill—worn—the journey has been too much for you.'

'My poor girl!' sighed Mr Cheyne, 'it has been too much for me; but not in the way you imagine. I am wearied, but not in body: it is the mental powers which have been strained and overtaxed. I have ill news for you, my poor girl—a surprise—a painful one, Dorothy, my dear. Can you guess it?'

Dorothy trembled, and gazed into the old man's clear blue eyes. She read their tidings at a glance, for they were speaking eyes to Dorothy: she was so accustomed to watch her father's every look, to anticipate his every wish. 'Father!' she exclaimed in a low trembling voice, 'I am not the heiress: say, am I mistaken?'

'You are *not* mistaken, my poor girl—my poor, poor girl! The blow fell heavily, heavily on me at first; but I am sustained, as you will be, my noble girl, by the knowledge that tardy justice is at length done to the innocent, the unoffending. Your uncle, Dorothy, my dear, has left two children to bear his name and to inherit his property. It is a bitter and a cruel disappointment for you, my darling; but God grant you strength to bear up, and conquer all selfish repining, when you hear the tale.'

Pale, speechless, tearless, Dorothy clung to her father, stupified and stunned by what she had heard. Like lightning her thoughts flew to Capel House. How would they receive her now? What would Francis do? What would *she* do if they were separated? All her air-built castles—all her plans for helping and comforting her father vanished away—all the charming dreams of the future dispelled! It was a bitter cup: she could not dash it aside—it was to be drained to the dregs; and silently poor Dorothy listened to the history her father proceeded cautiously to unfold; and though most cautiously he proceeded, yet his fears were seriously aroused for the beloved child who, in mute attention, hung on his words: she seemed so frail a creature to battle with so chilling a disappointment. Mr Cheyne thought, too, of Francis Capel, and his heart bled for the young pair. He knew Frank's worth, but he also knew Sir John's mammon-worship; and the idea of Dorothy marrying into a family who did not wish to receive her, never for an instant entered the head of the worthy squire. This sweet first love-passage must end; but Mr Cheyne grieved more like a young than an old man. Age does not often sympathise thus with youth; and this bond of sympathy it was which had so

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firmly knit the affection of father and daughter. Together they had deplored the loss of the beloved wife and mother: their joys and sorrows were all shared in common; and never since her birth had Dorothy concealed a thought from her fond parent. Though Mr Cheyne mourned the ending of this early love, yet he had looked forward so confidently to his child's future aggrandisement, that to give up all hope that it might still be accomplished was beyond his strength. He therefore proceeded to unfold the new page whereon the future was traced in dim perspective, and he did so with some trepidation as well as caution, for the future was very different from that which Dorothy had permitted herself to anticipate. Poor girl! she did not exclaim: 'It is very hard,' or 'Very unjust;' but her silent anguish pierced the father's heart. She felt for his disappointment even more than for her own. But was it not still in her power to make amends for fortune's unkindness, and to restore peace and prosperity? Might not the lost fortune still be hers on one condition? Ah, that condition! There was the trial of her faith and submission!

During his travels abroad, it appeared that Mr Hardinge had been captivated by a beautiful foreigner, she being an orphan, the daughter of an artisan. No one imagined that the marriage-ceremony hallowed their affection, for it was kept a profound secret—a fact which doubtless originated in Mr Hardinge being rather ashamed of his wife's inferiority in point of rank; a false shame, indeed, which imputed no shame to supposed guilt. After the birth of two children, a girl and a boy, continued bickerings began to imbitter his domestic peace; and this, added to disgraceful conduct on the part of his wife, led him to return to England in company with his two children, leaving Mrs Hardinge to pursue her career of dissipation in her own land. Fortunately perhaps for them both, this evil career soon terminated, the unhappy and misguided woman being carried off suddenly by infectious fever. Mr Hardinge determined never to acknowledge his miserable marriage, but to place his offspring where they would live unknown, and never to remove the stigma which rested upon their birth. It was Dr and Mrs Emslie who undertook the charge of the motherless children. The doctor was under obligations to Mr Hardinge, who had been to him a firm disinterested friend; and gladly he repaid the debt of gratitude by fostering the children, whose very first entrance on the stage of life had been under false colours. Neither Dr nor Mrs Emslie was acquainted with the truth: they regarded Mathilde and her brother Gervase as the offspring of shame, and always considered Mr Hardinge's conduct most generous towards beings so unhappily circumstanced. Having no family of their own, the poor children became to them objects of the most tender interest and solicitude. Lavish means were provided by Mr Hardinge, who, however, never openly came forward to acknowledge them, and Mathilde and Gervase were brought up in the belief that they

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were orphans. Whilst Dr Emslie deprecated the sin, and lamented over the sinner, he was too sincere a Christian to visit on the heads of the unoffending children the crime imputed to their parents. He watched over them sedulously, while the exemplary Mrs Emslie performed the real mother's part, until death removed her to a better world.

But when the time of Mr Hardinge's departure approached, all things in this sublunary scene assumed a changed aspect—the sins of his youth wore a deeper dye, and rose up in fearful array to upbraid and terrify. The dying man sent for Dr Emslie, and confided to him the fact of having executed a will, wherein was specified the legitimacy of his children, and the indisputable proof of his marriage with their mother, together with full directions for their future guidance. Dr Emslie was of course greatly astonished; and notwithstanding that he rejoiced at the good which accrued to those so dear to him, yet he felt for the disappointment which must inevitably result when Mr Cheyne was made acquainted with the truth. To unfold this startling truth was Dr Emslie's very painful duty; and Mr Cheyne arrived only in time to hear it corroborated by Mr Hardinge, who, fully sensible to the last, asked his brother-in-law's forgiveness for the deception he had practised; adding, in disjointed sentences: 'But all things may yet be well. Gervase is a good lad. Tell Dorothy it is my dying wish that she'——

The unfinished wish was fully elucidated in the will. Gervase, who wanted a few months of completing his twenty-first year, was named sole legatee of his deceased father's large property, on one condition—namely, that within six months after he attained his majority, he espoused his cousin Dorothy Cheyne. In the event of their not marrying within the prescribed period—no matter from which side the demur proceeded—then the whole property passed to Mathilde, who was her brother's senior by three years.

Moreover, the will specified that Mathilde and Gervase were to reside at Deepdean, beneath Mr Cheyne's roof, until the allotted period expired; removing thither forthwith, for the purpose of affording the cousins ample opportunities of 'cementing a friendship,' which Mr Hardinge trusted would be 'lasting and sincere,' and for their 'temporal and eternal benefit.' This was a strange expression from one who had thought so little about eternity; but the approach of our last enemy works miracles, even on the most stubborn and obdurate heart. And so it was with Mr Hardinge: his had been an eleventh-hour repentance; and tardy justice at length was yielded to the innocent victims of a father's folly and a mother's misconduct.

'And so they are coming here, dear father,' said Dorothy, pale and trembling; 'these strangers are coming to our quiet home. Methinks they are like birds of ill-omen, descending on a sheltered nook, where the old nest lies hidden among the leaves. Ah! we

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do not want them, dear father, we have been so happy together—there is no room in our old nest for them!'

'My child,' murmured Mr Cheyne, embracing his daughter, 'we have no choice—unless, indeed, you reject these unknown cousins altogether. They are to be pitied, not scorned; and you may learn to love them, Dorothy, my dear. Your cousin Gervase is very handsome and spirited, Doctor Emslie says.'

Dorothy flushed scarlet; her thoughts were with Frank Capel, and how he would bear this heavy blow, so fatal to their cherished hopes. Mr Cheyne understood the sign, and turned away with a heavy sigh; for an accumulation of embarrassing annoyances in his pecuniary affairs did not tend to lighten the shadow now cast over the future. He had counted so positively on assistance from Mr Hardinge's property to free Dorothy, on his own decease, from all family involvements, that now he felt overwhelmed, and incapable of any mental exertion. How dreadful it would be to leave this beloved child to comparative poverty and all its attendant ills; she, who had scarcely ever left the precincts of that peaceful valley—whose young life had glided onwards, amid the shaded walks and alleys of that dear old garden, just like the tranquil stream that irrigated the adjacent pastures and fed the sparkling fountains. To this quiet garden Mr Cheyne betook himself for repose and comfort. It is very soothing and sedative, when the mind is perplexed, and tossed, and overwearied, to go forth into some lonely pathway of a secluded garden, there to pace to and fro unobserved by mortal eyes, inhaling the pure air, drinking in sweet sights and sounds—the garden hum, the garden glories—and so to let painful thought be diluted, as it were, and become therefore less bitter to the taste. Dorothy left her father much alone in his well-loved haunt: she knew by experience that it was delicious sometimes to be alone there; and she fervently trusted the panacea might prove in some measure adequate to relieve his distressed mind. But with dismay unutterable she looked forward to the arrival of her cousins: they were expected shortly at Deepdean, and long ere they arrived, the news had spread far and wide of the changed aspect of affairs with Mr Cheyne and his fair daughter; while at Capel House the consternation was universal—Sir John looking portentous and solemn; and Frank, at once galloping over to learn the truth from Mr Cheyne, and to prostrate himself at his mistress's feet with more ardour and devotion than when she was the reputed heiress of tens of thousands.

But this state of matters was not suffered to continue long; Mr Cheyne came to an understanding at once with Sir John Capel on the subject of Frank's addresses to Dorothy. Sir John (for him) behaved quite nobly—assuring Mr Cheyne of his high respect for the whole race of Cheynes, and for the squire and Dorothy in particular; but candidly confessing his own inability to portion off younger sons, so as to enable them to marry without fortune on the lady's side. Mr Cheyne, whose heart was simple and

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sensitive, felt so much gratified at Sir John's kind and flattering expressions, that he also candidly confessed that it was *his* wish to see Dorothy well settled, the pecuniary circumstances of the Cheynes not being so flourishing as they once were. In short, Sir John Capel understood Mr Cheyne to mean, that his daughter should fulfil the condition of her deceased uncle's will. Thereupon the two fathers shook hands heartily, and praised each other's judgment; lauding also poor Frank and Dorothy as the finest young couple that ever lived, and lamenting the impossibility of their union. It was agreed, however, that Frank's visits to Deepdean must be discontinued, or tolerated only at rare intervals; Sir John hinting, that, in the course of a few months, there was a probability of Frank obtaining a diplomatic appointment abroad—as *attaché*, or something of that kind.

Thus everything was settled to the satisfaction of the two elders; but it so happened that Frank, who was a hot-headed fellow, determined to judge for himself, and, in the true lover-like style, importuned Dorothy to do so likewise, and to marry him forthwith, in order to make things 'certain and straightforward,' as he wisely observed. But Dorothy turned a deaf ear to all his pleadings, although they were remarkably eloquent. She desired him never to address her so again, as she was determined never to marry without the full consent and approbation both of his father and her own. Dorothy wept when she said all this, and Frank did not believe her; but in the course of time he became convinced that she had spoken what she meant, for he could by no stratagem succeed in gaining private speech with her, and he found her firm resolution of adhering to the line of duty and obedience was not to be shaken. Even Sir John Capel admitted that their case was not a common one, and expressed commiseration for the parted lovers, for their attachment had been distinctly approved and encouraged; and now the rude severance was exacted, just as if two fond hearts might be tossed hither and thither like playthings! Poor Frank stormed and raved, declared he was the most ill-used man in the world, and that he had been treated shamefully. Sir John's moderation and silence tended, however, to mollify his son's exasperation; nor could Frank help owning, that to carry off Dorothy at present would not only be an act of the highest imprudence, but cruelly selfish towards her; as such a proceeding must inevitably entail misery on the delicate and tenderly nurtured girl; so little inured or able to bear up against the rubs of life—the rubs which poverty renders inevitable.

A letter from Dr Emslie, couched in most delicate and feeling terms, announced the near approach of those whom he called his 'dear adopted children.' The worthy man evidently shunned interference with aught appertaining to, or bearing on, the late Mr Hardinge's will; but there was a tone throughout his letter which shewed how deeply he felt for Dorothy's disappointment.

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He said little of Gervase, but he commended Mathilde to Dorothy's 'great love,' and he touched on parting with her with more solemnity than the occasion seemed to warrant. But then 'Doctor Emslie was an old man,' said Mr Cheyne, with tears in his own eyes meanwhile, 'and Mathilde was to him, no doubt, as an only daughter'—looking fondly and proudly on Dorothy, who sat near him.

'O father,' said Dorothy wistfully, 'do you not think that Doctor Emslie asks too much of poor human nature, when he requires me to bestow great love on my cousin Mathilde?'

'It is asking a great deal, my poor girl,' responded Mr Cheyne; 'but Doctor Emslie, depend on it, has his reasons for what he does, for he is a singularly gifted, wise, and, above all, a truly pious man. When he spoke of Mathilde to me, which was but once, there was an air of sadness, nay, almost of solemnity in his tone and manner, which made a deep impression on me at the time. Of Gervase, he speaks as a light-hearted boy—or almost a boy; and when he commends Mathilde to you, Dorothy, my dear, I cannot but think there is some hidden meaning attached to the simple words—for Doctor Emslie, as I have said, is not a man to say or write anything destitute of meaning.'

'Well, dear father, I will try and be kind at anyrate to this unknown cousin,' sighed Dorothy. 'I will pray not to hate her.'

'My dear, dear child,' said Mr Cheyne, folding her to his heart, 'it is not in your nature to hate anything.'

Dorothy, by always alluding only to Mathilde, plainly told Mr Cheyne that she considered her the ultimate possessor of the property—poor Dorothy unawares thus laying bare the secret counsels of her own little constant loving heart.

'Well,' said Mr Cheyne in soliloquy, with his hands behind his back, sauntering up and down his favourite shaded walk—'well, I never will press my child to marry against her own inclination; and if she is averse to wed her cousin Gervase when she comes to know him, God's will be done—I must leave her to Mathilde's care when I go'——

II.

To most young women, Mathilde's position at Deepdean would have been a most trying one. An unwelcome guest—an interloper in every sense of the word—forced upon unknown relatives, and robbing them of an inheritance, unless indeed the inclinations of Gervase and Dorothy inclined them to matrimony, which on one side at least seemed unlikely. But it was difficult for any of the inmates of Deepdean to say in what her influence consisted—in what way her presence seemed to shed over them a peculiar peace and sunshine—not of this world certainly, for Mathilde was unworldly in the strictest sense of the term. The deathly pallor

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of her countenance startled and pained Dorothy, until Mathilde assured her it was a habitual pallor, unaccompanied by pain or prostration of strength. Her features were small and pleasing, but it was the air of perfect repose and placidity which rendered it so refreshing to survey them. Perhaps the large dark eyes which illumined these features with a soft and moonlight kind of radiance, added to the beholder's pleasure. The repose was heavenly—so serious, so sweet, so gracious—it was impossible not to believe that this gentle woman communed often and much with a higher world. How such a depth of seriousness, such a sad gravity, did not partake in the least of moodiness, or chill those with whom Mathilde was thrown into contact, can only be accounted for by her total forgetfulness of self—by her unremitting, winning kindness to all within her sphere—by her undeviating truthfulness, grace, and love. That some overruling secret principle swayed and governed her every thought, word, and action, was obvious. One might have supposed her manner to be the expression of suffering, either past or present, or that some extraordinary revelation of futurity had been vouchsafed to this meek daughter of earth; but conjectures were as vain as they were dim and vague. The most matter-of-fact minds, however, succumbed before her to some unowned and mystic influence; and people of the world with unwillingness admitted that, in Mathilde's presence, their all-absorbing pursuits seemed to dwindle into nothingness. She always managed to lead them away from the grovelling earth; and they intuitively felt that, although she was in the world, performing all practical duties, she was not of it. Dorothy was puzzled to account for her own sensations when Mathilde, with simple, affectionate earnestness, took her hand and said: 'Do not regard me as an ill-omened bird, Cousin Dorothy, but rather as the swallow, bringing summer weather on the wing, that will soon take flight again for summer lands.' Dorothy vainly tried to utter commonplaces, but the words died away in the effort, for Mathilde's eyes were fastened on her face. Mathilde silently awaited her speech; and angry with herself, angry with her wan and placid cousin, poor Dorothy burst into a paroxysm of tears. Mathilde allowed her to weep unrestrainedly for awhile, then passing her arm tenderly round her drooping form, she said in a low sweet voice: 'I know all you must feel towards me, but for your good father's sake, cheer up; it is your duty to render his home as happy as circumstances permit. Believe me, Cousin Dorothy, I feel for you.'

These words were heartfelt and heart-spoken; and they went straight to poor weeping Dolly's little throbbing heart: she began to think how impossible it would be to absolutely hate Mathilde. As to the great love of which Dr Emslie had written, that was quite another matter; but that some very extraordinary fascination lurked around this new-found relative was certain. Mathilde was at ease, tranquil, and graceful, while constraint, which

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she could not shake off, chained Dorothy to silence and reserve. Gervase, on the other hand, presented such a striking contrast to his sister, that Dorothy almost forgot his claim, and soon began to laugh and talk with him unrestrainedly. He was, like a great overgrown school-boy, very awkward; but with a fine handsome face, ruddy cheeks, white teeth, and smiling blue eyes. Gervase seemed quite afraid of Dorothy at first, very much as if he dreaded a whipping; but by degrees they became the best friends in the world, for morose, indeed, must that creature have been who could have resisted the good nature and infectious gaiety of the hobbledehoy. To his sister, Gervase looked up as to a superior being, and it was quite touching and beautiful to behold his brotherly affection, whilst she, on her part, regarded him with unceasing solicitude and earnestness; gently, oh, so very gently, curbing his hilarious spirits, and keeping him in chains of roses within the bounds of conventional propriety. As to Gervase, he did not look more than seventeen; and Dorothy, although two years his junior, felt so much seniority, and so much experience and self-possession, that she soon began to regard him as a mere boy, quite forgetting that he was nearly twenty-one, and, according to her uncle's will, her future husband.

It was not long before Gervase confided to Dorothy, whom he had learned to designate as his 'fair coz,' the first wish of his heart—which was to enter the army, and to see service. This wish had strengthened with his growth, but Dr Emslie had not encouraged or fostered it, and Mr Hardinge had lived in uncertainty regarding his children's ultimate prospects, always procrastinating till to-morrow what ought to have been done to-day. Dorothy listened to the martial visions of her good-humoured cousin, and her sympathies were all enlisted in his favour; and the sympathy and smiles together proved so genial and charming to the raw youth, that his increasing show of fondness for Cousin Doll at length quite perplexed the latter, nor was her perplexity lessened when one day Gervase blundered out something about what he would do when they were 'spliced.'

'What do you mean, Gervase, by being spliced?' innocently demanded the simple Dolly.

'Oh! what a goose you are, Cousin Doll,' replied Gervase laughing: 'don't you know what spliced means? Why, it means married, to be sure. You and I are to be married whenever I am of age, you know; and when I'm off soldiering, I shall leave Matty to take care of you.'

Poor Dorothy was not confused by this process of wooing, but she was startled and dismayed; with difficulty she articulated: 'But, Gervase, you have never asked me yet if I wish to marry you: suppose I do not, what then?'

Gervase looked at her in blank surprise, ejaculating: 'Why, Cousin Dorothy, I thought it was a settled thing before we came here. I thought you'd be a fine lady—airified and all that, and

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I was terribly afraid of you at first. I am always afraid of fine misses! But when I found you such a nice, smiling, good-natured little creature'—here he sidled towards Dorothy, and endeavoured to pass his arm round her waist, but Dorothy in her turn edged off—'why, then, I was all right and comfortable, and made my mind easy, and determined to say nothing to any one until the time arrived when we could be married all quietly and nicely: and now you are for a put-off, Cousin Doll. I declare it is very unkind of you; that it is.'

Dorothy could scarcely refrain from laughing at this pathetic appeal, but striving to look serious, she merely rejoined: 'This is a grave subject, Gervase, and involves other interests than ours. We will not pursue it at present.'

'Very well, very well, Dorothy dear, just as you like; that is what Mathilde said when I alluded to our marriage the other day. Do you know, Cousin Doll, that, between ourselves, if I didn't know for a certainty that Matty loves me, and isn't selfish, I should really begin to believe she wasn't altogether so much in favour of our coming together as she ought to be; not that she ever said so, in a direct way, but that in her manner there is a something or another which I cannot make out, but which seems to express a wish that you and I, Dorothy dear, should not have much to say to one another. I cannot make it out, because Mathilde, I'm certain, does not care for the fortune; and you know that if we don't marry, and that soon, it all goes to her—Hardinge Hall and all! I've heard that Hardinge Hall is a fine old place; what rare doings we would have there! Hey, Cousin Dorothy, hey!'

'When you return from the wars victorious! hey, Cousin Gervase!' cried Dorothy, laughing and running away.

Now, although Dorothy laughed and mimicked Gervase, yet she felt the truth of what he said, for she, too, had become impressed with the indefinable conviction, that Mathilde was averse to her union with Gervase. There was a spice of obstinacy or Tony Lumpkin self-willedness about the lad, which required much humouring and management; and if he had found out that his sister wished to lead or sway him on such a grave question, he would have been resolute to have his own way, if only for the purpose of shewing that he was 'every inch a man.' Therefore Mathilde was very cautious, very gentle in all her proceedings with her brother; and yet he was so unconsciously accustomed to watch her looks, to read their meaning, and to depend on her advice, that he had intuitively gained the knowledge disclosed in his conversation with Dorothy—the knowledge that Mathilde disapproved of the condition which kept the fortune from herself! Dorothy felt that Mathilde watched her, and also that Mathilde read her secret heart. Frank Capel had paid one of the formal visits, which were not prohibited, in company with Sir John, when Mr Cheyne, with courteous and gratified demeanour, received both father and son.

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The visit was a lengthened one; luncheon was eaten, the garden viewed and commended; and Frank, the moment he beheld Gervase, lost all his previous hauteur, and entered into a friendly alliance with the delighted youth, who declared Frank Capel to be the best fellow in the world.

But Mathilde was present also. She afterwards spoke of Frank to Dorothy—and it was sufficient: from that time henceforth, she silently watched and waited; she had a painful and harassing part to act, and on Dorothy's faithfulness and constancy only to rely. If Dorothy was true to Frank, then the fortune would be hers. Who might read the secrets of Mathilde's heart, or penetrate the dark mysterious shadows which shrouded them? When Dorothy, with woman's fine tact, found that Mathilde endeavoured furtively to impress her mind with a sense of the misery she would entail on herself by marrying Gervase, whom she could not love or respect with the love and respect a wife ought to feel for her husband, then were Dorothy's suspicions aroused, and she began to doubt Mathilde—almost to despise her—saying to herself: 'Can it be, with so heavenly an exterior, that the interior is defiled with mammon-worship?'

Sir John Capel gave a general invitation to Gervase to visit at Capel House—a licence which the youth was not slow to avail himself of, as he had no companions of his own sex; and in Frank Capel and his younger brothers, George and Adolphus, he found congeniality in many respects, particularly in the latter—Frank very cavalierly turning him over to them whenever the martial youth bored him too much. Smilingly he encouraged Gervase to talk of Cousin Dolly. Frank had no fears now; and from having been prepared to hate his rival, the sudden revulsion of feeling caused by his appearance and manner almost ripened into a sentiment of affection. Gervase confided to Frank that he wasn't quite sure of Dorothy: she was a kind little soul, to be sure, but still he wasn't quite sure whether she meant to take him. Frank smiled, but held his peace. Mr Cheyne had not thought it necessary to enlighten either Gervase or Mathilde on the matter of Frank's attachment to his daughter. Gervase would have groped his way blindly on till doomsday; Mathilde read the secret at a glance.

In the meanwhile, who would have imagined that the quiet greenwood-bower in Deepdean Valley contained within its bosom such conflicting interests and opinions—such elements of pain and pleasure, of romance and reality? Still did Mr Cheyne pace undisturbedly the sequestered nooks of the pleasant garden; still did he pore over the pages of Evelyn, and lament the degeneracy of modern taste; but the squire was more aged, more bent than of yore; the lines in his fine old face were deepening, and his sighs were frequent and audible, as he gazed round his beloved ancestral domain. He had received many letters of late—many which amazed and perplexed him sorely, despite all his efforts to

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treat them lightly; and when Dorothy pressed to know the contents, to divide his anxiety or to sympathise in his sorrows, he maintained a silence that alarmed and surprised her, accustomed as she was to be the sharer in all her dear father's joys and griefs. But too truly poor Dolly guessed what these business-like letters portended, with such large blue envelopes and such large red seals. Her father, too, always tied them together with pink tape, and deposited them in a safe corner of his old escritoire, as if glad to put them out of his sight. Alas! poor gentleman, he could not so easily put them out of his mind. And by stealth Dorothy gained the information, that unless she became the wife of her cousin Gervase, and consequently the sharer of Mr Hardinge's property, it was more than probable that Mr Cheyne's creditors would rebel, and the accumulated debts of the family fall on his head with ruinous force. Dorothy could not comprehend the business-terms of the lawyer's epistles, but she comprehended enough to know that, even if her father weathered the storm during his lifetime, she must be left destitute and homeless. But for him only did she feel anxiety: once assured of her beloved father's wellbeing during his term of life, she felt no care on her own account. He never alluded to her union with her cousin Gervase, but endeavoured to keep from her knowledge the burden of sorrow that chased sleep from his heavy eyes. This generosity went to Dorothy's tender heart, and often she wept alone, and besought the All-Merciful to guide her in the best way.

Mathilde kept much in her own chamber, and seldom came forth until evening, when, it being summer-time, she sought the garden, and rarely quitted it till twilight deepened and the moon and stars shone forth. Mathilde had never intruded on Dorothy's withheld confidence, by attempts at intimate communion, such as female friends sometimes like to indulge in; but yet Dorothy was sensible of an unseen power, wielded by no common hand, which influenced Gervase, and kept all his demonstrations towards herself in abeyance. Dorothy began to hate her wan silent cousin—to feel an awe of her, which she could not account for; and more than once she almost determined to spite Mathilde by wedding Gervase off hand. But then, again, her womanly and better feelings predominated; and she revolted from the indelicacy, as well as the deadly sin, of swearing obedience and love at the altar to one, when her heart, if not her plighted troth, was another's.

Thus things continued, when Gervase attained his twenty-first year. There were no rejoicings, no feastings, to celebrate the day, but congratulatory words and kind smiles from the several members of the domestic circle, who all seemed tacitly to unite in passing it over with as little remark as possible. Dorothy often wondered to herself if the following allotted six months would be allowed to pass over in this dreamy and mysterious way; and if

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Mathilde, in the same sort of fashion, would quietly glide into the golden heaps awaiting her at the end. 'What other reason can she have for not wishing Gervase to marry me, than that she covets the thousands herself?' said Dorothy musingly; but she mused in the garden, where the trim holly-hedges offered no response, and the question remained unanswered even by echo. Yet it was almost impossible to believe that sordid avarice swayed the grave recluse, whose striking loveliness of person, lofty expression, and winning gentleness of demeanour, conveyed a far different impression. The avowed predisposition of Gervase for military pursuits gained ground in a wonderful ratio since his appearance at Capel House. George and Adolphus Capel were destined for the same 'glorious routine,' as Gervase designated it; and Frank Capel told him, that *his* figure and face could only be shewn to advantage in gold-facings and a plumed cap. Gervase was, in short, 'soldiering mad,' the peasants declared; and he had taken possession of an old broadsword of Mr Cheyne's, with which he hacked and hewed at the quickset-hedges in by-places, as he said, for the sake of practice. Those who forgot the attraction of a red coat, would have taken him to be a most blood-thirsty youth, from his always avowing how much he 'longed to fight in good earnest;' an avowal which his broad good-natured face completely belied. Dorothy began to think that soldiering had driven splicing out of her cousin's simple head; and, despite her anxiety and wretchedness on her father's account, she could scarcely refrain from smiling at the somewhat ludicrous position in which she stood. For it seemed probable that, if she contemplated securing the fortune and Gervase together, she must turn wooer, and remind the tardy youth of time being on the wing. However, it was unjust to Gervase to suppose that he had not his own boyish code of honour; he had no objection to becoming the fair Dorothy's husband within the given time, provided he might be permitted to follow the bent of his own inclinations afterwards, and not be bored beforehand. Yet he lingered, unwilling to speak—half ashamed, half not caring to hear Dolly say, 'No:' 'for a fortune was a fortune,' argued Gervase wisely; 'and better kept in one's own hands than supposed to glide into another's, even though that other was Mathilde.'

Mr Cheyne, patient and inert as he most assuredly was, was yet a gentleman—a gentleman of high and sensitive principles—and, moreover, a doting father; and when he considered the time fully ripe for speech, speak plainly he did, coming speedily to the point, and to a clear understanding with the young folks. 'My child,' he said, addressing Dorothy, 'the time has now arrived when it is necessary for you to come to a decision respecting the condition prescribed in your late Uncle Hardinge's will, relative to a marriage with your cousin Gervase. Is it your intention to comply with that condition? I have had speech with

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your cousin, and he is eager to fulfil it forthwith. I must convey your final answer to him.'

'O father! what am I to do?' murmured Dorothy, weeping. 'What are your wishes, dear father? By them I will abide, if—if I can'——

Here a fresh burst of weeping checked further words, and Mr Cheyne, looking commiseratingly on the bowed lily, impressively said: 'My wishes, my beloved child, are solely for your happiness, temporal and eternal. If you can love your cousin Gervase—if there is no reservation in your mind respecting him—then, assuredly, it seems to my short-sightedness best for your temporal welfare to espouse him. But perish the fortune rather than you should be forsworn, Dorothy Cheyne! Your sainted mother would gaze down from heaven reprovingly upon me, were I to urge you to commit this great sin against God. To Him I commend my fatherless girl, when it pleases Him to summon me home.' Mr Cheyne had spoken with unwonted energy and decision, but his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes, when he added in a lower voice: 'And now, Dorothy, my dear child, in His name I entreat, nay, I command you, to give me a candid answer.'

Throwing herself into her father's arms, the trembling girl whispered: 'I will stay with you, father. Tell Mathilde the fortune is hers!'

A half-sigh, stifled by strong resolution, broke from Mr Cheyne: the hope of years was annihilated. He spoke not, but silently embracing his agitated daughter, endeavoured to assume a composure he was far from feeling; and never had Mr Cheyne felt his powers of endurance and forbearance more sorely taxed, than when called upon to perform the duties of a courteous and kind host to the grave Mathilde, whose lovely countenance lit up with an expression of delight when informed of Dorothy's decision. This unusual animation nettled and annoyed the old squire to a great degree, and unconsciously he ejaculated—for he had acquired a habit of speaking much to himself: 'My poor beggared girl! it is bitter to see a stranger step into the golden slippers you expected to wear!'

A gentle tap on the shoulder caused him to start, and looking round he beheld Mathilde's pale face close to his shoulder, her dark eyes intently regarding him, while softly the words fell from her lips, as she placed a hand impressively on his arm: 'It is true that I rejoice at Dorothy Cheyne's noble resolve; but judge me not harshly for this. We are told not to judge, lest we be judged.' With impressive sweetness she spoke, and Mr Cheyne was fairly puzzled. He had always regarded Mathilde with emotions of curiosity and interest, but she so completely baffled conjecture, that in this instance, as in many others, the worthy old man contented himself with merely gallantly bowing, and apologising for his bad habit of thinking aloud. Yet the

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wan face, and the dark speaking eyes, haunted him when alone, and he vainly wished that he could comprehend Mathilde's character and motives of action.

As to Gervase, he loudly and clamorously expressed his chagrin and disappointment when his cousin's final rejection was communicated to him by Mr Cheyne; yet he stood in the somewhat ludicrous predicament of not wishing to exhibit his disappointment before Mathilde, declaring to Mr Cheyne with boyish earnestness, that he had not a farthing of his own in the world to purchase a commission with, so now he must look to Matty, and trust to her liberality.

III.

There was an evident and palpable accession of affectionate regard in Mathilde's demeanour towards poor Dorothy after these events. Mathilde sought Dorothy's society, but she was received with coldness—for human nature was not proof against this corroboration of the suspicion of mercenary motives. Dorothy would not barter her own faith; but this was no reason why she should not feel a jealous pang at Mathilde's carrying off the thousands she had lost. Mathilde's assiduous kindness she attributed to self-complacency and triumph; Mathilde's gentle meekness and endurance of suspicion, to a consciousness of selfishness and duplicity. But Mathilde was persevering, and not to be easily cast aside; and Dorothy, with a pang of self-reproach, marked the patient sweetness so ill requited, and a rare and silent tear, the only reproof Mathilde gave way to. Dorothy's opinion began to waver, for she had a tender heart; her reserve by degrees relaxed; and when Mathilde spoke of herself, of her past history, Dorothy no longer turned a deaf ear. Imperceptibly this interest in Mathilde deepened, as general discussions were abandoned, and more of the heart-history laid open. Many such conversations recurred, and Dorothy with conflicting emotions listened to the recital of her sorrows.

'I owe you some recompense, cousin,' the latter proceeded mournfully, 'for the disappointment you have endured; and as I wish you to cherish my memory with some degree of pity and affection when we separate, a narrative of my simple history may perhaps sufficiently account for my regarding a marriage of convenience with dismay, and explain my wish to prevent your union with my dear and only brother, when your heart is in the keeping of another. We become strangely, luminously clear-sighted, Dorothy Cheyne, when our lamp is lit by experience and observation! Your decision on the side of truth and constancy won my love and respect. Even if you had acted differently, it was my intention to have interfered, in order to save you both; although, in that case, this confidence on my part

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would never have been obtruded on your ear. The fortune is mine, and I have wept with joy and gratitude to know that it is so. You marvel at my words! Yes, I have wept with joy and gratitude to know it is mine! I repeat it! To know that my only brother is saved the life-long wretchedness of receiving false vows, and polluting the holy altar with the presence of a perjured bride! I was once a gay and thoughtless girl—far gayer, far more thoughtless than you, fair Dorothy; for there is an air of quaint and old-fashioned sweet demureness about you, such as there is over the dear old garden itself. I have told you that a fond mother's caresses were lavished on me by Mrs Emslie, and that I never knew the want of a real mother's indulgent fondness; and believing myself to be an orphan, I repaid her love with the affection of a child. I was a precocious girl: my southern maternal ancestry accounted for this. I was little more than sixteen, when, being on a visit for the benefit of sea-air with a relative of Mrs Emslie's, I met with an individual who soon addressed me in the language of love. I listened to him as you listened to Francis Capel, and no dissentient voice was raised to check the progress of our young love-dream. Nay, on the contrary, I was esteemed a thrice-fortunate girl, to have won the regard of one whose great worldly advantages were more than equalled by his superiority of mind and person. Ah! those were brilliant days! Happy days! when life was in its spring—when Philip's merry laugh won a smile from the aged, as a dim remembrance of their own sunny days floated before them; for Philip's laugh was to me as the tone of many harps, or like the "sound of many waters," thrilling through my soul, and calling up never-dying echoes in my ears. He was my first, my only love-dream. I will not describe him, because such descriptions are futile, and evidences of woman's weakness. I set up an idol for myself, and knelt down to worship it. Of Philip's abundant wealth, I never thought; of his overweening pride of heart, I did; and more particularly, because he told me that he was considered to resemble his mother both in disposition and appearance. She had been left a young widow with this infant son; and after the lapse of years, she had married a second husband, whom she had accompanied to the East, from whence their return was shortly expected, laden with honours and treasure. Philip was his mother's only child, and he spoke of her with rapturous exultation. She was the sole female representative of a long line of ancient name, and her beauty and fascinations had been the theme of every tongue. I felt jealous of this beloved and beautiful mother. Philip saw it, and smiled, and his assurances of her tenderness calmed me. Philip said she had a mother's heart, and would be sure to take the orphan girl of his choice to her maternal bosom. "But, Philip," I asked timidly, for wild forebodings unaccountably filled my heart, "do her eyes flash haughtily like yours—does her proud lip curl so contemptuously

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when she is angered?" My lover smiled, and declared that his mother's eyes would ever beam tenderly on me, and that her sweetest, honeyed words, flowing forth from ruby lips, would ever welcome me. Hope whispered a flattering tale, and we both listened and believed. It was a bright and fleeting dream—so bright and divine, that the memory comes to me in visions of sleep even now, and I forget the dark dread abyss. It comes to me with murmurs of Paradise music—heard far away, yet clear, soft, and distinct; and it is the certainty of that better land beyond the grave which sustains and has sustained me through the weary pilgrimage of latter years.'

'Can this creature be avaricious?' thought Dorothy, as she wept for sympathy and pity.

'My faithful guardian, Doctor Emslie, was not slumbering on his post. Vigilant and careful of my welfare, he expected the avowal, which was not long delayed. Philip followed me to my home. I knew that he was closeted with Doctor Emslie, but I had no fears, for he came to ask my guardian's consent to our union when his mother arrived from India, and in the meantime that we might be allowed to correspond as a betrothed pair, and to meet as such. Philip being rich, and independent of any control, there was no consent on his side to seek, save that of the dear mother, to whom her son voluntarily deferred in all things. "My mother does not care for money," Philip often said to me. "She does not wish me to seek for a wealthy bride, as I have enough for both. But she requires all *you* possess, Mathilde;" and then a lover's enumeration ensued. Whilst I sat expecting Philip and Doctor Emslie to enter the apartment immediately, the doctor came alone. His countenance alarmed me: its expression was so disturbed, stoical and philosophical as he usually appeared, that I hastily asked what had happened, and where Philip was. "He has left us, my dear," replied Doctor Emslie, striving to speak composedly. "It is better this affair should not proceed until Mr Philip's mother returns; and he thinks so too." He thinks so too! Great powers! what had transpired so suddenly to change the ardent, passionate lover of my youth into a cold calculator? There was a terrible mystery I saw at a glance. Doctor Emslie was truth itself, but his lips were sealed; nor could I learn more than that Philip would write to me, and on his mother's arrival, she would be immediately acquainted with the state of affairs; and *if* her sanction was accorded, all would be well. Doctor Emslie hesitated when he pronounced the word *if*. An ice-bolt shot through my heart—a quick, sudden pain, a spasm, which, after that first shock, often came again. What could I say—what could I do? Woman's delicacy revolted at a betrayal of wounded feeling; but why had not Philip seen me, and himself told me that he might not choose a bride without his proud mother's sanction? Even that would have been less painful than this dark woful silence from him. He wrote to me, indeed, a short, incoherent, contradictory letter,

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which I could not comprehend. It was unworthy a generous, noble man thus to tamper with love like mine; and in the passion of my soul I said so to Doctor Emslie, and placing the letter before him, pleaded for an explanation, for there was a secret—a black, horrible secret, or Philip never would have behaved thus. What man could have done so? To all these miserable and passionate invectives, the doctor listened in silence, but not unmoved: no, for the round tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he gazed on me kneeling at his feet. "My poor one," he said softly, "God help thee, for vain is the help of man. Thou art suffering for the sins of others." He spoke in enigmas. I could not comprehend the drift of his words: the knowledge came to me afterwards. I did not reply to Philip's letter: I would have died first. He wrote to me again when his mother arrived, another short fearful letter—a farewell. She forbade his union with me; that was all I could gather. Pride revolted at the unworthy treatment I had received, and contempt for Philip mingled with all softer memories. But, ah! the bitterness of despair and anguish ere that climax is attained by a confiding, loving woman! No more anger, no more outbursts, but calm, enduring contempt; and with it a slumber of the heart, so to express it, succeeding active agony. This passive sensation I hailed with gratitude when I heard of Philip's marriage with a protégée of his mother's; I felt thankful that I seemed invulnerable to further shocks. I sat apart from the world in my desolation, communing with mournful yet holy thoughts; I knew the time had come for lethargy, and that feverish anxiety was over. Time, which has elucidated the mystery of Philip's cruel conduct, and brought the secret to light connected with my brother's destiny and my own, has also fallen heavily on Philip's noble brow; for time has transformed the once innocent and happy youth into the reckless and debased profligate, miserable in his loveless marriage, and flying for refuge from thought to destructive excitement. Alas! Philip is a confirmed drunkard and gamester. Poor fellow! how earnestly I pity and pray for him now; how sincere is my perfect forgiveness, even as I pray to be forgiven!—Lightly I must deal with my parents' errors; I shrink even from alluding to them; and I would not, were it possible to express my life's history without. Our true position was unknown to Doctor Emslie, as you are aware, Cousin Dorothy, until my father was on his death-bed; and when Philip came to him as a suitor for my hand, Doctor Emslie believed the stigma of illegitimacy rested on our birth. Never had the sad tale been revealed to Gervase or to me; we considered ourselves fatherless and motherless, nor had the remotest idea of the supposed truth ever entered our imaginations. Can you wonder, then, that Philip—the proud high-born Philip—heard with horror and dismay of our tainted origin?—that he heard it and fled—fled the contamination of an alliance with the base-born. He dreaded to meet me again, for well he knew

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his haughty mother's opprobrious disdain awaited the confession of our attachment and engagement. She would have cursed him had he wedded me, such as I was supposed to be. When Doctor Emslie revealed his knowledge to Philip, it was under the seal of secrecy, that the taint of such information should never sully my mind, never injure my peace. Perhaps he erred in thus concealing the truth; but the good man meant well, and erred righteously. My peace! alas, that was injured irremediably. The truth was divulged too late—too late: the stain was obliterated by the confession of our legitimacy; a dying father did justice to his innocent offspring too late—too late for one of us at least. Too late! words of dread import. The sacrifice was completed, Philip lost, and my heart pierced with a barbed arrow. Then, and then only, when the brand was removed, did our guardian not hesitate to explain the past, to clear up the mystery which had darkened my existence. The merciful God put it into my mind to forgive fully and freely our earthly father for all the evil he had wrought: perhaps if Doctor Emslie had entertained the slightest suspicion that we were not what we were represented to be, he might have appealed to our father's better feelings when Philip sought me for his bride. But how could Doctor Emslie entertain the faintest clue to the reality?—reality so far surpassing fiction, that the matter-of-fact and philosophical mind of our dear guardian had difficulty in digesting it, even when the law acknowledged and ratified our claims. Peace be with our parents' ashes! God's judgments are not as our puny judgments. He looks on the thoughts and intents of the heart; and let us remember that we judge not others. Our path through the wilderness is full of pitfalls and snares; let us take heed to ourselves that we slip not.—We came to Deepdean, and I found there was trial before me yet. I sought help where it is always found—my prayer is granted, the fortune is mine, and Gervase my brother is saved! Once only have I seen Philip since my doom—the shadow of his former self, the miserable wreck of the noble and spirited lover of my youth. I heard him plead for pardon, and confess the weakness which had led him, in utter recklessness of the future, to wed an unloved and unamiable bride, profaning the sacred altar, and calling down the wrath of offended Heaven on his devoted head. Poor Philip! I yielded no tears to the sweet memory of our early love-dream; but I saw him, the man, weep—weep when he muttered "what he had been," and "what he was."—And now, my cousin Dorothy Cheyne, can you marvel that I feared for you—feared for Gervase, my only brother? Can you marvel that I rejoice over your decision on the side of love and truth?'

Bewildered, and not wishing to offend, Dorothy found difficulty in replying to her own satisfaction. She sincerely pitied Mathilde, so beautiful, so young, and so unhappy; but she could not reconcile the discrepancy of mammon-worship—for had she not heard

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Mathilde rejoice over the acquisition of fortune?—and the lamentation for lost love. And so Dorothy came to the conclusion in her own mind, that, as we are all supposed to be influenced by some ruling passion, the passion of avarice had taken possession of Mathilde, when the stronger, and, according to some folks, the far more evanescent passion of love had evaporated, from having nothing left to feed upon. And yet to look on Mathilde, to listen to her, and to realise this, seemed impossible. Involuntarily Dorothy exclaimed, seizing her cousin's passive hand: 'O Mathilde, would that I could understand you!—you are an enigma!'

'To be solved hereafter!' was the grave, kind reply. 'May we all meet in that blest land where we shall no longer see as in a glass darkly, but face to face!'

Dorothy pondered much on all she had heard, and the asperity of her manner, consequent on the misgiving of her mind, considerably softened down as the hour of parting approached. At length the farewell day dawned when Mathilde, as heiress of Hardinge, departed to take possession of the mansion of her ancestors, accompanied by her young brother, now the dependent on his sister's bounty. He could not quite forgive Dorothy for her part in the transaction; but he was too lighthearted to bear malice long, and his spirits regained their elasticity even before the travellers arrived at their journey's end.

IV.

Deep in the recesses of a vast and gloomy library at Hardinge Hall, Dr Emslie waited to receive them, to introduce the children of his adoption to their ancestral seat, with which he was familiar long ago, in the days when the deceased Mr Hardinge had exercised bachelor hospitality to his friends. When the first emotions of pleasure on greeting them were over, like a second Dominie Sampson, the worthy scholar found difficulty in tearing himself away from the beloved apartment, where, in the midst of an ocean of literature, he was accustomed to dive and plunge with unflagging zeal and evernew delight. After conversing with Mathilde, even she failed to absorb the undivided attention of her guardian, the temptation of such a library being too strong for the affection and anxiety of Dr Emslie to withstand. And Mathilde, finding there was no hope of detaching him from his favourite studies, or of engaging his attention to the lighter and more frivolous pursuits of her young brother, patiently, day by day, passed silent hours by his side, employed with her work, books, or writing. He often, however, laid aside the volume he was reading, to gaze long and intently on the lovely pallid face, which ever returned his inquiring look with a sweet smile of perfect resignation, accompanied sometimes by such words as: 'I am quite happy; I am well contented; I am at peace.' It would

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have formed a beautiful picture, with the dark oak panelling, and the purple heavy hangings for a background, when a ray of sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows on the white figure of the saintly-looking woman, and that of her faithful guardian, withered and attenuated, as he read aloud quotations from ancient writers.

'Mathilde, my love,' said the doctor softly, after he had indulged in the contemplation of his companion for an unusual space, wiping his spectacles, putting them on again, then taking them off and readjusting them more to his satisfaction, after another process of cleansing—'Mathilde, my love, I am inclined to come to the conclusion, that the greatest mystery in our nature is the impossibility of perfectly realising that we ourselves must die, even although we make it our daily duty to reflect on death, and to be ready for our call. It is easy to say, and it frequently is said, that death is inevitable, and must come to all; but to feel the actual consciousness that this busy world will go on as busily for ages after we are no more, as it did during the ages before we were born; that our bodies shall be imprisoned in dreary separation from our souls; and that our spirits shall awake to consciousness amidst a scene unutterably wonderful, where we shall for ever and ever exist: all this bursts upon our thoughts with the awe and astonishment attending the idea of a general doom, not as something coming specially home to the business and bosom of the individual.'

'This, dear father,' replied Mathilde—addressing her guardian by the endearing appellation he liked so well to hear from her lips —'may be true in general; but for me I feel no unwillingness to recognise the great fact of death, nor can I even comprehend very distinctly unwillingness in others. Who would wish to live over again one moment of the past which we have left behind us? Who would not wait and watch, and look forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not? Do you not think that our earthly pilgrimage, when reviewed hereafter, will seem like one short hour, long ago passed, and but dimly remembered? Long, laborious, full of sorrow as it often is, then it will dwindle down to a remote point, like the very least of the far-off stars. There are, indeed, seasons of deep terror and mortal anguish connected with our thoughts of death; it is inscrutable and of dread aspect, but it may be resolutely grappled with, until at length we regard it as a familiar truth. Oh, my father! if I could but look forward to eternity with but half the yearning wherewith I yearned for an earthly future, how thrice happy and blessed should I be! Often in the still and cloudless night, when there is no voice of living thing, when there is not a whisper of leaf or waving bough, not a breath of wind, not a sound upon the earth or in the air, and when overhead is the blue sky radiant with innumerable stars, then I hear sweet voices far away, which whisper: "Come!" and the angel music penetrates my soul, and I weary for the moment when I may step over the boundary, and explore the limitless space beyond.'

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'Your peculiar turn of mind, my everdear child, may authorise the indulgence of such reveries as you describe, otherwise I should assuredly say there is a time for all things—a time to think, and a time to unbend from thinking; a time to mourn, and a time to rejoice; a time to live, and a time to die,' said Dr Emslie, half-choked by some inward emotion, as he added: 'We are so constituted, that while this mortal coil is around us, we desire to keep those we love as long as possible on earth. It is not natural to speak of parting without a pang. Mathilde, my love, let us go forth into the sunshine.'

Whenever such conversations took place between the worthy doctor and Mathilde, which they not unfrequently did, it always happened that the doctor broke down first, and becoming agitated or uneasy, desired to change the subject; while Mathilde, calm and collected, but tenderly pitying the emotion his affection for her alone occasioned, cheerfully obeyed the summons which led them out into the fresh air. There were many desolate chambers at Hardinge Hall, much of ruin and decay, which the hand of the spoiler, Time, had wrought; but the cunning fingers of art had also been busy there in former generations, which sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship, arabesques, and fan-like flutings, sufficiently attested. Many and close were the hills around, which eastward shut the wide valley in, the sea-waves beating beyond; the grounds were extensive and diversified, but neglect and desolation marked the scene. There was wonderful scope for the display of taste, for renovation and alteration; but neither Dr Emslie nor Mathilde noticed these things when they passed through the valley, over the hills, to the sea-shore. Yet she was the young mistress of all this fine domain, the sole and undisputed owner; her perception of the beautiful was allowedly exquisite, her means to effect the suggestions afforded by such perceptions, ample. Why, then, did Mathilde's eyes never linger with interest on the gray walls of Hardinge, or the terraced slopes beyond? Why did she carelessly pass them over without an inquiring look, and press forward to the lonely point over the hills, whence a view could be obtained of the sun sinking into the ocean?

Silently the two watched the departing luminary, Dr Emslie standing bareheaded, the skies above one vast cathedral dome. Mathilde's lips moved, but at first no sound was audible. When roused by her companion's voice from the deep reverie into which she was plunged, and lingering ere they retraced their homeward steps in the deepening twilight, she musingly ejaculated: 'As the evening sun sets, so sets our sun of hope. Slowly it sinks amid folding clouds; and the song of birds, the sound of evening-bells, the fragrance of sweet blossoms load the cool air, and the rustling leaves make music to the ear; while over the valley falls the purple mist, which, like shadows gathered round a human heart, from transparent and faint outlines deepen into form, and herald the approach of night—and such a night is mine!'

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V.

It was as if some distressing and vexatious dream had passed over them, when Mr Cheyne and his daughter relapsed into their former tranquil and monotonous habits, undisturbed by the presence of strangers. Yet the stern reality of everyday life was oftentimes oppressive. Where was Frank Capel, the hopeful, the joyous?—where were the anticipations of a happy future?—where was the charm of the old sunny garden? Frank Capel was abroad, whither Sir John had managed to remove him, ostensibly on the diplomatic mission formerly alluded to; the aspect of the future was blank and discouraging—all the golden visions flown; and as to the dear old garden, it had ceased to shed tranquillity on the oppressed spirits grappling with heavy pecuniary difficulties. With minds preoccupied, the memory of Mathilde and Gervase began imperceptibly to fade into a dim mist-like sort of obscurity—the mention of their names, or discussion of their affairs, being tacitly avoided by the inmates of Deepdean.

Months wore slowly away, and the unanswered epistles from Hardinge altogether ceased. Gervase had written twice or thrice—by no means a light task for him, who could more ably wield a sword than a pen. In his first letter, the young man mentioned that, in compliance with Mathilde's earnest request, he deferred for the present indulging his desire to obtain a commission in the army; in the second, Gervase stated that Dr Emslie was still on a visit with them, which he was very glad of, as 'Hardinge was a dreadful dull stupid place—a fit abode only for bats and owls; and as for the garden, as they call it,' concluded the writer, 'that at Deepdean beats it all hollow!' Mr Cheyne detested writing; Dorothy had no desire to commence a correspondence with her cousins; and so, as has been already said, the letters remained unanswered. The delicate bloom on poor Dolly's cheek faded away altogether, and she unwillingly drooped before her agonised father's eyes. Sometimes she reproached herself bitterly for not having achieved the sacrifice of self—to save and shield her beloved parent from distress and anxiety in his old age. These reproaches tortured her mind unavailingly; and although Mr Cheyne tried to smile, and to bear up unconcernedly, in order to reassure her—for he read her sufferings, silent as she was—yet he could not conceal the havoc which the last few months had wrought in his own appearance. The clear eyes were dimmed, the firm erect gait tottering and uncertain, while even the once favourite haunt, the once favourite author, had ceased to interest.

Heavy liabilities, harassing debts, and the harassing technicalities of law, had now reached their long-procrastinated climax, yet Mr Cheyne could not bring himself to ask Mathilde for assistance. He had thought of it, but his soul revolted from the effort. It

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must come spontaneously from her, that pale, mysterious, silent woman; but then she was unacquainted with the circumstances of Mr Cheyne, nor knew it was with him an hour of need—a struggle to keep the ancestral shelter of Deepdean over his white head, for the few years more he had to live, even in the natural course of events.

There was a hush, a lull, though not a break was to be discerned in the heavy leaden skies. When the clouds did disperse, when the sunshine did pierce through the gloom, it was after the storm-burst cleared away, after Death had struck a victim down. A large packet, addressed in the well-known and peculiar penmanship of Dr Emslie, arrested Dorothy's steps one morning as she entered the breakfast-room: it was black-edged, and sealed with the same sombre hue. It was the prelude of the storm-music! A prophetic anticipation of something awful impending, sent the blood back to Dorothy's throbbing heart; anxiously she watched her father, as with eager trembling hands he broke the seal. An exclamation escaped him, and he handed the packet to his daughter, saying: 'Read it—read it, my dear: my eyes fail me.'

It was from Dr Emslie to Mr Cheyne, and nearly in substance as follows, allowing for rather abrupt phraseology:—'It is my painful duty to inform you of the decease of Mathilde Hardinge, daughter and heiress of the late Samuel Hardinge, of Hardinge Hall. She expired instantaneously on Tuesday, being in the act of reading aloud to me from a favourite author a passage touching on eternity. She had lived in preparation and expectation of this event for some years; I, in my medical capacity, having considered it expedient to inform her of the fatal nature of a heart disease under which she laboured, though without frequent pain or bodily prostration. The symptoms of disease were of a decided character, but of slow growth and progress. Several eminent brother-physicians were consulted, when the conclave unanimously agreed in their opinion. There was no hope—none! It was a long time, a very long time, before I could make up my mind as to what course ought to be pursued; whether we ought to allow the dear girl to live in false hope, or to prepare her for the solemn change which we knew must happen momentarily, and might happen ere another day had waned. When I decided on the right course, I gently, carefully, and tenderly revealed the truth. I suffered more than Mathilde, sweet child; and were I to live a thousand years, and ten thousand added to that, the memory of that painful scene never could be eradicated from my mind. Though she cared not much for life—for sorrow and she had been well acquainted—yet she was unprepared to die; and the idea of death—a near and sudden death—was frightfully appalling. We pray God to avert sudden death from us; and in her case the unspeakable horrors attendant on it were mercifully averted, because she received due warning. I may say she lived with Death beside her: she felt

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his icy breath, his cold touch, until he lost his terrors; and I do earnestly believe that without one mortal pang she ceased to breathe. In compliance with her entreaties, the secret of the tenure on which she held existence from day to day, hour to hour, minute to minute, remained undivulged.

'I am aware that the temporal concerns of the late Mathilde Hardinge are admirably and carefully adjusted for the benefit of your daughter Dorothy; the dear deceased having rejoiced that it was in her power to restore one half of the lost fortune to her who had once expected to inherit the whole.

'I consider it an especial boon that I was permitted to be near her at the moment of her death. A few days previously, she had mentioned to me her desire, that immediately after her dissolution, yourselves should be made acquainted with the event through the medium of my pen. Gervase Hardinge is immersed in deep grief; but the elasticity of youthful spirits and fine health will, with God's blessing, soon, I think, restore him to complacency. Sorrowing, but not shocked or overwhelmed—I not having reckoned on Mathilde Hardinge sojourning among us for even so lengthened a period as she did—I remain your servant to command, EPHRAIM EMSLIE, M.D.'

Dorothy's voice faltered as she read, and bursting into tears she exclaimed: 'O father, how cruelly we have misjudged poor Mathilde; and now she has gone from us, and we can make her no amends!'

'The end, indeed, has proved that we have judged her harshly, Dorothy, my dear,' responded Mr Cheyne, greatly agitated; 'but read that passage again in Doctor Emslie's letter which touches on the fortune.'

Dorothy tearfully complied, sobbing as she read. 'I parted with this angel in suspicion and coldness, and she death-doomed—expecting momentarily the summons—and yet planning everything for my happiness! O father, would that I could bring her back! How differently would I treat her!' cried Dorothy.

'My dear child,' interrupted Mr Cheyne gravely, 'do not say that again: we may go to her, she cannot come to us; nor would she if she could, depend upon it.' Long and hysterically Dorothy Cheyne wept on her father's shoulder: the old man was composed, though he often repeated in a low voice: 'Poor Doctor Emslie! poor Doctor Emslie! she was to him as an only daughter.'

'How could we be so blind, father,' whispered Dorothy, when the violence of her emotions began to subside, 'as not to solve the mystery which, as a halo, enveloped Mathilde? She was so different from all others, that our blindness seems stupidity now.'

'Ah! my dear girl,' replied Mr Cheyne soothingly, 'we always think an enigma easy when it is solved.'

'And do you not remember, father,' continued Dorothy musingly, 'on parting every night, how invariably poor Mathilde

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bade each of us farewell, as if the night might never, for her at least, break again into day? and once when we were alone, and the hour of retiring arrived, she threw such unusual gravity into so commonplace an occurrence as a daily "good-night," that, jestingly, I inquired her reason for so doing.—"Our short nights of darkness are typical of our long dreamless night of rest, which we all must enter into. Are we any of us sure of seeing another sunrise when we seek this short night's repose?" she replied.—"No, indeed, not sure, Mathilde," said I carelessly; "but people don't often die in their beds suddenly and unexpectedly."—"May God avert such a fate from you!" whispered Mathilde; and the words are engraven on my heart, father—so solemn, sad, and thrilling they were. And yet—yet, foolish creature that I was—a suspicion of the truth never entered my brain—not the remotest idea of the terrible reality.'

'Nor did she wish you to entertain a remote idea of the truth,' said Mr Cheyne, endeavouring to lead his daughter's thoughts from the distressing subject. 'Your deductions were perfectly natural, my dear, though we should always be careful how we judge others. In due course of time we shall receive formal notification of the settlement of the deceased's affairs, no doubt, alluded to by the excellent doctor. Cheer up, my love! happiness is yet in store for you, if I am not mistaken.'

'And all through thy instrumentality, angel Mathilde!' murmured Dorothy, as she sought the solitude of her chamber.

Mr Cheyne was right in his supposition; for when Sir John Capel heard that Mathilde had bequeathed half the fortune to Gervase, and half to Dorothy Cheyne, merely stipulating that they should follow the dictates of their own inclinations as regarded a matrimonial choice, he immediately recalled his son from exile; and as Mr Cheyne and himself had always been on the best terms, 'thanks,' Sir John said, 'to his diplomacy,' there was no unpleasant apologetical or exculpatory scenes to go through between the heads of the two families—Sir John truly declaring that he had always admired and coveted Dorothy for a daughter-in-law, and that he rejoiced 'prudence permitted the realisation of his wishes.'

Mr Cheyne—simple-hearted, amiable, and benevolent—joyfully gave his dutiful and beloved daughter to Frank Capel, who, with gratitude unspeakable, received the priceless treasure of her hand.

Gervase entered the army, and in process of time attained both rank and laurels. He often visited Deepdean when his military avocations permitted; but espousing a rich heiress, and his martial fire cooling down, he eventually settled at Hardinge Hall, which it had been Mathilde's wish her brother should retain. The quaint old garden at Deepdean flourished for many years in pristine splendour, Frank declaring there was not another like it in the three kingdoms. A fair troop of children in after-times enlivened the trim green-sward alleys, and sported like water-

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nymphs beside the sparkling fountains; nor was the venerable squire ever heard to complain that his meditations were disturbed. On the contrary, Evelyn's heavy folios were unwontedly neglected, and the fairy creatures became so obstreperous in their mirth in his presence, and with his assistance, that their staid nurse declared 'Squire Cheyne encouraged them in rebellion.' His capacious pockets were always stored with sugar-plums, besides being perfect reservoirs for all descriptions of juvenile property—torn pictures, battered balls, headless dolls, and tailless horses. But grandpapa's especial favourite and chum was a gentle little girl, who best liked to saunter slowly hand-in-hand with the old man, sagely inquiring the names of flowers and shrubs, and whose name was Mathilde. Dr Emslie did not long survive his beloved ward, bequeathing the bulk of his moderate fortune to charitable institutions. On the site where Hardinge Hall formerly frowned, a gay modern villa smiles in the sunshine; and few persons would notice with any unusual degree of interest a plain marble tablet in Hardinge church, which simply records the name and age of Mathilde Hardinge, who sleeps beneath. *Requiescat in pace!*

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LACE AND LACEMAKING.

IT is but a tribute due to that spirit of untiring research which characterises the age in which we live, to acknowledge that there remain comparatively few branches of art and manufacture every mystery of which has not been made plain to us. The origins of curious inventions have been so perseveringly traced, that in most instances we may not only sympathise in the triumph of the projector at the practical realisation of some cherished idea, but follow the workings of his mind through that chaos of fancies, doubts, hopes, and fears, which preceded the clear light of discovery. Then we may trace, step by step, the history of the idea on its gradual advance to perfection; may rejoice as we see it clothed in forms of increasing beauty and practical utility; and, finally, recognise the great results which may spring from the careful

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development of one man's thought and ingenuity. But although we possess such abundant means of enlightenment as a general principle, there yet remain some few subjects concerning which we vainly seek for this plenitude of information; they must be either so closely enveloped in mystery as to disappoint inquiry, or not of sufficient general interest to awaken it. To both these causes may probably be referred, in some measure, the doubt and uncertainty which attach to the earlier annals of the art of Lacemaking.

Although we possess no positive clue to the date of this invention, and have only conjecture to rely upon, there seems reasonable ground for attributing it to the most remote ages. The love of distinction in attire doubtless gave rise, at a very early period, to some attempts at adornment with the needle; as the power of execution advanced, the style and manner of the designs necessarily improved, and the various branches of embroidery are known to have attained among the civilised and luxurious Greeks to a remarkable degree of perfection. So skilled were the Phrygian women especially in the use of the needle, that *opus Phrygianum* was the general Latin term for curious and fine needle-work of every description, whilst *Phrygiones* was the common name given to the class following the occupation of embroiderers. It has been suggested by more than one author, that the delicate ornamental work introduced by the Phrygians to other parts of the civilised world, included the manufacture of lace; but it has been more generally inferred, from passages in Pliny and Plautus, to have consisted of embroidery merely. The most ancient description of lace, however, being worked entirely with the needle, was, after all, but a finer specimen of the older art; and there is probability, if not proof, that its existence dates from about the same period. It is certain that neither labour nor ingenuity was spared in the production of the magnificent borderings for robes, often worked in gold and silver and various colours, which are associated in our minds with the ancients on better grounds than mere tradition. What, then, is more probable than that, in the search for novelty and variety—as much an object of desire, no doubt, in that age as in our own—the idea should have presented itself to some tasteful eye of relieving the pattern of the fabric with occasional spaces, either left wholly vacant, or filled up with a web-like groundwork? This would, in reality, constitute lace, however much it might differ from the delicate material known by that name in the present day. Whether the introduction of lace is referrible to the classic ages or not, certain it is that a very respectable degree of antiquity may be claimed for it.

It must be borne in mind that real or hand-made lace is divided into two distinct classes: first, that worked with the needle, which has for ages been known by the name of *point*, and is but transparent embroidery; and secondly, that made on a hard cushion or pillow, by the interweaving of numerous fine threads wound on

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wooden bobbins. The latter method of lacemaking is comparatively of modern invention; so that in the early history of the fabric it must be understood as referring solely to the point. During the earlier periods at which the existence of lace is generally recognised, it was exclusively worked in conventual institutions, and applied to the adornment of church-furniture and the state-vestments of the priests. Had it been made in populous towns, and formed an article of commerce, more satisfactory information would have been here and there discovered; but of those old isolated convents in Spain and Italy, and of the habits and pursuits of their inhabitants, little beyond vague tradition has descended to us. There is every reason to suppose, that during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and two following centuries, the making of lace occupied the same important position in the daily employments of the nuns, as the arts of copying and illuminating manuscripts, amongst the monks and friars. At a time when it was deemed a religious obligation of the recluse to confine her interests and sympathies wholly within the narrow limits of her prison-house, and before the education of the young was allotted as her share of the social duties of life, it is easy to imagine the enthusiasm and unwearied industry with which her one secular occupation would have been pursued. We can fancy her heart and mind alternating between the cares of Heaven and those of her work, to which a kind of religious interest would be given by its intended destination; patiently labouring on from day to day, month to month, and year to year, but making such imperceptible progress in the rich massive fabric upon which she was engaged, that to any eye but her own it must have seemed like a second Penelope's web. Yet she no doubt found in it excitement as well as interest; the arrival at every fresh stage of her work would shine forth both in anticipation and retrospect as an event of no little importance in her monotonous career; whilst the idea of seeing the result of her labours devoted to the sacred service, from which it would have seemed nothing short of sacrilege to divert it, was comforting enough to inspire fresh energy in moments of weariness and discouragement. Yet even this small reward could by no means have repaid the industry of all, since the completion of articles of any size—of albs and altar-cloths, for instance—must have involved the incessant application of many lives.

It is singular that, in later years, the secrets connected with the manufacture of old point-lace have been lost to us; and that, although ingenious imitations are by no means rare, the authentic method of making it is quite unknown. The substratum used, or 'foundation,' as it is called, would appear to have been fine linen, though scarcely a thread is visible to the eye, from the heavy embroidery upon it, which here and there stands out in complete relief. The pattern consisted of small sections of fantastic and varying outlines: now a rather unnatural imitation of a flower, now some quaint arabesque or mechanical form, resembling

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nothing in the world but itself. These being distinct from each other, were united by delicate fibres made with the still common button-hole stitch; and it is not easy for mere description to do justice to the beauty of the general effect. It seems wonderful that so perfect a result could have been attained by following the impulse of the moment; but still more difficult to believe that any design could have been invented so strange and capricious in character. As for the untiring patience displayed in the execution, we can only rejoice that it was believed to be in a good cause; that the pious nuns could not foresee the desecration to which, in the course of some few centuries, their cherished productions were to be subjected. When accident or necessity by degrees alienated the more valuable adornments of church-furniture, they were applied to secular purposes; and no doubt many a modern belle may have unconsciously displayed in a ball-room a lace-flounce which has adorned an image of the Virgin, or sought ineffectual protection from a draught by drawing around her a mantle of old point, which has witnessed from the shoulders of a cardinal many a grand and imposing ceremony. There are, of course, comparatively few specimens extant of this very antique lace, properly described as Spanish point; and these few have in most cases been handed down to their possessors as valued heir-looms from generation to generation; regarded with as much honest pride by the ladies of the line, as the more valuable portion of the family heritage by their matter-of-fact husbands. As the supply of old point can never be renewed, and competition can never affect it, its value naturally increases; and when it can be bought at all, it is only at a price that would be deemed extravagant by any other than a genuine lace-fancier.

It was not until the latter part of the fourteenth century, that the world at large was indulged with more than an occasional glimpse of the beautiful fabric when displayed in the great festivals of the Church; but by that time some knowledge of the art had crept out of its holy hiding-places, and had found its way amongst the merchants of one or two continental cities, to whom its novelty and beauty could not fail to recommend it as a subject of extensive and profitable commerce. It is true, we do not hear of it at once as being in general use; but Rome was not built in a day, neither was point-lace to be produced at a wish. The hands that made it had to be carefully instructed and exercised in their employment before any degree of perfection could be attained, and then long and unwearyingly had they to pursue it before even the wealthier classes of society, to whom alone it was attainable, could be adequately supplied. We meet with most frequent allusion to Venice, that great bazaar of the luxuries of the middle ages, as the chief seat of the point-lace manufacture in early times. As this city certainly monopolised the most skilful artisans in every branch of ornamental handicraft, and was the great emporium whence everything beautiful and costly was spread over the

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world, it is by no means extraordinary that the establishment of lacemaking in other countries should be generally referred back to some wandering band from the city of the winged lion.

The character of the lace worn during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries differed in some respects from the conventual point, if it may be so termed. It was less massive, and although, certainly, exhibiting no deficiency of work, did not display that superabundance of adornment which distinguished the chefs-d'œuvre of the holy sisterhoods. This is easily accounted for by the circumstance, that the one kind was made for money by those whose bread depended on the work of their hands, whilst the other was the chosen occupation of leisure hours, and an outward demonstration of heart-service. A tolerably true and correct idea of the lace made in 1587, is given in a curious old book published at Paris in that year by a Venetian. This is the first work connected with the subject that is to be met with, and its appearance is said to have given a new impulse to the trade, and to have exercised a universal influence on the designs represented for many years afterwards. It is entitled: *Les Singuliers et Nouveaux Portraits du Seigneur Frédéric de Vinciolo, pour toutes sortes d'Ouvrages en Lingeries; chose non encore vue ni inventée*, subjoins the author, by way of enhancing his own peculiar merits and achievements. The book comprises a collection of patterns for lace-work, but without descriptions or letter-press of any kind; and, it must be confessed, that these same strange designs lead to the conclusion, that the taste of M. de Vinciolo, if not of the age itself, must have been very much in its infancy. We gather but an imperfect idea of the method by which the work was executed, as the illustrative engravings are more like representations of cut paper than anything else. They are, however, valuable as evidence that more than one kind of lace was at that time in existence; for, although in many of the plates we see the familiar old point repeated again and again, there are some others which convey the impression of a net-work with square open holes or meshes, on which were sewn various patterns cut out of linen, or some equally thick and heavy material. This net-work would certainly appear to us nothing extraordinary in itself, but it is, nevertheless, noticeable, as a decided indication of a new and different method of manufacture, which has maintained its importance even to the present day; namely, the use of the pillow, on which I shall have occasion to enlarge in connection with the productions of our own age and country. A simple unornamented groundwork would naturally be the first thing to which the discovery would be applied, so here, no doubt, we see it in its earliest stage. Beckmann, in his *History of Curious Inventions*, claims the one in question for a countrywoman of his own—Barbara, the wife of Christopher Ultman, of St Annaberg, in Saxony—and fixes the discovery previously to the year 1561. He adds, that the mines of Saxony being at that time unproductive, the miners' families were chiefly

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dependent for support on the exertions of their women; and that their ordinary occupation—that of making veils—having also declined, the new work was eagerly welcomed, as affording them employment. We are informed, in conclusion, that the honoured inventress died in 1575, in the sixty-first year of her age, surrounded by sixty-four of her descendants, children and grandchildren; so she would have had a goodly band of disciples, even had she found none out of her own family. A doubt suggested itself to Beckmann, as it might do very forcibly to ourselves, whether the merit of Barbara Ultman did not consist rather in introducing pillow-lace into her own country, than in originating it altogether. A discovery of this kind was far more likely to have emanated from the Flemings, already distinguished in the art, and with whom, being a staple article of commerce, its improvement and extension would naturally have been the unceasing object of study and ambition.

The inhabitants of the various provinces of the Low Countries seem from the first to have eagerly and generally adopted this outlet for industry, in which their successful cultivation and preparation of the flax-plant gave them so marked an advantage. When the enterprise and commercial prosperity of Venice, Genoa, and the other great Italian cities had declined, on them devolved the responsibility, and a very profitable one it was, of supplying Europe with this among many other articles of decorative merchandise. Flanders lace has perhaps a greater historical reputation than any other kind, because the ages with which it was peculiarly identified are not so remote from our own as to render interesting records of its existence at all scarce. We recognise it in the grand old portraits of mailed warriors by Velasquez and other masters, where the large falling collar, or full ruff of rich lace, lends a sort of grace to the stern panoply of war. Frequently, too, the lacemaker, bending over her pillow, is introduced into the much esteemed representations of homely Flemish life by Mieris, Terburgh, and Gerard Douw, and affords a subject of far more grace and interest than those to which the artists of that school generally devoted their wonderful powers of pictorial description. Again, we usually find honourable mention of Flanders lace in minute records of the gala dresses of courtly dames and cavaliers who graced the courts of Europe during the latter part of the middle ages; and if the sight of old point summons up many a strange vision of conventual shades, the name of its younger rival is not less rich in association with the pomp and grandeur of a very different phase of existence. That it always varied greatly, not only in quality but in character, there can be no doubt: each town in which the art of making it was cultivated, and every individual who contributed to its further development, would naturally give a characteristic peculiarity to their work, and bring to bear upon it improvements suggested by their own individual taste and judgment. Hence there were probably as

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many distinctions in the fabric originally as at present, though they were content to veil their separate claims to notice under the one general and national denomination. The discriminating spirit of later times has not been satisfied with so indefinite a classification, and the various orders of lace now manufactured in Belgium are known by the names of the several towns which produce them.

Brussels, which has during several centuries maintained a reputation wider and more extended than any other place, may certainly in the present day be said to support and, if possible, extend the renown of its lace; of this there are two distinct varieties, easily recognisable by the initiated in such matters. The more valuable and beautiful kind is that called *pointe à l'aiguille*, or, more commonly, Brussels point; it is worked wholly with the needle, and is, as its name implies, a very refined descendant of the ancient family of the points. It was very much in vogue among the wealthier classes in England during the reigns of Charles I. and several succeeding monarchs, and has been immortalised in Vandyck's portraits of the martyr-king, under the form of the beautiful pointed collar and cuffs which were dignified by the name of the artist. Fashion has, in this case, been more constant than usual, since the taste for Brussels point has continued so decidedly among us, that we still monopolise a large proportion of the whole quantity made; the other variety, called Brussels plait, being more extensively used in France, Spain, Russia, and other countries. In the latter description of lace, the flowers for the pattern are made separately on the pillow, and afterwards attached to net. It differs, in fact, but little from the best English Honiton, of which I shall speak hereafter.

Although some cotton is employed at Brussels, the material used for the more recherché laces is the finest thread, made from flax grown at Hal and Rebecque. It is chiefly handspun, the Belgians having a prejudice against machinery as applied to this purpose; and when we consider the extreme delicacy of the operation, it does indeed seem impossible that the dexterity of human fingers so well versed in their business, should ever be successfully emulated by artificial means. The finest quality of this thread is made chiefly in Brussels, and in damp underground rooms, for its tenuity is so great, that immediate contact with the dry air above is found to be injurious; and in order to supply it in good working order, it is kept for some time in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. It may be easily imagined that the life of a Belgian thread-spinner is unhealthy, and in every respect unattractive, and the price of her labour is therefore proportionably high. The whole process demands from her the most vigilant and uninterrupted attention. She closely examines every inch of thread as it is drawn from the distaff, and when the slightest inequality occurs, stops the wheel, breaks off the defective piece of flax, and then continues her work; the pieces so removed being laid carefully aside, to be applied to some other purpose, as the value of the

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material is too great to permit the slightest waste. Every artificial assistance for the eyesight is necessarily adopted. A background of dark paper is placed against the flax, to throw out the slender thread; and the scene of labour is often so arranged as to admit only one single beam of light, which finds entrance through a small aperture, and falls directly on the work. This concentration of light is found very useful in the production of this wonderfully fine and even thread, so necessary for the effect of the lace.

Before machine-made net had arrived at its recent great perfection, the plain groundwork of the Brussels laces was made by hand on the pillow in narrow widths; these were afterwards united so dexterously, that the join was imperceptible to the eye. Trimming-laces of moderate width, some three or four inches perhaps, then extended in price from four to ten guineas the yard, and veils varied from thirty to one hundred guineas each; but since the improvements at Nottingham have enabled excellent net to be supplied at a moderate cost, these prices have greatly diminished, and the consumption has proportionably increased. The different processes connected with the manufacture of Brussels lace vary so much, that each is intrusted solely to women especially versed in their own branch of the business. One class, known by the name of the *platteuses*, are continually occupied in making the flowers for the pattern on the pillow, after our English method, or, as it is authentically termed, making them in plait. Others, again, are educated to work them in point with the needle; and these, when attached to net, form the lace properly described as Brussels *appliqué*, which resembles in its general features the *pointe à l'aiguille*. Another division of the labour consists in making the real net-groundwork, to which I have referred as being in great measure, though not entirely, superseded; those who still devote themselves to it are called *drocheleuses*. The *striqueuses* are perpetually employed in attaching the flowers to the net; whilst, by the name of *attacheuses*, is described a distinct class, whose sole occupation consists in uniting the different portions of a pattern, so that it should appear to be made entire. Last, but not least in importance, must be mentioned the *faiseuses de pointe à l'aiguille*, to whose unrivalled skill our English *élégantes* are so largely indebted. The number of persons who find constant employment in Belgium by lacemaking is computed at 100,000; and we should be tolerably correct in estimating the body so engaged in or about the capital at 30,000.

In the lace called Mechlin, made at Malines and Antwerp, there are some of those nice distinctions which render an account of the various productions of Brussels unavoidably rather complicated. Mechlin lace is made entirely on the pillow, and in one piece; it can therefore be applied only to articles of limited size. Lappets or trimmings are the forms under which we generally see it; and in these the exquisite delicacy of its texture can be thoroughly

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appreciated. The chief peculiarity consists in the filmy lightness of the ground, and in a thick plait-thread, as it is called, following the outline of the pattern, and giving the effect of embroidery. Few branches of the lace manufacture have suffered more from fluctuations in taste and fashion than the one in question. During the eighteenth century, it obtained the most enthusiastic appreciation in this country, as well as on the continent. No ruffles but those of Mechlin could satisfy the fastidious taste of the gentlemen, and no lappets but Mechlin were deemed worthy appendages to the ponderous head-dresses of the ladies of that age. But of later years a revolution has taken place; and although too good and expensive to be despised, it is at least neglected. This may in some measure arise from the fact that, from the quality of the thread used, and the time and labour necessary for the construction of so fine a web, the price continued higher than that of more effective laces. A few discoloured specimens are generally to be seen among the attractions of a curiosity-shop, where, amidst old armour, antique chairs, and dingy china, they help to point a moral on the effects of time and the fluctuations of fashion. A wonderful and interesting example of the perfection, both in design and execution, to which, notwithstanding the slight encouragement it receives, Mechlin lace can be brought in the present day, was displayed at the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851. The pattern consisted of birds, flowers, and trees; and it is doubtful if any other article in that rich assemblage, how much soever more important or pretentious, deserved more completely the title of a work of art.

The next class of Belgian lace, called generally Valenciennes, will be familiar to most of our readers; but they may be scarcely aware that the contributions of each of the six towns in which it is chiefly made offer some distinctive peculiarity, which would enable a person accustomed to compare them to decide with certainty upon their birthplace. The finest description is that which comes from Ypres. This town is acknowledged to excel in laces of the finest square ground and in the widest and most expensive kind; its productions have been known in some instances to produce as much as L.50 the yard. The trade of lacemaking was commenced at Ypres about the year 1656; but so gradual was its progress that, according to a census made by Louis XIV., there were, some twenty-five years afterwards, only one manufacturer and sixty-three workers established there. It is chiefly since the year 1835 that this business has become so extensive. It is now estimated that the dealers of Ypres purchase the work of 20,000 people, living either in the town or its vicinity. The greater part of this manufacture is exported to England, France, and Germany, and commercial relations in regard to it have also been opened with the United States. The produce of the town of Ghent is also good in quality, but differs from that of Ypres in being chiefly of narrow or medium widths; for these, as being cheaper and more generally available,

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there is of course a constant market; and 12,000 persons are kept continually employed in its manufacture. The Bruges lace is of a good serviceable quality, and very popular in England. That of Alost is inferior to its rivals in colour; and although the town can boast excellent workers, the deficiency of good designs tends to lower its reputation. Besides these places, Valenciennes lace is made in large quantities at Menin, Courtrai, and at many villages in the neighbourhood of the towns above referred to. This lace is now more generally used than any other kind, probably in some measure on account of its extreme durability and facility of adaptation to the demi-toilette dress which has of late become so universal. The price depends as much on the quality as even on the width; but it may be regarded as the cheapest of the good foreign laces. The only remaining seat of the manufacture in Belgium important enough to require notice is that of Grammont, chiefly remarkable for its silk-laces, generally termed blondes. This branch of the trade is, however, so essentially French, that an account of it must be deferred until we examine in detail the productions of that country.

That Holland and Belgium should, from time immemorial, have been distinguished for the perfection to which their fostering care has raised this beautiful fabric, is by no means astonishing, when we consider that for ages the inhabitants of those countries held the raw material in their own hands. In distributing it over other parts of the continent, it is not unnatural that they should have reserved for their own use an ample share of the choicest and best descriptions, to which their unrivalled skill as spinners enabled them to do full justice. A convincing proof of the perfection to which they have brought the preparation of thread, is afforded by the circumstance, that it has been made of a quality so fine as to exceed when manufactured ten times the value of standard gold. More than one instance has occurred in which so large a sum as 10,000 francs has been given for one pound of this yarn; but the average prices vary from 60 to 1800 francs. With the perpetual endeavour after advancement in this art as in all others, it is very possible the time may come when our descendants shall regard as commonplace and unworthy of notice trophies of skill which appear marvellous in our own eyes; but it seems impossible for us, even in these days of progress, to realise a greater degree of perfection than has been already attained in this manufacture.

Although Belgium is and ever has been the lacemaking country *par excellence*, it is not to be supposed that the proverbial taste and love of adornment which characterise the French nation have been without very fruitful results in this respect. In tracing the history of the art in their country, we see another instance, and only one in a thousand, of the interest so consistently displayed by the respective governments in the establishment and advancement of different branches of manufacture. From very early times, they justly regarded the various trades which tended to the prosperity

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of the land, as not unworthy the practical superintendence and encouragement of its rulers, instead of leaving them, as elsewhere, dependent on the enterprise and support of private individuals, and allowing them to fluctuate and struggle on as they best might. For the introduction of their most beautiful and expensive lace, the French were indebted, as for many other benefits, to Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., who, in the year 1660, invited over artisans from Venice, which, from this circumstance, would appear, even then, not to have lost altogether its ancient reputation. They were established in the town of Alençon, and soon organised an extensive manufacture of the Point de Vénise, afterwards called Point de France, and, finally, Point d'Alençon. It is said, that about the same time, the Comte de Marsan, youngest son of the great Comte d'Harcourt, brought over from Brussels to Paris an old nurse named Dumont, with her four daughters, and procured for her the exclusive right to establish and carry on lacemaking in that capital. In a short time, Madame Dumont collected upwards of 200 women, many of them belonging to good families, whose work was scarcely inferior to that imported from foreign countries. There is, however, no trace now remaining of this once flourishing establishment; whether it altogether decayed, or adjourned to some scene more congenial to so delicate and sedentary an occupation, is uncertain. The Point d'Alençon, the chef-d'œuvre of the art, still exists in all its glory, to attest the service rendered by Colbert to the manufacturing interests of his country. This lace, as we see it at the present day, bears but slight resemblance to the original Point de Vénise, being of much finer texture; and it differs, indeed, in the manner of its construction, from every other variety, inasmuch as sixteen workers are employed on the smallest piece and simplest design of Alençon, so various are the stitches employed, whilst only one person is required to produce the richest laces of other kinds. Some general idea of the mode in which all this labour is applied may not be unacceptable.

The design is, in the first place, engraved on copper, and afterwards printed off in divisions, on pieces of parchment, some three or four inches wide, and from five to twelve long. These are numbered, according to the order in which they will be required, and small holes are pricked along the outlines of the flowers; each piece of parchment is then laid on one of coarse linen, and a sort of guiding thread, or *fil de trace*, as it is called, of which the proper place is indicated, is sewn on with fine stitches, which unite thread, parchment, and linen in one. Two flat threads, held beneath the thumb of the left hand, are then guided along the mazy edges of the flowers, and are fixed by minute stitches passing through the holes in the parchment. Here, then, is the skeleton of the lace, and the next thing is to make the groundwork that fills up the flowers. For this, the worker supplies herself with a long needle and very fine thread, which she fastens securely to

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the border, and then works a kind of knotted stitch from left to right. The first row finished, she reverts again to the starting-point, and commences a second, carefully placing her needle between each stitch of the preceding one; and so she continues, until the space is filled up. The plain ground, which occupies the part between the flowers, is commenced by one thread being thrown across, as a sort of pioneer, and others intersecting it and each other form the meshes. Then there are spaces especially reserved for various fancy stitches, termed *modes;* and, finally, the outline of the pattern is enriched with an embroidery in relief, properly described as the *brode.* This branch requires to be done by the most tasteful and experienced fingers; but it gives a peculiar beauty and finish to the Alençon, which are not to be met with in any other lace. Where the work is so far happily accomplished, the various pieces are cut from the parchment and tacked on green paper, to be joined together. Where a flower occurs, it is simply sewn, but the ground is united with a fancy stitch, and both are so skilfully joined as to escape detection. The material used is the finest linen thread, called *malguinerie,* worth from L.100 to L.120 per pound. All the French laces were formerly composed of different qualities of this thread, but cotton has latterly been frequently substituted for it. The workwomen of Alençon are, as may be imagined, particularly skilful, displaying not merely great mechanical dexterity, but also taste and invention. They are not content to repeat the same achievements perpetually, however perfect they may be, but devote much of their attention to the introduction of novelties, especially in the open stitches, in which they greatly excel. This lace is considered the most durable, as well as the most *recherché,* of those made in modern times, and exceeds every other, not excepting Brussels, in value. Some beautiful specimens of it, adapted to a purpose hitherto unattempted, were contributed to the Great Exhibition of 1851 by Madame Josephine Hubert, of Paris; they were considered by competent authorities to have been the greatest curiosities of the department to which they belonged; and to have formed, indeed, a decided feature in the history of the manufacture. This discovery, which has been patented in France and Belgium, consisted in the application of lace to exact representations, in complete relief, of flowers, leaves, and even fruit; a degree of strength and solidity having been given to the delicate material of which it would have appeared unsusceptible. These imitations, which were arranged in wreaths, bouquets, and sprays, as ornaments for ladies' attire, comprised all the most beautiful of those flowers with which we are generally familiar, and were correct even to the most minute details. Some were erect, and some drooping, with forms globular, bell-shaped, or expanded, as the specimen chosen might require; in fact, nature was worthily represented, in all but her brilliant and varied colouring—this alone was unattempted. In addition to their intrinsic beauty, these lace-flowers were said to bear the

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operation of cleansing with no injury to their forms, and, in this respect, to have the advantage over every other description; but it seems difficult to imagine that any hands less expert than those which fashioned them could restore the delicate blossoms to anything resembling their original perfection.

The reputation of France for its pillow-laces has perhaps been most widely extended by those of black and white silk, termed blonde, in which no other country could ever compete with it. The first specimen was made at Caen, and the silk used was of the natural or pale yellow colour; but when it was once proved that this material was available for the purpose, a great improvement was effected in the substitution of pure white or black, to which a few coloured blondes now form the only exceptions. Soon after the first essay in this branch of the art, it attained to very great favour, and the towns of Caen and Bayeux promised to outvie in prosperity their hitherto more flourishing rivals; but the caprice, probably, of some fair leader of ton, changed, in time, the aspect of affairs; and the demand for blondes decreased so obviously, that the labour of a large proportion of the workers was directed to the production of black lace of the ordinary description. Caen and Bayeux excel all other places in what are called piece-goods, or larger articles of ladies' attire in that colour—as, for instance, veils, scarfs, or dresses—and their manufactures are the most extensive in the world, employing upwards of 40,000 women. The lace-workers of the department of Calvados evince great dexterity and quickness; by means of a stitch called *rucroe*, they are able to unite pieces in a manner that escapes detection even with a glass, and therefore the work that formerly occupied one person's time for a whole year, is now executed in a month by a greater number. I shall hereafter have occasion to notice, that this skill in joining lace is not confined to our continental neighbours, but has contributed in no small degree to the increased effects displayed in our native productions.

Although Caen and Bayeux were the principal seats of the blonde manufacture, a variety was originated at Chantilly, which was brought to a higher perfection than any other, and was proportionably higher in price. It was extensively worn in England about thirty years ago, but is now almost traditionary here. The peculiarity of Chantilly blonde consisted of the rich close pattern, which contrasted with the filmy lightness of the ground. It was chiefly woven for veils, which then differed a good deal from our present idea of them: they were simply squares surrounded by one of these deep heavy borders of irregular outline, and also flowered over in the centre, and were thrown over the bonnet, completely enveloping the head and shoulders of the wearer. This description may be recognised by any one who has 'assisted,' as the French say, at the bringing to light of those treasures of by-gone days consigned by the changes in taste and fashion to the darkness and oblivion of a lumber-room. Among such articles

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would most likely be included a Chantilly veil of gigantic dimensions, or a collar of proportionate magnitude. But although the general rage for Chantilly has long past away, it is still used in small quantities, and is made of exquisite beauty, as if thereby to retain with the very fastidious the favour it has lost among the great body of lace-wearers.

Of the French pillow-laces of the ordinary kind, the precedence should perhaps be given to that of Lille, as being the oldest manufacture in France, and the origin of our own Buckinghamshire, or English Lille, as it is sometimes called. The latter kind is so familiar to us all, that a detailed description of a lace which so closely resembles it is scarcely necessary. It is very light and simple, and also well made, but the consumption is daily decreasing, and the work-people are able to derive better remuneration from other branches of industry in the town. The same description of lace is also made at Arras, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, and at Mirecourt, in that of Vosges. The first of these two manufactories is a standing example of the fact, that in the present age those who are content to pursue the same track, year after year, without ambition for improvement or adventure for novelty, will inevitably be left so far in the rear, that their very existence will be in time forgotten. The trade in Arras is altogether decaying for want of a little of that impulse and spirit which so peculiarly distinguish the lacemakers of Mirecourt, and of course tend largely to their prosperity. The artisans of the latter place are continually introducing new designs in their work; indeed, nearly all the improvements and novelties in the art, as carried on in France, are attributable to them; Mirecourt having quite a fame of its own for the good taste and elegance of its productions. Among these, one of the most beautiful is that called *Guipure*, made on the same principle, and altogether very much akin to our own Honiton. The system pursued in these laces, of making flowers on the pillow, and afterwards attaching them to fine net, was not adopted at Mirecourt until four or five years ago; the *Guipure* has, during the last two years, so materially improved, that it is but little inferior to the Brussels plait, and is generally admired for its colour, quality, and moderation of price.

The town of Puy, in Haute-Loire, though possessing no very extensive reputation for its lace, affords employment to 50,000 persons, who are dispersed throughout the neighbouring districts. It happens that there are but few other industrial resources in this province; its inhabitants are therefore chiefly dependent on this occupation, and labour is extremely cheap. The workwomen of Puy, although considered skilful, have hitherto only succeeded in specimens of a very ordinary description, for which there is little competition. They do not confine themselves to any one kind of lace in particular, but produce it in silk thread and wool, all being durable and low in price, but not attractive from any delicacy of design or texture.

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Although the Dentelle de Valenciennes is generally regarded as a French lace, Bailleul is the only town in France of any importance at which it is made; whilst there are, as we have already noticed, not less than six seats of the manufacture in Belgium. The produce of Bailleul, though rather coarser than that of Bruges, closely resembles it, and possesses the double qualification of being the whitest and cheapest of its kind. There was a time when the dinginess of colour which of course necessarily characterises very old lace, was esteemed so great a beauty as to be obtained by artificial means; and much of the modern lace was washed in a weak solution of coffee, and considered to have been greatly enriched by the operation. This perverted and unnatural taste has now happily passed away, and the makers emulate each other in their endeavours to preserve the thread in its original purity during the process of working it up. The peculiar whiteness, therefore, of the Bailleul lace is considered really an advantage, and, added to its durability, renders it universally popular. The production of hand-made lace throughout France affords employment to about 200,000 women, who enter upon it when perhaps only six or seven years old, and in most cases do not give it up until they arrive at a very advanced age. Each person earns, upon an average, from sixpence to a shilling for the day's work of ten hours, though sometimes her own superior skill, or an unusual demand for the article, may procure her higher remuneration. They pursue their occupation at their own homes, in much the same manner that it is carried on among the English peasantry, setting aside the pillow to fulfil their domestic duties, and returning to it when these are accomplished.

The French manufacture of machine-made lace may be regarded as completely an offshoot from our own, inasmuch as it was quite unknown until some workmen from Nottingham established themselves in the year 1817 at Calais, having taken with them a machine on the straight-bolt principle. Six years afterwards, this single machine had multiplied to thirty-five; and there are at present between 600 and 700 in full operation in and about the town of Calais alone, the improvements gradually effected at Nottingham having always been closely followed there. Bobbin-net and lace are also made by machinery at Lille, St Quentin, Lyon, and Cambrai. The last-mentioned place is remarkable for its admirable imitations of the beautiful black lace of Caen and Chantilly, the patterns of which are minutely copied, whilst the difference in price between the original and the imitation is 75 per cent. This particular branch of the trade is, as it deserves to be, in a most prosperous condition, and meets with extensive encouragement. Such is a brief account of the more valuable and important descriptions of foreign lace, to which, as having originally preceded all similar manufactures in our own country, attention was first due. We will now turn to the naturalisation of the art nearer home.

The pillow-lace of England, an object of universal admiration,

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and one which finds a market in all civilised countries, is the production, almost exclusively, of four counties, three of which are by no means considerable in extent—Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Devonshire. Its introduction among us as a manufacture, may be referred, it is believed, to a period shortly anterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; we have evidence that it was then well known, although regarded as sufficiently rare to be deemed a worthy offering to royalty itself. In the manifold accounts of gifts accepted by this acquisitive monarch from various grades of her subjects, lace finds honourable mention. It is on record that Sir Philip Sidney presented her majesty with a 'smock' of cambric, the sleeves and collar wrought with black silk, and edged with a small bone-lace; whilst Mrs Twist, the court-laundress, contributed to the regal wardrobe three handkerchiefs of black Spanish work similarly adorned. Both high and low were apparently compelled to adopt this costly but direct road to the favour of their royal mistress. With regard to the manner in which a knowledge of lacemaking was originally communicated, the general opinion is, that for it, as for the silk trade and other valuable branches of manufacture, we are indebted to the religious persecutions so rife on the continent during the sixteenth century, which occasioned a tide of emigration to this country. There is one circumstance which would at first appear to cast a doubt on the truth of this supposition—namely, that so early as the year 1483, lace was included in a list of articles of which the introduction from abroad was prohibited; the inference being of course that it could be produced by native industry. It was not, however, until 1543 that pins, which are essential to the manufacture of pillow-lace, were made here, or indeed brought to any perfection elsewhere; it is probable, therefore, that any lace made in England at that early period was worked with the needle, and that the origin of our peculiar manufacture is really attributable to various bands of Flemish emigrants, who established themselves in the very same localities to which, three centuries later, the art they taught is still confined. It is rather a curious feature in the history of industrial pursuits, that each branch seems to take root and flourish almost exclusively in some particular district. This circumstance is not, however, remarkable, where any local advantage connected with the staple manufacture may be found to exist. That the northern counties, for instance, rich in the elemental privileges of fire and water, the very 'thews and sinews' of a giant machinery, should excel in those productions of which it is the agent, may be readily accounted for: but that textures requiring no such adventitious aid, the produce of mere hand-labour, which could be carried on in any place, and under almost any circumstances, should be peculiar to certain districts, is a fact worthy of notice. It is greatly to be regretted that every part of England should not have participated long ago in the benefits attaching to an acquaintance with the occupation of lacemaking, as it seems to

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offer fewer disadvantages than the majority of pursuits available for women. Previously, however, to the last ten years, few of the humbler classes, especially of the female sex, ever wandered many miles from the place of their birth, or acquired any ideas beyond those which its resources were calculated to afford. Hence opportunities for the diffusion and interchange of their knowledge seldom or ever occurred, and it has, accordingly, remained stationary to the present day.

The finer and more valuable quality of the Buckingham lace, as it is generally called, is produced chiefly within a circle of twelve miles round that town; the second quality, which is that usually worn, being made in or about Bedford and Olney. There are, perhaps, few travellers old enough to remember the Great North Road in the palmy days of stage-coaches and post-chaises, who cannot also call to mind the contributions levied on their purses at the various inns at which they stopped in the lace-districts, for handsome specimens of the local industry. The writer recalls the time when the box of lace was as certain to succeed the dinner, as the profound bow of the waiter an extensive purchase or liberal gratuity, as the case might be. In many of the letters of the poet Cowper, dated from Olney, allusion is made to certain black lace in process of manufacture for his correspondent Lady Hesketh; intended, probably, as a requital for the velvet cap, her gift to himself, which his poem has rendered immortal. If such were the case, there is little doubt that the lady had by far the better bargain.

Laces of inferior quality to the classes already mentioned are principally made in the neighbourhoods of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and of Kettering and Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire. These 'useful goods,' as they are technically termed, find a ready market in Manchester and other manufacturing towns, and are largely exported to the colonies. Northampton and its immediate vicinity is celebrated for a vast variety of delicate edgings, and narrow laces in general, and in these articles a thriving business is carried on. One very lucrative branch of the trade has, however, greatly declined during the last few years, in consequence, not of the elevation of some newer rival by a caprice of fashion, as the reader would imagine, but of the solemn dictum of the College of Surgeons. Laces of a certain width, delicately fine texture, and minute pattern, known as 'infants' laces,' once formed no inconsiderable proportion of the manufacture; but the fiat went forth that children were to go bareheaded until nature should supply them with her own covering, and from that time the demand began to slacken. It is true that young mothers contended vigorously for this embellishment of the beauty of their offspring, but the stern voice of science eventually overcame the maternal pleadings; and although caps for state occasions are still deemed necessary, the use of them as a habit is so generally given up, that the production of lace for such purposes can hardly

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be said to exist any longer as a separate branch of trade. Time was when the humblest mother would strain every nerve to secure a 'bit of good lace for the christening-cap;' and no less than L.1000 was, on one occasion, expended in English lace for the use of an expected scion of a ducal house. It has been hinted, that so fortunate a conjunction of circumstances for the replenishment of this department of the maternal wardrobe, was seldom lost sight of, but to the truth of this surmise the writer declines to testify.

The majority of readers will no doubt have acquired, either from personal observation, or through the medium of the fine arts, a general idea of the manner in which pillow-lace is produced, though the minute details may be unfamiliar to them. Our distinguished countrymen, Stothard and Westall, frequently made it the subject of their designs in illustrating the peasant-life of England; but their representations, it must be admitted, depict the occupation under its most poetical aspect. A richly-wooded landscape, with the sun setting in the distance, and casting a mellow light over the still evening—and a cottage half-enveloped in woodbine and ivy, usually occupying the foreground. A picturesque thoughtful-looking woman is seated at the doorway, busily plying her task, and apparently listening to the prattle of the chubby child at her knee. In the middle distance, to make the picture complete, the husband is wending his way homeward, shovel and mattock on shoulder. All these details are suggestive of a peace and repose almost worthy the Golden Age; but although such scenes might occasionally greet the eye in real life, truth compels the admission that they would be exceptions to the rule in the history of lacemaking. This delicate fabric, the material of which is peculiarly liable to become discoloured, is rarely made in the open air, and never in the vicinity of a thoroughfare much frequented. It issues more commonly from a small close room, barely ten feet square, with crumbling walls and dim lattices; a kind of appendage to the kitchen, or, as it is generally called, 'the house,' and too often rendered close and unhealthy by the number of workers assembled there, and the absence of proper ventilation. None of the finest specimens of lace can be made in a room in which there is an open fire, the smallest particle of dust or puff of smoke necessarily tarnishing the purity of the work, and reducing its marketable value; indeed, such constant caution in this respect is exercised, that a good lacemaker never leaves her pillow for ten minutes without covering it up with what is called a pillow-cloth.

The cushion on which this lace is made consists simply of a coarse cloth envelope, tightly and evenly stuffed with straw; the usual form being that of a slightly flattened globe. It varies a little in size, according to the taste or fancy of the user, and costs from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. To make it more sightly, it is usually covered with a piece of well-starched blue linen, or the material of which cotton-stockings are made, and is elevated on a wooden

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three-legged stand to a height convenient for use. The bobbins on which the thread is wound—of course very important agents in the work—are pieces of turned wood or ivory, about the size of a quill, and from three to four inches in length. They are marked towards the head with a slight groove, around which the thread is twined, and fastened with a slip-knot, admitting of its being lengthened as used up: the lower ends are ornamented with glass-beads, or similar trifles, which serve to distinguish one from the other. The number of bobbins varies according to the width of the lace, beginning with thirty or forty, and extending to many hundreds.

It will probably have been observed by those whom circumstances have rendered intimately acquainted with the details of the occupation, that the pillow of the lacemaker, with its gay appendages, becomes in time literally the chronicle of a life, an unwritten history of those great events which have at distant intervals varied the monotonous current of her days. It seems that among this class, especially in years gone by, the presentation of 'a bobbin for my lace-pillow,' was regarded in much the same light that the offering of a bouquet to a lady would be at the present day. It spoke many languages; was in turn a token of mere good-will, a mark of decided preference, or almost an offer of marriage. The intrinsic value of the gift was indeed but small, as plain wooden bobbins might be bought for three-halfpence. These were not, however, frequently presented, being devoid of 'spangles,' or, in common parlance, of the glass-beads generally appended to the lower end, and in which an opportunity was afforded for the display of taste and liberality. On the number and quality of these memorials depended the title of the worker to boast of a handsome pillow; and it was by one pre-eminently fortunate in this respect that I was first initiated into the mysteries of their various significations. For example, one might be only a memento of a country holiday, some long-remembered merry-making, or visit to a neighbouring statute fair, generally described as 'a statty;' another, the parting-gift of a fellow-servant; a third, the propitiatory offering of a would-be lover; a fourth, the only relic of the wild cousin who went to sea, and was drowned. Then, again, there would certainly be the cherished first-gift of 'my husband;' and, not less prized, that of 'my girl,' the first time she ever 'cut off,' or, in other words, disposed of her wares to a dealer. In short, a large proportion of the lacemaker's bobbins are the key-notes to many a memory of the past, and also occasionally to little histories of village-life, amusing enough to have detained the writer, no unwilling listener, at many a cottage-door.

Having now considered the machinery by which lace is made, both in its practical and poetical aspect, we should glance at the details of the occupation itself. The first step in the commencement of the work is to stretch tightly on the pillow a strip of parchment, one-third of a yard in length, on which is pricked

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the pattern of the lace desired. The bobbins are hung in pairs on pins of the finest brass-wire, made expressly for the purpose, and called lace-pins. These regulate the progress of the work, and are stuck one by one into the perforated parchment. By various movements of the bobbins, the thread is entwined round these pins, and thus are produced small hexagon-shaped holes, each one of which requires fourteen twists of the thread to complete it; whilst the little square spots, known as plats, demand no less than forty. When we consider the various patterns of lace that are to be met with, and the consequent variety of detail in their manufacture, it is difficult to believe that all are produced by means of continuous threads. Such, however, is the case, the only exception being the gimp or thick silky thread which generally forms the outline of the design, and in which a separation is often necessary. When the lace has progressed so much as to cover the whole of the parchment, the worker has to go through the delicate operation of setting up. This consists in carefully removing all the pins, giving the card on which the lace is wound, at the back of the pillow, a few additional turns, and matching the pattern at the top of the parchment. When this is happily accomplished, the work is resumed, great care having been taken not to twist or otherwise disarrange the bobbins during the process.

During the winter season, when daylight is of short duration, and it becomes necessary to carry on the work by candlelight, lacemakers are in the habit of using a wooden stand, perforated with holes, in which are inserted glass-flasks filled with pure water; and by this means the light is concentrated on the particular spot which is required to be seen most distinctly. A single candle, placed amidst three bottles of water, will enable three persons to benefit fully and equally by the light, which is said to equal in brilliancy that afforded by a powerful gas-burner, and without the disadvantage of its glare. The preservation of their eyesight is so vitally important to the lacemakers, that they adopt of course every precaution within their reach.

The manner of collecting lace for wholesale houses does not differ materially at the present day from the practice in former years. A merchant employing perhaps 400 or 500 hands, supplies his work-people with thread and parchment patterns, which latter are exchanged for new ones as often as the old become unsaleable. At intervals of six weeks, he gives notice that on a certain day he shall be at a particular town or village, when all his *employées* who live within a circuit of four miles bring him whatever quantity of lace they may have produced since his last visit. I have learned from good authority, that such is the minute knowledge gained by constant experience, that the purchaser would have no difficulty in assigning each piece to its maker, even if the identical pattern had been followed by all. The price of the work is paid almost exclusively in money,

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though some few of the smaller manufacturers adhere to the truck-system. When the lace is thus collected, it is taken to London, as the principal mart, or to the more important manufacturing towns, in which there is a large consumption, of the inferior kinds more especially. During the reign of George III., an act existed for the protection of these manufactures, foreign lace being strictly prohibited. It was declared forfeited, and liable to be seized by any officer, in whatever hands it might be found, L.200, half of which went to the informer, being the penalty exacted from the offender on proof of his delinquency. Those might certainly be regarded as the palmy days of the English lacemaker, for the demand actually exceeded the production, and a quick and clear hand could earn, without difficulty, from 15s. to 20s. a week. Of later years, however, the large importation of lace from abroad, and the perfection of that made by machinery, have decreased to an almost incredible extent the value of Buckingham lace. I am assured by an experienced and very extensive lace-merchant of the present day, that he can now purchase, for 1s. 6d. a yard, specimens of the fabric for which his father, some forty years ago, paid 5s. 6d. and 6s. This large reduction in the price has of course tended both to lower the quality and to diminish the scale of remuneration paid to the makers; the chief object with the majority of dealers being to obtain a showy style of article at as small a cost as possible. In these days, few even of the more intelligent and expeditious workers can earn more than 4s. a week; a still greater number gain only 3s.; and 2s. 6d. is a sum more commonly paid than either. The question naturally arises in the mind, how these poor people can live, and scenes of great misery are indeed common among them. All, however, who are really industrious, can obtain 3s. 6d. a week; and on this pittance the majority keep themselves out of debt, and even make a respectable appearance. Of the number of persons employed in the occupation, no reliable statistics exist; but in the lace-districts, all the females of the lower classes between the ages of seven and seventy live by its means, with the exception of those employed in household duties or domestic service. It is gratifying to know that their general moral character is decidedly good.

In most of the villages in which lacemaking is the ordinary pursuit, schools are to be found for the instruction of young children in the art; and during the summer months, a humming sound, issuing from an open casement, will not fail to arrest the attention of a passing stranger, and guide him to this industrious hive of busy bees. These may be regarded as the latest remains of the Dames' Schools, for they are generally kept by some ancient proficient in the art, whose failing eyesight demands repose from personal labour, though her energy may be quite capable of directing the efforts of others. The price paid by each individual for her instruction is rarely more than twopence or threepence a week; and the children of the poor often continue to work at school long

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after the elementary difficulties of the occupation are mastered; the freedom from interruption by domestic sights and sounds, and the emulation arising from companionship, being very favourable to the progress of the work. A certain given task is generally allotted by the mistress to each girl, according to her capacity, and its execution is rigidly exacted. Sometimes, in order to vary the weary monotony of the day, a good-natured instructress will permit her pupils to sing a few verses of a hymn in concert, or to 'count pins,' and by such slight diversion, to 'cheat the lazy afternoon.' This counting pins merely consists in two children of average skill being pitted against each other to accomplish a certain number of holes in a given time, the one who has finished first literally singing out to her vanquished rival: 'Five-and-twenty, Mary Jones.' Meanwhile, the next couple have been testing their dexterity, and the strain is quickly taken up by another triumphant competitor, who exclaims: 'Five-and-thirty, Susan Gale.' Even this trifling exercise of the lungs has been found useful in keeping the attention awake, and in creating an interest in the mind, highly advantageous to work of any kind.

This early and constant attention to the one pursuit, by which a living is to be gained, is not very favourable to a knowledge of women's duties in general; and many years ago, when the opportunity of learning needle-work was less easy of attainment than at the present day, some ladies residing in a lace-district endeavoured to remedy the deficiency by establishing a working-school on Saturday afternoons, the general half-holiday. The use of the National School-house was easily procured without expense, and an invitation was given to all the little lacemakers of the neighbourhood, to attend and receive instruction in a kind of work in which their own mothers were for the most part deplorably ignorant. This offer was eagerly and gratefully responded to; the manual dexterity of the children needed only to be directed to the new channel, and enabled them to attain a proficiency which was quite remarkable, considering the limited time they could devote to practice. The periodical return of the working-day was anticipated with pleasure by the little pupils, many of whom walked two or three miles to secure the instruction. None were prevented from attending by poverty of attire, as a neat checked pinafore, costing less than a shilling, served to conceal both defects and deficiencies. The only matters needed for the support of this school were a few pounds of sewing-cotton, a gross or two of needles, and the willing services of a dozen young ladies as teachers, for three hours weekly. It continued in operation for a very considerable time, leading often to other schemes of usefulness; and although thirty years have elapsed since this scheme was first carried out, the advantages resulting from it did not end with the generation on whose behalf the labour of love was undertaken.

It now only remains, in connection with the Buckingham lace,

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to say a few words respecting the forms in which it is produced, for the appearance of the fabric is so well known to all who take any interest in such matters, as to render a minute description of it a work of supererogation. These, then, are most commonly edgings and trimmings, varying in breadth from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a yard; although the latter width would probably only be made to order, and of so fine a quality as to render the price more than proportionably high. The value is by no means estimated according to the width, a narrow lace of good quality being worth much more than a wider one of coarser texture. The patterns followed in the lower classes of the material are of an easy mechanical style, as a chain-work, or something equally simple—a gradual increase of delicacy and elaboration distinguishing the ascending scales, until the utmost perfection is attained. This consists not less in the beauty of the design, than in the introduction of various kinds of ornamentation, technically described as English point, Grecian pattern-work, spider and cloth work, &c., all executed consecutively with the work on the pillow. About forty years ago, a sensation was created by the application of Buckingham lace to circular and horseshoe forms, for insertion in infants' caps; and also to lozenge-shaped pieces, some inches in diameter, for the adornment of ladies' headgear. Each piece was complete in itself, the pattern being especially adapted to the size and shape; but as the novelty seemed at first to demand a more than average portion of intelligence, the production was confined to a few hands, and the luxury was an expensive one. Since that time, collars, cuffs, and lappets have been made in a single piece; but the successful completion of articles larger in dimension has been reserved for our own day. A specimen of English lace, which, from its style and size, may be pronounced unique, was recently executed, under the auspices of Mr R. Vicars, Jun., of Padbury, in Buckinghamshire. It consisted of a scarf, about two yards and three-quarters long, and three-quarters wide, surrounded by a wreath-like pattern of flowers and foliage, in which the large passion-flower adorning each corner was particularly noticeable, as a triumph of skill. The centre, or groundwork, was studded with separate flowers, analogous to those in the border. This effective piece of work was made—alas for the secrets of trade!—in four strips, so dexterously joined as to defy with safety the most critical eye. The design, prepared by a local artist, was executed by three sisters—Susan, Ann, and Maria Salmon. I give their names; for why should not the poor as well as the rich have 'a passing paragraph of praise?' They were employed upon it for eighteen weeks; and, in consideration of their pre-eminent ability, and the importance of the task intrusted to them, were each remunerated by their employer at the comparatively high rate of 6s. a week. The beautiful result of their labours was submitted by Mr Vicars to the Queen, who became its purchaser.

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The white pillow-lace, to which alone reference has hitherto been made, is not the sole description of the manufacture for which Buckinghamshire is celebrated. About twenty years ago, during the reign of Swiss muslins as a fashion on the continent, the Parisian *élégantes* arrived at the conclusion, that their new favourites could only be seen to advantage in connection with the dull black mode cloak, trimmed with thread-lace of the same colour, so much in vogue among their grandmothers. The looms of Lyon were set in motion to reproduce the antiquated kind of silk once more in demand; but the black lace, its necessary accompaniment, having fallen into complete disuse, was of no such easy attainment. Ancient wardrobes were ransacked, and second-hand pieces of the fabric eagerly bought up; the services of the professed lacemender were in active requisition, for even the most dilapidated specimens found a market. Lace-pillows were set up, and bobbins put in motion, to meet the new and unexpected requisition; but as the proper material, black thread, had to be created, much black silk, of a dingy hue, was substituted in the interim, and the lace made of it was sold to the uninitiated at a high price. In due time, however, the genuine article was supplied, Buckinghamshire and its sister counties, in common with many seats of the manufacture abroad, profiting largely by this caprice of fashion, at a period of depression in other branches of the trade. Since then, the finest black thread-lace, in the shape of veils, lappets, head-dresses, &c., has been numbered among our regular productions. Among these, too, have been recently included a novel description of lace called Maltese, which is made both in white and black, of stout texture, and very open patterns, and is at the present time much in favour, from its promise of durability. It does not differ materially in style from the more elaborate laces used in decorative upholstery; and as it readily admits of imitation by machinery, it will probably not continue as a fashion.

A curious example of ingenuity, in the adaptation to pillow-lace of a substance apparently little calculated for the purpose, was exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851, and excited some attention, even at a juncture when the demand for novelty induced so many experiments of a startling kind. It consisted of the previously unattempted union of spun-glass with spun-thread, the ground of the lace being made of the ordinary material; but the pattern composed of the finest spun-glass, of a delicate lilac colour. At some distance, this might have been mistaken for floss-silk; and, even on a close examination, it was not easy to pronounce on the nature of the material. This combination was first suggested by a gentleman not belonging to the lace-trade; and his idea was carried out at Bedford. The impossibility of submitting this lace to the purifying influences of soap and water, together with the liability of the glass to break on meeting with any but the most tender treatment, must prevent its practical adoption, even if it be produced in any quantity; but, as a curiosity, and as shewing the

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possibility of what would, *primâ facie*, be deemed impossible, it possesses an interest of its own.

In dwelling longer on the productions, however excellent, of three of the English lace-counties, we should be guilty of injustice to the claims presented by the fourth, especially as Honiton lace, the peculiar manufacture of Devonshire, may be regarded as the most flourishing branch of our trade at the present day. The origin attributed to it is similar to that of the Buckingham lace, various bands of emigrants from Flanders being supposed to have introduced the occupation, to them so familiar, at about the same period to those districts of England in which it has become naturalised. The truth of this tradition seems attested by the great similarity observable, even at the present day, between certain varieties of Brussels and Devonshire lace. Some years after the accession of James I., the trade of lacemaking carried on about Honiton must have attained to comparative notice and prosperity. We derive evidence of this fact, curiously enough, from the old church-yard in that town, where a stone still exists to the memory of James Ridge, bone-lace dealer, who died in 1617, leaving a sum of money for the benefit of the poor of his native place. This circumstance affords proof that the purchase of the article from the poor who made it, and its subsequent sale to the rich who wore it, was then a distinct and apparently not an unprofitable business. In the time of Charles I., Honiton lace is reported by several authorities to have been in general favour. A writer of the period, in reference to this particular neighbourhood, says: 'Here is made abundance of bone-lace, a pretty toy now much in request.'* It evidently continued to advance in quality and in popular estimation, for in the year 1660 a royal ordinance in France provided that a mark (of merit) should be affixed to thread-lace from England as well as from Flanders. This honour was not confined to any one variety, but applied equally to the Buckingham, or pillow-lace proper. Then, again, in 1753, we find among a number of premiums awarded at different times by the Anti-Gallican Society for the encouragement of our native lace-trade, that a sum of L.15 was bestowed on a certain Mistress Lydia Maynard of Honiton, in token of approval of six pair of ladies' lappets, unprecedented in beauty, which had been exhibited by her.

Previously to the last twenty years, Honiton lace consisted merely of a plain net groundwork, to which were attached sprigs and borders, made separately on the pillow, of fine Antwerp thread. During the period at which machine-made net was unknown and unthought of, the production of this groundwork by hand-labour formed the most important department of the

* The designation of bone-lace would seem to have had its origin in the employment of bone-pins before the introduction of those of metal. Even at the present day, in Spain, pins manufactured from chicken-bones continue to be in use in the manufacture of lace.

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business. It appears that when plain net was made exclusively on the pillow, it was produced at a cost which in these days seems almost incredible. An old woman, who had been formerly in the trade, preserved, and occasionally exhibited as a curiosity, a piece of net about eighteen inches square, which she had ordered to be made just before the application of machinery to the manufacture, and for which, although entirely unornamented, she had paid no less than L.15. The same sized piece could be purchased a year or two afterwards for 15s., and may now be obtained for less than that number of pence: the expensive operation of making the material by hand has therefore long fallen into complete disuse, and there are only two or three persons now alive in the county who retain a knowledge of the process. This adoption of machine-made net as the groundwork of the lace necessarily threw a large number of women out of employment; and the dealers were obliged to lower the price of their wares, but unfortunately the demand for them did not increase in proportion, and a period of great depression and misery ensued. Things continued in this state for about twenty years, but at length Queen Adelaide made an effort to give some little impetus to the trade, by ordering a dress from Devonshire of Honiton sprigs sewn on machine net. Her example was by no means as extensively followed as might have been expected, and the business advanced by very slow degrees until her present Majesty decided on Honiton lace as the material for her bridal-dress. It was made at Beer, a small village near Seaton, on the coast of Devonshire, and consisted of sprigs united by a variety of delicate open-work; the use of net as a foundation being advantageously dispensed with. This public evidence of Her Majesty's desire to patronise the productions of native industry, has been frequently repeated; and on one occasion, a complete suit of Honiton lace to ornament a court-dress was supplied for the royal use, on which 200 women had been employed. The example thus set, together with the great improvement latterly effected in the style of the lace, has thoroughly revived the trade. During the last few years, the demand has been enormous; at one particular time so much exceeding the production, that the general quality of the material suffered from the haste with which it was made. The earnings of Honiton lacemakers have been, during the last four years, on an excellent scale, an average worker receiving upwards of 7s. a week, for ten hours' labour each day, whilst a really skilful and trustworthy hand can obtain even more. The number of persons employed in making Honiton lace has fluctuated immensely, decreasing at times to a few hundreds, and rising again, as at the present day, to 7000 or 8000. It now affords a living to the majority of females belonging to the lace-district, which is generally considered to extend about thirty miles along the coast, and twelve miles inland. It has been, however, more clearly defined as that tract of country which would be enclosed by a

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line from Seaton to Exmouth, up the river Exe to Exeter, back along the London road to Honiton, and thence to Seaton.

Devonshire lace may, at the present time, be divided into two distinct classes. The original description, consisting of the finest net sprigged and edged with a border more or less handsome, and called Honiton appliqué, is still very much used for veils, mantles, dresses, and larger articles of ladies' attire. The hand-labour bestowed upon it is much smaller in amount than that demanded by the other kind, and the price is proportionably lower. The second variety, distinguished as Honiton guipure, has been invented only within the last twenty years, but greatly surpasses its rival in beauty. It is not dissimilar in style from the old point, although very much lighter in texture: the separate sections of the pattern are in this case also united by delicate fibres, which in the best qualities of the lace are made on the pillow, forming, in fact, part of the pattern; but in the less expensive specimens, they are made afterwards with a needle and thread. This beautiful lace, although exquisitely delicate, and tedious to make, may be met with occasionally on a large scale. Among the many admirable examples contributed to the Great Exhibition, was a flounce five yards long, on which forty women were employed for eight months, the time bestowed upon it being equal to nearly thirty years of one person's life. It is, however, most available for general use, and is therefore more commonly met with in the shape of caps, collars, sleeves, berthes, &c. The value of Honiton lace depends greatly on the comparative closeness of its texture: when met with in perfection, it is little if at all inferior to the best foreign laces; in colour, it may almost be said to have the advantage of them. Great attention has recently been directed towards improving the patterns, which are now particularly clear and defined. Until the last year or two, it had been found necessary to borrow largely from the taste of the French; but, happily, the pupils of the London and Nottingham Schools of Design are now able to supply patterns worthy the most careful and elaborate execution, and there exists no obstacle to the further prosperity of the trade.

I must not conclude a notice of the British hand-made laces without adverting to the strenuous and most successful efforts which have been and are now making in Ireland to naturalise this valuable branch of productive industry among her peasantry. That variety of the fabric which first gained for Ireland acknowledgment as a lacemaking country, has been long familiar to us under the name of Limerick lace, and consists of a net groundwork on which patterns are embroidered by hand in a kind of tambour stitch, or chain-work. This mode of ornamentation has recently arrived at great perfection, the effect of *shading* being given by judicious alternations of heavy and light embroidery. Some idea of the great distinctions of quality in this lace may be formed from the circumstance that, although dresses composed of it average from two to five guineas each, one single flounce may

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be worth no less than thirty guineas; the difference being not in the method of ornamenting, but in the extent to which it is carried. Although the Limerick lace, which once constituted the Irish trade, is still its most important branch, many other beautiful varieties now divide with it the attention of the manufacturer. Among these, I must briefly enumerate the guipure, which consists of muslin cut out and sewn over at the edge, the vacancies being filled up with separate links made with the needle: it partakes a little of the character of the antique lace, which is, however, still more closely imitated in the kind called Irish old Point, which has really a good claim to this appellation. Pillow-laces, both white and black, have also been included in the recent experiments; among these are a very fair quality of Valenciennes, and of the new Maltese lace, the latter being chiefly confined to the province of Galway; all the specimens are of a character highly creditable to a country which has so recently adopted the manufacture as its own.

Passing from hand-made lace to that produced by machinery, I must premise that there were many claimants for the honour of a discovery so important. It is, however, generally acknowledged to be due to a framework-knitter of Nottingham, named John Hammond, who, in the year 1760, was inspired with the happy idea of applying the common stocking-frame, or rather a variety used for making eyelet-holes in the clocks of stockings, to the purpose of imitating the plain Brussels ground. In this experiment he succeeded, and produced the material technically called single press Point. So soon after this achievement, that it might appear to be almost simultaneous with it, numerous imitators devoted their attention to the plan, and amidst them all, we lose sight of the originator. In this instance, probably, as in many others, the fruits of the discovery were reaped by those who had but an indirect and secondary claim to them. From this time forth, alterations and experiments in machinery were perpetually being made, but we hear of no important addition to the previous knowledge on the subject until the invention of the warp-frame about the year 1775. This has been ascribed to four persons—Vandyke, a Dutchman; Mr Morris, of Nottingham; Mr Clare, of Edmonton; and Mr Marsh, of Moorfields, London. A contemporary historian of the county of Nottingham, although mentioning three of these names, inclines to the opinion that the merit is due to a mechanic named Crane. It is certainly easy to believe that a large proportion of these valuable improvements suggested themselves to the minds of those whose daily occupation would render them keenly alive to existing deficiencies, and whose practical experience, when united with intelligence, would be a valuable assistance in the task of remedying them. The chief difference between the principle of the warp and the old stocking-frame consisted in this circumstance —that whilst only one single thread is requisite in the latter machine, the number used by the former was in proportion to the

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quantity of needles employed. The warp-machine was not applied for some time to the manufacture of net, but to that of silk stockings, marked with a blue and white zigzag pattern, called the Vandyke. It has been suggested, that this was in honour of the claimant of the invention whose name we have mentioned among others; but the term universally applied to that form, dates its origin from a Vandyck of infinitely greater genius and renown. In the year 1785, a person named James Tarratt introduced great improvements in the warp, by which its speed was doubled, and its width extended from sixteen inches to forty-four; and about the same time, a mechanic applied to it the rotatory motion.

It seems strange that there is no proof of the manufacture of lace by the warp principle until somewhere about 1808, although it was an article in sufficient demand to keep 1800 point-net frames constantly employed. At that juncture, two persons, named Brown and Pindar, succeeded in making silk-net with what they termed an upright warp-frame, from the needles being placed in an upright position instead of horizontally. A hundred and twenty of these were soon afterwards at work in Nottingham; and so important was this branch of the trade esteemed, that the wages of the workmen were never less than L.2, 10s. a week. Cotton-lace then began to be made from the horizontal warps; but the earlier specimens were of a very inferior description, and numerous attempts at improvement were made. Mechlin net was invented, and proved so excellent, both in appearance and quality, as quite to supersede the point-net, which, as the reader may remember, was the first made by machinery. Four hundred and thirty frames were quickly employed upon it, the mechanics being paid upon an average L.4 a week, and the cotton used costing L.15 for a pound-weight. From this time, the point-net trade declined, and finally expired altogether. It is a curious fact, that in no other department of textile manufacture has there been so great a multiplicity of different machines brought to bear; each one speedily superseding its predecessor by increased capability or simplicity of construction. Thus the Mechlin net, although considered at first as a most triumphant result of the manifold experiments which had been made, was destined to be cast into the shade by a new discovery, of which the value and perfection are attested by the permanent favour which has distinguished it.

The bobbin-net machine, invented in the year 1809 by Mr John Heathcote, of Tiverton, derived its name from the fact that the thread which made the lace was supplied partly from bobbins and partly from a warp; the bobbins passing from back to front, and front to back, whilst a lateral motion was imparted to the warp-threads, and one series were caused to wrap round the other. The first successful example was patented for fourteen years; and Mr Heathcote established his manufactory at Loughborough, where it was carried on for seven or eight years. His removal to Tiverton was occasioned by the furious attacks made on his lace-

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frames during the continuance of the Luddite riots. By this name was known an extensive conspiracy among the workmen, directed to the destruction of machinery, and resulting from a general attempt to reduce the very high rate of wages they had been in the habit of receiving. These disturbances lasted at intervals from 1812 to 1817, spreading over several counties, and were not put down until many who took part in them had atoned for their outrages with their lives. The bobbin-net machine, although very valuable from its entire novelty, was at first complex in its arrangements—one single hole in the fabric now completed by six motions, then requiring sixty. The expense of its production, too, was so great as to circumscribe its use; for we find that, in 1815, when 140 of these frames were at work, one square yard of net was worth 30s., the same quantity being now attainable for 3d. From this time, however, the trade rapidly extended, absorbing, in the year 1831, a capital of L.2,310,000, and affording employment to 211,000 persons. The cotton Mechlin, as we have already mentioned, entirely disappeared before the superior attractions of bobbin-net; and another production of the warp-machines, called blonde, which, soon after its invention, had obtained a great repute, the wages of the workmen being, it is said, as high as L.10 a week, had suffered considerably from the large importations of French silk-lace, their mode of dressing or stiffening being superior to our own. Altogether, the warp-trade was in a most depressed condition; many of the machines were broken up as no longer of use, or sold for old iron, when some adventurous persons thought of employing them in a new direction, and were able to give a fresh impulse to this branch of Nottingham manufacture.

Hitherto all machine-made net had been produced in a perfectly plain state; that portion of it which it was desired to ornament being embroidered by hand. It had been the practice to extend the full width of the material in a kind of tambour-frame, the pattern selected being then worked in gimp or coarse thread by women or children. They were supplied with large drawings, and by carefully observing the course taken by the thread among the meshes of the net, were able to copy them with great exactness. This was, however, a slow and laborious process, and the idea of ornamentation by machinery, when once conceived, was seized upon with the greatest avidity. To the warp-frame, driven from its former occupation by the bobbin-net, is due the merit of leading the way in what has become a most important department of the lace-trade. The first designs were very simple, being merely spots and bullet-holes; but a new description of net was produced called mock-twist, in imitation of bobbin-net. From these originated the tatting-trade; machines, before worthless, rose to great value, and new ones were erected, as this warp-tatting was thought to promise much for the future. Whilst this success was at its height about the year 1830, the silk-net also obtained renewed attention, in consequence of the favour extended to it by

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the court; but only five years later, both silk-blonde and cotton-tatting had greatly fallen in general estimation. This fact may be easily explained: the bobbin-net machines had once more excelled their forerunners, and Heathcote's ornamented laces and plain-silk bobbin-net had taken precedence of all others. The unemployed warps were again unoccupied; some were applied to making gimps, &c., but a greater number to the production of lace-gloves and mittens, which were for some time in great request.

In 1839, the Jacquard machine was applied by Mr Draper, of Nottingham, to both bobbin-net and warp, and so very much increased their capabilities for ornamentation, that at the present time there is scarcely a machine at work without it, excepting those purposely adapted for plain net. Such an impetus was given to the trade, that hundreds of machines which were useless, or, as it is called, worked up, were again made available; and many of their owners, after spending perhaps L.80 in alterations, were able to regain their outlay in the course of a few weeks. It was evident, however, that to succeed in the more elaborate branches of lace-making in the flounces, shawls, &c., which were now attempted, beautiful and tasteful patterns were required, unless we could be content always to borrow from our continental neighbours. To obviate this necessity, a School of Design was established at Nottingham; and it has borne such abundant fruits in increasing the facility and elevating the taste of the local designers, that there is little doubt that they might honourably sustain their reputation in a competition with foreign rivals.

Having thus endeavoured to give a connected though slight account of the principal events in the past history of machine-made lace, it only remains to enumerate the varieties in the machinery and their productions, which have survived these manifold fluctuations, and extended the fame of our Nottingham manufacturers at the present day. By means of the Leavers, a machine called after its first constructer, are made black silk piece-nets, ornamented; piece-blondes in white and other colours; scarfs, shawls, flounces, and trimming laces, some finished entirely by machine-power, and others partly embroidered by hand. From the pusher-machine—so called from having independent pushers to propel the bobbins and carriages from back to front—are made mantles, flounces, and similar articles of a superior description, having the pattern traced with a thick thread by hand-labour. A new manufacture has been introduced since 1846, consisting of good imitations of Swiss curtains and blinds, which, although so recently commenced, employs a hundred machines of the kind called circular, from the bolts or combs on which the carriages pass being made circular instead of straight, as in the straight-bolt machines; this promises to continue an important and improving branch. Lastly, a few traverse-warp machines are employed, chiefly in manufacturing spotted lace, blonde edgings, and imitation thread-

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laces. They derive their name from the warp traversing instead of the carriages, as in the circular and pusher machines. Of these various articles, perhaps the most important are the plain piece-nets and blondes, the constant demand for which keeps 2000 machines in continual occupation. The latter material has entirely lost the reproach which attached to it in former times, of being inferior as regards dressing to the French blondes. It is now produced perfect in colour and finish, and affords employment to many thousands of artisans. Additional improvement has been effected in it by the adoption of the foreign method of working the silk, in a single thread and in a raw state, instead of the organzine thrower, which had been previously used here.

Such is a brief sketch of the lace manufacture, from the days of its infancy to those of its prime. If it is an art which has supplied directly no marked requirement in the necessities of the world, or advanced no great principle in its progress, it has not failed to fulfil, in the sphere allotted to it, its own peculiar duty. For many centuries it has afforded employment and means of support to thousands of that sex which, possessing so few industrial resources, has occasioned increasing anxiety to the philanthropist and statesman. The words of a Cynic philosopher, that 'the wants of the poor might be covered by the trimmings of the vain,' have often been quoted with emphasis by the 'unco guid.' We accept this truth in a wider and more liberal sense than they attributed to it; and bless God that, as he has ordained 'the poor shall never cease out of the land,' the superfluities and refinements of the rich are so often made subservient to their necessities.

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HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

THE origin, growth, and present condition of the singular sect calling themselves the 'Church of Latter-day Saints,' form a curious and instructive chapter in the history of fanaticism. Within the space of twenty years since they first sprung into existence, they have gone on rapidly increasing in influence and numbers, and are now an established and organised society, amounting to not less than 300,000 people. They have borne the brunt of calumny and misrepresentation, endured the severest persecutions, and, in spite of every conceivable obstruction, triumphantly vindicated the earnestness and sincerity of their mistaken faith, and the practical objects which they have considered it their special mission to realise in the world. Their progress within the last ten years has been extraordinarily rapid, and is utterly unparalleled in the history of any other body of religionists. They are now a distinct and

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peculiar community, with a complete and effective organisation; they possess and enjoy in common great wealth and material resources; their final settlement of Utah or Deseret, in New California, is in the highest degree flourishing, peaceable, and orderly; and they appear not unlikely to become an important and independent nation, whose influence, politically and socially, may be expected to affect, and possibly to modify, the older and neighbouring forms of civilisation. To trace the beginnings and progressive advancements of so remarkable a people, and thus to render their opinions, actions, sufferings, and successes familiar to a more extensive class of readers, may be considered work not unsuitable for us in the present pages; and therefore, with as much impartiality, soberness, and fair appreciation as may be at our command, and without any disposition or temptation to speak contemptuously of their peculiarities, we will here endeavour to represent these much-derided Mormons and their proceedings in such a way as shall seem warranted by their actual character and achievements.

It is generally known that the founder and acknowledged 'prophet' of this people was a young man named Joseph Smith. Between twenty and thirty years ago, when he first attracted notice, he was living with his father on a small farm near the town of Manchester, in the state of New York. He is said to have been a person of a loose and irregular way of life, and this was afterwards urged as an objection to his pretensions; but he used to reply confidently, that he had never done anything so bad as was reported of King David, whom his orthodox enemies could not consistently deny to have been 'a man after God's own heart.' That he was a good deal of a sinner, there is sufficient reason to believe, but yet it does not appear that he was given up for any length of time to habitual and confirmed wickedness. Very early in life he had decided impressions of the religious sort, and his mind seems from the first to have taken a fanatical and enthusiastic turn. We are told that when he was 'about fourteen or fifteen years of age, he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence.' He used to retire to a secret place in a grove, a short distance from his father's house, and there occupy himself for many hours in prayer and meditation. Once when so engaged, he 'saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance;' but as he continued praying, 'the light appeared to be gradually descending towards him, and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner.' The account of this vision, which is given by a Mormon apostle, Mr Orson Pratt, goes on to say, that the light 'continued descending slowly, until it rested upon the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it. When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation

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throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was inwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in their features and likeness.' These wondrous beings informed him that his sins were forgiven; and they furthermore disclosed to him, that all the existing religious denominations were 'believing in incorrect doctrines;' and that, consequently, 'none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom.' He was expressly forbidden to attach himself to any of them, and received a promise that in due time 'the true doctrine, the fulness of the gospel,' should be graciously revealed to him; 'after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable.'

But inasmuch as Joseph was very young, and was assailed from time to time by those inevitable temptations which beset the carnal mind, he subsequently became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and for awhile demeaned himself so much like a 'vessel of dishonour,' as to be rendered temporarily unfit for seeing visions. Moved eventually, however, to repentance and amendment, and again devoting himself to the habit of secret prayer, this gift again returned to him. On the 21st of September 1823, the miraculous light reappeared, and 'it seemed as though the house was filled with consuming fire.' Its sudden appearance, as aforetime, 'occasioned a shock of sensation;' and what is more remarkable, we learn that it was '*visible* to the extremities of the body.' This time only a single 'personage' stood before him. 'His countenance was as lightning,' yet of so 'pleasing, innocent, and glorious an appearance,' that, as the visionary beheld it, every fear was banished from his heart, and an indescribable serenity pervaded and possessed his soul. 'This glorious being declared himself to be an angel of God, sent forth by commandment to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel concerning their posterity, was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the gospel in its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.' The reader, doubtless, is now prepared to hear, that on this occasion Joseph received an intimation that he was 'called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation.' By way of preparing him for the work, the brilliant 'personage' gave him some verbal revelations, informing him, amongst other things, that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel; that when they originally emigrated to America they were a pious and enlightened people, enjoying the peculiar favour

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and blessing of God; that prophets and inspired writers had been appointed to keep a sacred history of events transpiring among them; that the said history was handed down for many generations, till at length the people fell into great wickedness, and afterwards the records were hidden, 'to preserve them from the hands of the wicked,' who were seeking to destroy them; that these records contained 'many sacred revelations pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days;' and that, finally, the time was come when, to accomplish the divine purposes, they were to be brought forth to the knowledge of the people. Joseph Smith was given to understand that, if he should prove faithful, he was to be the instrument favoured in bringing these sacred writings before the world. And with this announcement the shining personage disappeared, although he seems to have come back twice in the course of the night to repeat his communication, and to add a thing or two he had forgotten.

Up to this time Joseph Smith had been in the habit of working on his father's farm, and on the morning after this vision he went to his labour as usual, apparently not supposing that his mission as a messenger of a new and peculiar gospel was yet to be commenced. But while he was at work, the angel again appeared to him, and gave him direct instructions to go and 'view the records,' which for many ages had been deposited in a place which was pointed out to him. This was 'on the west side of a hill, not far from the top,' about four miles from Palmyra, in the county of Mayne, and near the mail-road, which leads thence to the little town of Manchester. Oliver Cowdery, a 'witness of the faith,' who visited the spot in 1830, has favoured us with a minute description of it, mingled with various of his personal speculations concerning the position of the records at the time they were discovered. He says, innocently: 'How far below the surface these records were placed I am unable to say; but from the fact that they had been some 1400 years, and that, too, on the side of a hill so steep, one is ready to conclude that they were some feet below.' Oliver is willing to 'leave every man to draw his own conclusion,' and proceeds: 'Suffice to say, a hole of sufficient depth was dug.' At the bottom of this was found 'a stone of suitable size, the upper surface being smooth; at each edge was placed a large quantity of cement, and into this cement, at the four edges of this stone were placed, erect, four others, their bottom edges resting in the cement at the outer edges of the first stone. The four last named, when placed erect, formed a box; the corners, or where the edges of the four came in contact, were also cemented so firmly, that the moisture from without was prevented from entering. . . . . The box was sufficiently large to admit a breastplate, such as was used by the ancients to defend the chest from the arrows and weapons of their enemy. From the bottom of the box, or from the breastplate, arose three small pillars,

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composed of the same description of cement used on the edges; and upon these three pillars were placed the records.'

While contemplating this extraordinary treasure with great astonishment, Joseph Smith became aware of the presence of the angel who had previously visited him, and who now, with due solemnity, called on him to 'Look!' 'And as he thus spake,' says the Mormonite apostle before quoted, 'he beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said: "All this is shewn, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world, they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. In them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the field of their Redeemer by obeying it also."'

Joseph had to wait four years before the records were finally delivered by the angel into his hands. During that time, however, he had numerous interviews with the 'heavenly messenger,' and 'frequently received instructions' from his mouth. At length, on the morning of the 22d of September 1827, when he was about two-and-twenty years of age, he was formally permitted to take possession of his discovery. 'These records,' says our authority, Mr Pratt, 'were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past, or future."'.

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Being in an unknown tongue, the book required to be translated before its contents could be intelligibly communicated to mankind; and Joseph having now provided for himself a separate home, straightway commenced turning this ancient record into what he probably regarded as the 'American language.' It seems he translated 'by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim; and being a poor writer, he was under the necessity of employing a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth.' In this way the work proceeded, as Mr Smith's 'pecuniary circumstances would permit,' until he had finished what he describes as the 'unsealed portion of the records.' This is that part of Joseph's revelations which is styled the *Book of Mormon*, the recognised *Bible* of the Latter-day Saints, and which is deemed by them of equal authority with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and represented to contain that 'fulness of the gospel' which was to be revealed in the latter days.

When this astonishing volume was completed, and lay at length legibly in fair manuscript, there arose an obvious difficulty respecting its publication. As no man is accounted a prophet in his own country, who would believe the miraculous story about its origin, and the way in which the work had been brought to light? How was any one to know that it was not utterly a fabrication, and that Joseph Smith, junior, was not an arrant knave and impostor? Assuredly there ought to be witnesses to testify concerning the facts set forth, and vouch in some sort for the credibility of Mr Joseph Smith's pretensions. This circumstance was accordingly provided for; witnesses, such as could be got, were providentially 'raised up' in the persons of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris; and the testimony which they sent forth was to the effect, that the original plates had been shewn to them by an angel. This statement was presently supported by eight other witnesses, who testify expressly that 'Joseph Smith, junior, the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; .... and we know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates .... and we give our names unto the world of that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness to it.' It might strike a sceptic as a suspicious circumstance, that the 'eight,' with one exception, belong to two families, evidently on terms of intimacy with each other; and further, that three of them belong to the family of Joseph Smith—being, in fact, his father and two brothers: but this, to a genuine believer in the prophet's claims, no doubt appears to be a consideration of no manner of moment. Certain it is, that from this point Joseph rises before us as the conspicuous founder of a sect, and begins to draw after him no inconsiderable number of converts.

Having made known his doctrine and pretensions to various persons, it was not unnatural that the wonderful plates should

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be a good deal talked about, and that some should even hesitate to believe unless they might be permitted to get sight of them. It was this difficulty which seems to have first suggested the publication of the statements of the witnesses. Among the first three, it will be seen, stands the name of Martin Harris; who—though in the subscribed document he professes to have seen the plates—was clearly not so privileged at the time when he first shewed a disposition to join the sect. Martin Harris was a farmer, whose religious opinions had for a long while been unsettled; he having been successively a member of the Society of Friends, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian; and on making Joseph Smith's acquaintance, was already prepared for another change. Having 'more credulity than judgment,' he was at once captivated by the doctrines and pretensions of the youthful prophet, and generously lent him fifty dollars to enable him to translate and publish his new Bible. While the work of translation was going on, Harris often desired to see the plates; but Joseph, with more than a prophet's cautiousness, invariably refused to shew them, alleging, as a sufficient reason for the refusal, that Mr Harris was 'not of pure heart enough' to be allowed a sight of such extraordinary treasures. However, he at length consented to make a transcript of a portion of them on paper, and presenting him with this, he told him that if he wished to be satisfied about the character of it, he might submit it to any learned scholar in the world. Smith could hardly have anticipated the consequences of this proceeding. Martin Harris, being an earnest man, went off with the paper to New York, and obtained an introduction to Professor Anthon, a gentleman well known both in America and Europe for his serviceable editions of the classics. The result of the interview was not known until three or four years afterwards, when the *Book of Mormon*, apparently through Mr Harris's assistance, had been published. Then, as a report was spread abroad by the Mormons that the professor had seen the plates, and pronounced the inscriptions to be in the Egyptian character, that gentleman was requested to declare whether such was actually the fact. In a letter written in February 1834, the professor says distinctly that the whole story is a falsehood. Some years before, Martin Harris had called on him with a paper filled with 'all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns,' which 'had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets:' there were rude distortions of Greek and Hebrew letters; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways; with crosses and flourishes interspersed throughout; and 'the whole ended with a rude delineation of a circle, divided into compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived.' Some time after, the farmer paid him a second visit, bringing with him the printed Book of Mormon, of which he begged the

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professor to take a copy. That gentleman endeavoured to convince him that he had been imposed upon, and advised him to apply to a magistrate, and get the thing investigated. Harris, however, expressed a fear that if he did so 'the curse of God' would come upon him. But on being pressed, he said that he would take steps to have the matter examined into, if the professor would take the 'curse' upon himself. To this the latter good-naturedly consented, and the poor man took his leave in a state of much hesitation and perplexity.

One can perceive from this what sort of stuff Mr Harris's head was made of, and can readily judge of the value of his 'testimony' in regard to Mormonism and its pretensions. The presumption is, that the other witnesses were persons of similarly confused minds, or that they consciously participated in a fraud. At any-rate, we do not find that any other individuals, Mormonites or otherwise, ever professed to have seen the plates; and certainly, of late years, all knowledge or account of them has been confessedly traditional. When unbelievers say: 'Shew us the gold plates, the original records of the Book of Mormon,' the Mormonite replies: 'Shew us the original manuscripts of any part of the Old or New Testaments,' and conceives that to be sufficient to silence all gainsayers. As to the book itself, the Mormons implicitly accept it; its origin and authenticity, as Smith and his associates have represented them, are matters of pure faith; no true Mormonite entertains a doubt about the genuineness or plenary inspiration of the volume. The general belief concerning it is thus summed up by one of the 'apostles,' in a publication called the *Voice of Warning*:—'The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards being slain, the records fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year 420, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario County, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bare record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world.'

Overlooking the incidental statement of Professor Anthon, the account so far given of the Book of Mormon will be understood to be that of the Mormonites themselves; but there remains to be presented another relation of its origin, which the American

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opponents of Mormonism consider to be the true one. According to this account, it would appear that, in the year 1809, a man of the name of Solomon Spaulding, who had formerly been a clergyman, and had afterwards failed in business, having his attention attracted by the notion, which at that time excited some interest and discussion, that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, it struck him that the idea might be turned to account as the groundwork of a religious novel. He accordingly set about a work of that description, which he entitled, *The Manuscript Found;* and labouring at it at intervals for three years, he in that time completed it. Two of the principal characters in this production are Mormon and his son Moroni—the same who act so large a part in Joseph Smith's Book of Mormon. The reason for this coincidence will presently appear. In the year 1812, Spaulding shewed his manuscript to a printer named Patterson, residing at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made in regard to its publication, the author died, and the manuscript is said to have remained for some time thereafter in Mr Patterson's possession. While here, it came under the notice of a compositor in his employ, named Sidney Rigdon, who was also a preacher in connection with some Christian sect, whose proper designation has not been stated. Rigdon appears to have borrowed the manuscript, and, according to one account, it would seem to have been in his hands when Mr Patterson died in 1826. Spaulding's widow, however, states that it had been returned to her husband before his death in 1816, and that it was subsequently read by several of her friends. But after her husband's decease, she seems to have spent the next three years in visiting her friends in different parts of the States; and during this period the manuscript was left at her brother's, somewhere near the residence of the Smiths. Whether Rigdon had, as she asserts, taken a copy of it, or whether the original now fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, there is no evidence for deciding. One thing only is clear, that by some person or other the manuscript was freely used as material in the composition of the Book of Mormon.

Whether Sidney Rigdon was concerned in the fabrication has not been distinctly ascertained; but it is a significant circumstance, that he afterwards became, next to Joseph Smith himself, the principal leader of the Mormons. How Joseph and this person became connected is not known, and which of the two originated the idea of making a new Bible out of Solomon Spaulding's novel, is equally uncertain. The wife, several friends, and the brother of Solomon Spaulding affirmed, however, the identity of the principal portions of the Book of Mormon with the novel of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author had from time to time, and in separate portions, read over to them. John Spaulding declared upon oath, that his brother's book was a historical romance, relating to the first settlers in America, endeavouring to shew that

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the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or of the lost ten tribes. He stated, that it gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi; and that it also mentioned the Lamanites. He added, that 'he had recently read the Book of Mormon, and to his great surprise he found nearly the same historical matter and names as in his brother's writings. To the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that his brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter.' The widow of Solomon Spaulding, afterwards married to a Mr Davison, made a statement in a Boston newspaper, in all substantial respects similar, clearly and distinctly identifying the historical portions of the Book of Mormon with her husband's novel, and claiming the whole as his own composition, with the exception of various pious phrases and expressions which had been here and there interpolated. We presume that the evidence thus supplied must decide the question of the authorship, and that there can hardly remain a doubt that the Book of Mormon was founded on the manuscript romance of Solomon Spaulding.

As regards the fabrication, it is not unlikely that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon acted in concert, and, mingling the materials thus provided for them with odds and ends of religious matter derived from the Old and New Testaments, produced that singular amalgamation which is now regarded as the Bible of the sect. As a literary composition, the work is but a bungling affair; the religious matter ingrafted upon the original romance being full of ungrammatical and illiterate expressions. For instance, such phrases as the following very frequently occur:—'Ye are like unto they;' 'Do as ye hath hitherto done;' 'I saith unto them;' 'These things had not ought to be;' 'Ye saith unto him;' 'I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women;' 'For a more history part are written upon my other plates.' Anachronisms are also frequent, and blunders of almost every imaginable kind abound. But all errors of grammar, all anachronisms, all proven contradictions, are admitted by the Mormons, and treated as things utterly indifferent. They allege that the Old and New Testaments contain ungrammatical passages, and yet are holy, and the undoubted Word of God; and that anachronisms and contradictions do not militate against the plenary inspiration either of the Bible or the Book of Mormon. They acknowledge all possible faults and objections which mere critics may detect; but affirm them to be of no account. Joseph Smith, say they, was a chosen vessel of grace, and it was not necessary, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, that he should accurately write the English language; nor can they regard his mission as being any way invalidated by a few human mistakes in his rendering of inspiration.

What the Book of Mormon was professedly framed to teach cannot easily be shewn, without going further into detail than is possible within present limits. It may, however, be mentioned,

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that the Mormonites regard it as an inspired volume, suitable to the exigencies of the Christian life in these latter times. They allege that the Book of Mormon, and a certain book of 'Doctrines and Covenants,' containing the substance of subsequent revelations made to the prophet, on various matters relating to the management of the church, form and constitute the 'fulness of the gospel;' that while they do not supersede or take anything from the Old or the New Testament, they have been designed to complete both, and are therefore to be included within the authentic canon of religious scriptures. Nevertheless, they seem to have formed ideas of God and of men's relations towards Him different from any which are promulgated in the Gospel. They acknowledge a material deity, and describe him as a being in human form, and as having the senses, passions, and all the particular attributes of humanity. 'We believe,' says Orson Spencer, an apostle of the church, 'that God is a being who hath both body and parts, and also passions;' and this notion is prominently set forth in many of the publications of the sect. In some other respects they profess to differ from the ordinary sectarian denominations. They believe in 'the existence of the gifts, in the true church, spoken of in Paul's letter to the Corinthians,' in what they describe as the 'powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel;' and mention in particular 'the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, healing, tongues and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love,' and some indefinite 'et cetera.' They believe also 'in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be established upon the western continent; and that Christ will reign personally upon the earth for a thousand years.' They recognise two orders of priesthood, which they call the Aaronic and the Melchisedek. The church is governed by a prophet, whom they sometimes call president; they have twelve apostles, a number of bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers; and they assert on behalf of Joseph Smith and many other distinguished leaders, that they had the power of working miracles and of casting out devils. They affirm that the end of the world is close at hand; and that they are the saints spoken of in the Apocalypse, who will be called to reign with Christ in a temporal kingdom on the earth.

The manner in which Joseph Smith professed to have received his priestly ordination is so curious and characteristic, that it cannot be justly overlooked. He relates that while he and Oliver Cowdery, his scribe, were engaged in translating the Book of Mormon, and while they were 'praying and calling upon the Lord' to aid them in the proper execution of the work, 'a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light,' and laying his hands upon them, ordained them, saying: 'Upon you, my fellow-servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels

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and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' He says, the messenger told them that 'this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost,' but that this should be conferred on them thereafter. 'And,' says Joseph, 'he commanded us to go and be baptised, and gave us directions that I should baptise Oliver Cowdery, and afterwards that he should baptise me. Accordingly, we went and were baptised. I baptised him first, and afterwards he baptised me. After which I laid my hand upon his head, and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthood; afterwards he laid his hands on me, and ordained me to the same priesthood, for so we were commanded. The messenger who visited us on this occasion, and conferred this priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament; and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which priesthood, he said, should in due time be conferred on us, and that I should be called the first elder, and he the second. It was on the 15th day of May 1829 that we were baptised and ordained under the hand of the messenger.'

Before the publication of the Book of Mormon, Joseph had already gathered to himself a small number of adherents. In 1830, the year after he began to announce his visions and to speak of the discovery of the plates, his followers amounted to five persons. Among these were included his father and three brothers; but in the course of a few weeks the number increased to thirty. On the 1st of June, in the year just mentioned, the first conference of the sect, as an organised church, was held at Fayette, where the prophet at that time resided. As the people of the neighbourhood generally regarded him as an impostor, his proceedings from the outset met with considerable opposition. Joseph, on the present occasion, had ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water, for the purpose of baptising his disciples. But before the ceremony was commenced, a mob collected, and broke down the preparations, using such language towards the prophet as was anything but flattering to him or his followers, threatening him with violence, and accusing him of robbery and swindling. They derided his prophetical pretensions, charged him with having lived the life of a reprobate, and in every way did their utmost to make him the object of ridicule and suspicion. Joseph, however, was nothing daunted. With singular tact, as well as courage, he bore down all detraction by confessing boldly that he *had once* led an improper and immoral life; but, unworthy as he was, 'the Lord had chosen him—had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in his own inscrutable purposes, to make him—weak and erring as he might have been—the instrument of his glory. Unlettered and comparatively ignorant he acknowledged

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himself to be; but then, said he, was not St Peter illiterate? Were not John and the other Christian apostles men of low birth and mean position before they were called to the ministry? And what had been done before, might it not be done again, if God willed it?' By arguments such as these he strengthened the faith of those who were inclined to believe in the divinity of his mission, and partially foiled the logic of those that were opposed to him. Absurd and fanatical as his theology may seem, it is not to be denied that he shewed thus early an unquestionable talent for influencing the opinions and commanding the sympathies of persons in any way disposed to credulity and enthusiasm.

He appears to have had many contests with the preachers and leading people of other religious sects, and to have signally exasperated them against him by the boldness of his self-sufficiency, and the boundless resources of his ingenuity and impudence, in asserting and defending his pretensions. Yet if he was arrogant and presumptuous, they were not the less dogmatic and intolerant. When Joseph proved himself utterly invincible by their logic, and was not to be put down by any taunts concerning his unworthiness as a man, or his incompetency as a scholar, they had recourse to the ordinary expedient of persecution. Their animosity rose so high at last, that the prophet and his followers found the place too strait for them; and, accordingly, to escape from the virulent opposition they had to contend with, the whole family of the Smiths and the most pertinacious of their adherents deemed it prudent to remove from Palmyra and Fayetteville, and to settle themselves in other quarters. The place they selected was Kirtland, in Ohio; but this they regarded only as a temporary resting-place. The attention of the sect was directed, from the very commencement of their organisation, to the desirableness of establishing themselves in the 'Far West' territories, where, in a thinly-settled and partially-explored country, they might squat down or purchase lands at a cheap rate, and clear the wilderness for their own purposes. Shortly after their removal to Kirtland, Oliver Cowdery was sent out on an exploratory expedition, and, coming back, reported so favourably of the beauty, fertility, and cheapness of the land in Jackson County, in Missouri, that Joseph Smith himself determined to go and visit the location.

Leaving his family and principal connections in Kirtland, he proceeded with Sidney Rigdon and some others upon a long and arduous journey, his object being to fix upon a site for the 'New Jerusalem'—the future city and metropolis of the divine kingdom, where Christ was to reign over the saints as a temporal king, in 'power and great glory.' They started, apparently, about the middle of June 1831, travelling by wagons or canal-boats, and sometimes on foot, as far as Cincinnati. From this place they proceeded by steamer to Louisville and St Louis, where at length all the civilised means of transport failed them. The rest of the journey, a distance of 300 miles, had to be performed on foot.

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With brave hearts and hopeful faces, however, they toiled along through the wilderness, and finally reached the town of Independence, in Jackson County, in the middle of July. Though footsore and weary, they were not sad; for the country, with its grandeurs and conveniences, surpassed their most sanguine expectations. It is pleasant to see how the prophet was enraptured at the sight of it, and how, in his description, there is even a touch of poetry. Looking intently on the landscape, he notes, 'as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows.' It is a fruitful and smiling land—a land overflowing with corn and fruits, and cotton and honey, and bountifully, though not too thickly, overspread with timber; the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, with a sprinkling of less attractive animals, roam over it at pleasure; and there are turkeys and geese, and swans and ducks, and every variety of the feathered race; and altogether it is an abundant and delightful region, and seems meet for the heritage of the elect of the Most High. Here, then, decides the prophet, shall be built the future Zion; and hither shall the Saints be gathered, that they may inherit and enjoy the land in all its plenty.

That there might be no doubt among his followers that this was assuredly the spot marked out by a considerate Providence as their place of settlement, Joseph Smith contrived to obtain a direct revelation on the subject. Indeed, whenever he had any difficulty, or was about to do anything that might startle or surprise the Saints, his course was invariably smoothed before him by a timely revelation. He had only to announce: 'Thus saith the Lord your God,' and add whatsoever he deemed convenient, and the matter in hand was authoritatively settled. On the present occasion, it was revealed to him that a certain district in Jackson County was 'the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion.' 'Behold,' says the document which he issued as a celestial communication, 'behold, the place which is now called Independence is the centre place, and a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the court-house; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints; and also every tract lying westward, even unto the line running directly between Jew and Gentile. And also every tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands.' The blending of scriptural phrase with business-like minuteness in this document is somewhat curious. It goes on to say: 'Let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, stand in the office which I have appointed him, to receive moneys, to be an agent unto the church, to buy lands in all the regions round about.' Another servant, Edward Partridge, is oracularly commanded 'to divide the Saints their inheritance.' And again, it runs: 'Verily, I say unto you, let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, plant himself in this place, and establish a store, that he may sell goods without fraud; that he may obtain money to buy lands for the good of the Saints.'

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Sidney Gilbert is also enjoined to 'obtain a licence that he may send goods unto the people,' so as to provide for the preaching of the gospel 'unto those who sit in darkness.' William Phelps is to be established 'as a printer unto the church;' 'and, lo!' says the revelation, 'if the world receiveth his writings, let him obtain whatsoever he can obtain in righteousness, for the good of the Saints. And let my servant, Oliver Cowdery, assist him . . . . . to copy, and to correct, and select, that all things may be right before me, as it shall be proved by the spirit through him.' And concerning the gathering, it is said: 'Let the bishop and the agent make preparations for those families which have been commanded to come to this land, as soon as possible, and plant them in their inheritance.'

On the first Sunday after his arrival, Joseph preached in the wilderness to a miscellaneous crowd of Indians, squatters, and a 'respectable company of negroes.' He made a few converts, and soon had another revelation, to the effect chiefly, that Martin Harris should 'be an example to the church in laying his moneys before the bishops of the church;' the said moneys being required to purchase land for a storehouse, 'and also for the house of the printing.' On the 3d of August, after a sojourn of about three weeks, the spot for the temple was solemnly laid out and dedicated; and Joseph, some days afterwards, having completed all his arrangements, established a bishop, and acquired, as he conceived, a firm footing for his sect in Jackson County, prepared to return into Ohio, to look after his affairs at Kirtland. On the homeward journey, nothing of consequence occurred, except that once 'Brother Phelps, in open vision, by daylight, saw the Destroyer (otherwise called the Devil) ride upon the waters' of a river near which the party was encamped. 'Others,' says Joseph, 'heard the noise, but saw not the vision.' The devil, however, was quite harmless; and after a journey of twenty-four days, the pilgrims all arrived at Kirtland.

It is a peculiarity of our prophet, that he always had the keenest eye to business. On his return to Kirtland, by the aid of others, members of the church, he established a mill, a store, and a bank. Of the latter, he appointed himself president, and intrusted Sidney Rigdon with the office of cashier. It was the object of himself and of the sect to stay in Kirtland and make money for the next five years; until, in short, the wilderness should be cleared, and the temple built in Zion.

Meanwhile, Joseph lost no opportunity of propagating his religion, and of planting branches of his church wherever he could find a soil adapted to his doctrines. He travelled about preaching in various parts of the United States, making converts with great rapidity. He had two great elements of persuasion in his favour—sufficient novelty, and unconquerable perseverance. His doctrine was both old and new. It had something of the old that was calculated to attract such as would have been repelled by a creed

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altogether new, and it had sufficient novelty to strike the attention and inflame the imagination of many whose minds would have been totally uninfluenced by current and established dogmas, however powerfully preached. Basing his faith upon isolated passages of the Bible; claiming direct inspiration from Heaven; promising possession of the earth, and limiting eternal blessings, to all true believers; and, moreover, announcing his mission with a courage and audacity that despised difficulty and danger; it is not surprising that ignorant and credulous people should everywhere have listened to him, and reverently credited his extravagant pretensions. Nevertheless, his success as a propagandist was not without some drawbacks. Never, perhaps, until this enlightened nineteenth century, was it the lot of a prophet to be tarred and feathered! Such, however, was the ridiculous martyrdom which Mohammed Smith was called upon to suffer at the hands of lawless men. One night, in the month of March 1832, 'a mob of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites,' and other miscellaneous zealots, broke into his peaceable dwelling-house, and dragging him from the wife of his bosom, stripped him naked, and in the way just indicated, most despitefully maltreated him. Under the bleak midnight sky, they carried him into a meadow a little distance from the house, and there, with curses and wild uproar, anointed his sacred person with that dark impurity which Falstaff mentions as having a tendency to defile; and then rolling him well in feathers, set him at liberty—a spectacle not inappropriate for a scarecrow! Sidney Rigdon was similarly handled, and rendered temporarily crazy by the treatment. As to the prophet, it took the whole night for his friends to cleanse his polluted skin. Yet, the next day being the Sabbath, with his 'flesh all scarified and defaced,' he preached to the congregation as usual, and in the afternoon of the same day baptised three individuals. Thus, under the absurdest persecution, the church prospers and increases, and Prophet Joseph loses nothing of his natural audacity, nor abates one whit in his confident self-assertion.

However, calling to mind the scriptural injunction: 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another,' Joseph seems to have thought that it would not be amiss to absent himself a little from the scene of so bathotic a disaster. Accordingly, he started on the 2d of April, with a small company of adherents, for the settlement in Missouri, designing, as he said, to fulfil the revelation. Some of his inhuman persecutors dogged his steps as far as Louisville, taunting and harassing him by the way; but getting protection from the captain of a steam-boat, he arrived in safety at Independence on the 26th. Here he found the Saints going ahead with great rapidity. In obedience to a revelation which he had sent them, a printing-press had been established, and the work of proselytising was advancing famously. A monthly periodical, called the *Morning and Evening Star*, was conducted by Mr Phelps, the printer to the church; and a weekly newspaper, devoted exclusively

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to the interests of Mormonism, had been started under the title of the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. The number of the disciples amounted to nearly 3000; while in Kirtland, including women and children, they had not yet exceeded 150. The new Zion was clearly thriving, and would soon be ready for the gathering of the brethren from other quarters. Being enthusiastically received by the congregation, and solemnly acknowledged as their 'prophet, seer, and president of the high-priesthood of the church,' Joseph, after a brief and pleasant sojourn, left the place in perfect confidence that all was going on prosperously.

Perhaps he ought to have remembered, that often when things are most prosperous in appearance, there is apt to be some latent mischief or misfortune in process of development. And, to speak truly, the manner in which the Saints behaved themselves in Zion, was anything but calculated to make friends among the Gentiles. They assumed an offensive superiority over their neighbours, and spoke rather too boldly of their determination to take possession of the whole state of Missouri, and to permit no one to live in it who did not conform themselves to the Mormon creed and discipline. Strange rumours also began to spread concerning their peculiarities of intercourse and ways of living. They were accused of communism, and not simply of a community of goods and chattels, but also of a community of wives. This charge appears to have been utterly unfounded, but it was not the less effective in arousing the indignation of the people of Independence and Missouri against the Mormons. A party was secretly formed, whose object was to expel them from the state. The printing-office of the *Star* was razed to the ground, and the types and presses confiscated. A Mormon bishop was tarred and feathered, and Editor Phelps had a narrow escape from a touch of the like treatment. Outrages of almost every description were committed by armed mobs upon the Mormons, till at length they saw no chance or likelihood of ever being left at peace; and the final result was, that—having no other resource—the leaders agreed that, if time were given, the people should remove westward to some other situation.

Under circumstances of such peril and humiliation, the Saints, not unadvisedly, despatched Oliver Cowdery to Kirtland with a message to the prophet. Joseph Smith, as became his situation, proved himself not unfertile in resources. He decided that the *Morning and Evening Star* should be thenceforth published in Kirtland, and that another newspaper should be started to supply the place of the one lately printed in Missouri. He also resolved to apply to the governor of that state, and to demand justice for the outrages inflicted upon the sect. Anything that could be done to aid the brethren from a distance he was prompt and ready to undertake; but, under the circumstances, he did not deem it circumspect to venture personally into Zion. He sent his followers a prophet's blessing and a word of comfort; and then, in company

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with Sidney Rigdon and another, made a journey into Canada, with the design of gaining converts.

Meanwhile, in reply to a petition which had been sent him by the Mormons, the governor of Missouri responded by a sensible and conciliatory letter. He alluded to the attack upon them as being illegal and unjustifiable, and recommended them to remain where they were, and to apply for redress to the ordinary tribunals of the country. Acting on the strength of this advice, the Mormons commenced actions against the ringleaders of the mob, engaging, by a fee of 1000 dollars, the best legal assistance to support their case. But on the 30th of October, the mob again rose in arms to expel them. Several houses of the Saints were sacked and partially demolished. The Mormons, in some instances, defended their possessions, and a regular battle ensued between them and their opponents. In this encounter, it happened that two of the latter were killed; and thenceforth the fray became so furious and alarming, that the militia was obliged to be called out to suppress it. The militia, however, being anti-Mormon to a man, took sides entirely against them, and the hapless Saints had no alternative except in flight. The women took alarm, and fled with their children across the Missouri river, where, being afterwards joined by their husbands, they all encamped in the open wilderness. They ultimately took refuge for the most part in Clay County, where they appear to have been received with some degree of kindness.

The public authorities of Missouri, and indeed all the principal people, except those of Jackson County, were exceedingly scandalised at these proceedings, and sympathised with the efforts of the Mormon leaders to obtain redress. The attorney-general of the state wrote to say, that if the Mormons desired to be re-established in their possessions, an adequate public force should be sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the state, and organise themselves into a regular company of militia, promising to supply them with arms at the public expense. About the same time a message arrived from the prophet, who had now returned to Kirtland, urging them to abide by their possessions, and not in any case to sell any land to which they had a legal title, but hold on 'until the Lord in his wisdom should open a way for their return.' Nevertheless, for present emergencies, he recommended them to purchase a tract of land in Clay County, and to tarry there awhile, abiding their time. He likewise communicated to them a revelation, by which they were commanded to importune the courts of justice to reinstate them in their possessions, and promised that, in case of failure, 'the Lord God himself would arise and come out of his hiding-place, and in his fury vex the nation.'

The Mormons, however, were never more restored to their beloved Zion. They remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. The land on which they settled was mostly uncleared,

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but being an industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business as successfully as in their previous location. But here also the suspicions and ill-feeling of the people were soon aroused against them, and were eventually the cause of their expulsion from the whole state of Missouri. The bearing of the Mormons towards the slavery question, the calumny about their community of wives, their loud pretensions of superior holiness, their repeated declarations that Missouri had been assigned to their possession by divine command, and the quarrels that were constantly resulting, brought about the same kind of misunderstandings and collisions which they had experienced in Jackson County.

At this juncture—namely, on the 5th of May 1834—Joseph Smith, the prophet, resolved to visit his persecuted church, and try what he could do to put the affairs of his scattered and dispirited disciples into order. He brought with him an organised company of 100 persons, mostly young men, and nearly all priests, deacons, teachers, and officers of the church. Twenty of them formed the body-guard of the prophet, his brother, Hyrum Smith, being captain, and another brother, George Smith, his armour-bearer. On the way, he was intercepted by the people of Jackson County, one of the leaders of whom, named Campbell, swore 'that the eagles and turkey-buzzards should eat his flesh, if he did not, before two days, fix Joe Smith and his army so that their skins should not hold shucks.' Joseph, who relates the story, says, however, that Campbell and his men 'went to the ferry, and undertook to cross the Missouri river after dusk; but the angel of God saw fit to sink the boat about the middle of the river, and seven out of the twelve that attempted to cross were drowned. Thus suddenly and justly,' he adds, 'they went to their own place by water. Campbell was among the missing. He floated down the river some four or five miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift-wood, where the eagles, buzzards, ravens, crows, and wild animals, ate his flesh from his bones, to fulfil his own words, and left him a horrible-looking skeleton of God's vengeance, which was discovered about three weeks afterwards by one Mr Purtle.' But, though sustaining no material damage from the vindictive Mr Campbell, Joseph lost thirteen of his band by the ravages of cholera. Marching onwards, however, he arrived in Clay County on the 2d of July; and in the course of his brief stay of seven days, succeeded in establishing the Saints in their new settlement, on a better footing than he found them occupying on his arrival.

The history of the sect for the next three years is one of strife and contention with their enemies in Missouri. The numbers of the Mormons increased with the numbers of their opponents; and the warfare raged so bitterly, that the whole people of the state were ranged either on one side or the other. At length, in the autumn of 1837, Joseph's bank at Kirtland suddenly stopped

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payment; the district was flooded with his paper, and proceedings were taken against him and the other managers for swindling. At this untoward juncture, the prophet received a convenient revelation, commanding him to depart finally for Missouri, and live among the Saints in the land of their inheritance. A scandal runs, that he obeyed the call by departing secretly in the night; or, in Yankee phraseology, he went off 'between two days,' leaving his creditors to such remedy as might be open to them. On arriving in Missouri, he found the affairs of his church in considerable confusion. The Saints had become a numerous and powerful body; but they did not agree among themselves, and occasional seceders spread abroad all sorts of rumours and strange stories in condemnation of their polity. A great schism broke out in 1838, when Joseph Smith took occasion to denounce some of his oldest and most intimate confederates. Among these were Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Sidney Rigdon, and several other distinguished apostles and disciples. Sidney Rigdon was afterwards received back into favour and forgiven, inasmuch as he was too important a personage to be converted into an enemy. During the progress of these internal squabbles, the Gentiles of Jackson and Clay counties persisted in their persecutions, making constantly repeated efforts to expel the Mormons altogether from Missouri.

This object was finally effected in the latter part of the year 1838; and the Mormons, to the number of 15,000, took refuge in Illinois. They purchased lands in the vicinity of the town of Commerce, and shortly afterwards changed the name of the place into Nauvoo, or the City of Beauty. The country was rich in agricultural resources, and the Mormons failed not to turn them to account. 'Soon,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness: gardens sprung up as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the old and new world, whose seeds were brought as mementoes from former homes by the converts that flocked to the new state of Zion; broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce; the steam-boat unladed its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandise; fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills.' A site for the temple was chosen on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and the building was commenced according to a plan or pattern which the prophet professed to have received by revelation. Flourishing centres of dense settlements sprung up in the neighbourhood of the city, and the accessions and exertions of emigrants enlarged the borders of the faithful. In the course of eighteen months, the people had erected about 2000 houses, besides schools and a variety of public buildings. The place became a populous and imposing-looking town. Joseph Smith was appointed mayor, and for awhile enjoyed an undisturbed supremacy. His word was law;

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he was the temporal and spiritual head of the community; and, besides his titles of prophet, president, and mayor, he held the military title of general, in right of his command over a body of militia, which he organised under the name of the Nauvoo Legion.

Somewhere about the time at which we have now arrived, the sect began to be heard of in England. Missionaries from America appeared in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, and in several towns and places in South Wales. Their preaching was attended with very considerable success, and in three or four years the sect numbered in this country upwards of 10,000 converts. A copy of the Book of Mormon was forwarded, at the prophet's desire, to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—a circumstance whereat the Saints in Nauvoo were much delighted, though what reception the volume met with has not been publicly ascertained. The English converts were generally urged to emigrate; and great numbers of them for some years past have been flocking to the various Mormon settlements. Numbers in these years arrived and settled at Nauvoo. But it was not to these alone that the increase of the population was confined. As Lieutenant Gunnison has related: 'Horse-thieves and housebreakers, robbers and villains, gathered there to cloak their deeds in mystery, who, caring nothing for religion, could take the appearance of baptism, and be among, but not of them. Speculators came in and bought lots, with the hope of great remuneration as the colony increased. The latter class, unwilling to pay tithes, soon fell into disrepute; and when proper time had elapsed for conversion without effect, measures were taken to oust them.' The manner of effecting this was characteristic and somewhat singular. 'A proper sum would be offered for their improvements and lands, and, if not accepted, then petty annoyances were resorted to. One of these was called "whittling off." Three men would be deputed and paid for their time, to take their jack-knives and sticks—downeast Yankees, of course—and, sitting down before the obnoxious man's door, begin their whittling. When the man came out, they would stare at him, but say nothing. If he went to the market, they followed and whittled. Whatever taunts, curses, or other provoking epithets were applied to them, no notice would be taken, no word spoken in return, no laugh on their faces. The jeers and shouts of street urchins made the welkin ring, but deep silence pervaded the whittlers. Their leerish look followed him everywhere, from "morning dawn to dusky eve." When he was in-doors, they sat patiently down, and assiduously performed their jack-knife duty. Three days are said to have been the utmost that human nature could endure of this silent annoyance. The man came to terms, sold his possessions for what he could get, or emigrated to parts unknown.'

Notwithstanding these discreditable accessions, the Mormons proper continued to increase in numbers. While settled at Nauvoo, they boasted of having 100,000 persons professing their faith in

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the United States. They began to be a distinct and imposing power in the country, and in various places influenced the elections. On all political questions they were perfectly united. So bold did they become, that in 1844 they put Joseph Smith in nomination for the presidency. This was considered an absurd movement; but the Mormons, nevertheless, assert that had he lived for the next trial after, he would have been elected. No opportunity, however, was afforded him to test the truth of the prediction. A dark day for the Mormons was approaching. The people amidst whom they lived complained that their property was constantly disappearing, and that traces of it were often found in the city of Nauvoo. The redress proposed to be given them by the Mormon courts was declared to be unavailing, as the causes tried there always went against them. No Mormon could by any chance be brought to justice, they said. The leaders of the sect were likewise charged with political aspirations. It was said that they aimed to rule the state, and, under the pretence of a spiritual direction, set the laws at defiance. But, more than all, intestine quarrels conspired to bring about a distressing crisis in their affairs. Many influential and talented persons, finding themselves deceived, both in the sanctity of the prophet and in advancing their temporal fortunes, deserted his standard, and denounced him for licentiousness, drunkenness, and tyranny. Women impeached him of attempted seduction; which his apology, that it was merely to see if they were virtuous, could not satisfy. Criminations brought back recriminations against certain men.* A newspaper under the prophet's control lashed the dissenters with great bitterness; and, on the other hand, the dissenters set up a counter-organ, wherein they detailed the most offensive charges of debauchery against the prophet and his principal supporters. A city-council was then convened, and measures were immediately taken to silence the defamers. A mob of the 'faithful' destroyed their printing-press, scattering the types in the streets, and burning an edition of their paper. After finishing this work of demolition, they repaired to head-quarters, and were complimented by the prophet and his brother Hyrum, and received from them the promise of some appropriate reward. This, however, they never got, for a grand and fatal outrage was presently transacted, which brought both the power and the life of the prophet suddenly to an end.

It being impossible to bring the Mormon mob to justice through the Nauvoo courts, the officer who undertook to deal with them procured a county writ, and attempted to enforce it in the manner resorted to against ordinary offenders. But this attempt was opposed and prevented by the people and troops in Nauvoo; and when at length the militia were called out, Joseph Smith, as mayor and commanding-general of the legion, declared the city under martial law. Thereupon an appeal was made to the governor of

* See Gunnison.

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the state, who forthwith ordered out three companies of the state militia, to bring the prophet and his adherents to submission, and to enforce their obedience to the laws. An officer was despatched to arrest Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but to avoid the indignity, they crossed over the Mississippi into Iowa, and there stayed to watch events, keeping up by a boat a correspondence with the Mormon council. Finding at length that their own people were incensed at their desertion, the council advised the Smiths to surrender to the governor, and to stand their trial for such a violation of the law as they could be charged with. They, accordingly, repaired to Carthage, the seat of government, and were there indicted for treason, and, in company with two of their apostles, were lodged in the county jail.

It is related that the prophet had a presentiment of evil in this affair, and said, as he surrendered: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent.' As the mob still breathed vengeance against the prisoners, and as the militia sided with the people, and were not to be depended on in the way of preventing violence, the governor was requested by the citizens of Nauvoo and other Mormons to set a guard over the jail. But the governor, seeing things apparently quiet, discharged the troops, and simply promised justice to all parties. It now began to be rumoured that there would be no case forthcoming against the Smiths, and that the governor was anxious they should escape. Influenced by this belief, a band of about 200 ruffians conspired to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. 'If law could not reach them,' they said, 'powder and shot should.' On the 27th of June 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated, and having broken in, fired upon the four all at once. Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. He then threw up the window, and attempted to leap out, but was killed in the act by the balls of the assailants outside. Both were again shot after they were dead, each receiving no less than four balls. One of the two Mormons who were with them was seriously wounded, but afterwards recovered; and the other is said to have escaped 'without a hole in his robe.'

Here, then, ends the life and prophetic mission of Joseph Smith. Henceforth the Mormons are left to be guided by another leader. Of himself it has been said: 'He founded a dynasty which his death rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century, is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having 150,000 ready to do his bidding when he died; all of whom regarded his voice as from Heaven. Among his disciples he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom

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they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read.' Nevertheless, it is added: 'But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life. With those who knew him in his youth, and have given us solemn testimony, he is declared an indolent vagabond, an infamous liar of consummate impudence. He is regarded by the "Gentiles," who saw him in the last few years of successful power, to have been a man of unbridled lust, and engaged with the counterfeiting and robbing bands of the Great Valley; but these charges have never been substantiated.' The man had faults enough, no doubt; but it would be the grossest injustice to deny that he had also some sterling and commanding qualities. Much of the impostor as one may detect in the beginnings of his career, any one who carefully observes his progress, may perceive that his character and designs became developed into something that was at least partially commendable. A rude, uncouth genius, who, like many another genius, for a long while apprehended not his mission; knew not the things which Nature had appointed him to do; and yet, with a blind unconscious instinct—manifested through many follies and insincerities—he struggled, and could not help but struggle, to make felt the influence and administrative power which he was born to exercise among mankind. We may call him a sort of mongrel-hero, and non-commissioned leader of the unguided; a charlatan-fanatic, whose work was half knavery and half earnest, and whom, probably, Nature had ordained to do the rough pioneering of civilisation in the waste places of her kingdoms. That he had available powers for leading and for ruling men, there is proof in the multitude and successful consolidation of his adherents. Saint or sinner, Joseph Smith must be reckoned a remarkable man in his generation; one who began and accomplished a greater work than he was aware of; and whose name, whatever he may have been whilst living, will take its place among the notabilities of the world.

After his death, the Mormons were somewhat agitated by the question of the succession to his seership. Sidney Rigdon and others came forward with claims and pretensions to the office; but finally the council of the twelve unanimously elected Brigham Young. 'This man,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'with a mien of the most retiring modesty and diffidence in ordinary intercourse in society, holds a spirit of ardent feeling and great shrewdness; and when roused in debate, or upon the preacher's stand, exhibits a boldness of speech and grasp of thought that awes and enchains with intense interest—controlling, soothing, or exasperating at pleasure the multitudes that listen to his eloquence.'

One of the first things which the new president had to do, was to conduct the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and to establish them in a settlement where they should no longer be molested. Almost as soon as he was elected, arrangements began

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to be made for abandoning the city; and in the spring of 1845, several parties set out on a dreary journey still further to the west. Numbers, however, remained behind to complete and consecrate the temple—a work which they ultimately effected amid general rejoicings. But no sooner was this labour of piety accomplished, than they were compelled to leave the honoured edifice, and the city in which it stood, to be 'profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles.' The hostility of their neighbours never once abated until they had driven them utterly out of the state; and on the part of the Mormons it was finally resolved to seek out and colonise some new and remote territory.

With this object, men were sent to the mountains, to the heads of the Missouri branches, and to California, to spy out the land; and the Calebs and Joshuas of the expedition brought such a report of the Great Salt Lake Valley, that it was immediately chosen for what the Saints were pleased to call 'an everlasting abode.' In the spring of 1847, a pioneer-party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the rest of the people, in parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds, followed. The strictest discipline of guard and march was observed by the way. After many perils, and hardships almost indescribable, they at last reached their destination. Great joy to the weary wanderers was the first sight of the goodly valley, as they beheld it before them from the final mountain summit. 'As each team rose upon the narrow table, the delighted pilgrims saw the white salt beach of the Great Lake glistening in the never-clouded sunbeam of summer—and the view down the open gorge of the mountains, divided by a single conical peak, into the long-toiled-for vale of repose, was most ravishing to the beholder. Few such ecstatic moments are vouchsafed to mortals in the pilgrimage of life, when the dreary past is all forgotten, and the soul revels in unalloyed enjoyment, anticipating the fruition of hope.' A few moments were allotted to each party to gaze and admire, and then with measured pace they journeyed forward, and after some sixteen miles further travelling, emerged into the valley which was to be thenceforward their unmolested home.

The journey ended, work was instantly commenced. The industry of the Mormons has, ever since they became a sect, been pre-eminently exemplary. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted! Tents and cabins were rapidly erected for the temporary service of the emigrants; but very shortly a city was laid out, and a fort, enclosing about forty acres, built for its protection. Everywhere the most cheerful and prosperous activity went on. As yet, however, the hardships of the Mormons were not ended. During the first year, every month was so mild that they constantly ploughed and sowed; but though the winter was thus auspicious, and all things promising, they were so reduced in provisions as to be obliged to eat the hides of the slaughtered animals, and even eagerly searched for them out

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of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of the houses, to boil them for that purpose. They also dug up the wild roots used for food by the Indians. But, we are informed, the most formidable enemy they had to contend with, as the crops were nearing maturity, was an army of black ungainly crickets, which, descending from the mountain-sides, destroyed every bit of herbage in their way. No wonder the Mormon farmers considered it a miracle, when, in despair from the ravages of these 'black Philistines,' they at length were visited by large flights of beautiful white gulls, which in a short time exterminated the enemy. The next season they came earlier, and thereby saved the wheat from any harm whatever; and since then they have regularly appeared, and move hither and thither about the settlement, as tame as household pigeons. Since the first year, the crops of the Mormons have amply met their wants; and for the last three years there has been a surplus of food among them, which was sold to the gold emigrants at a less price than provisions were selling 400 miles nearer the States, and of course that distance further from the California diggings.

The social condition of this remarkable people in their present settlement is thus described by Lieutenant Gunnison, who lived among them for more than a year, in an official capacity connected with a recent exploring expedition to the Deseret or Utah territory, under direction of the United States government. He says: 'Their admirable system of combining labour, while each has his own property, in land and tenements, and the proceeds of his industry, the skill in dividing off lands, and conducting the irrigating canals to supply the want of water, which rarely falls between April and October; the cheerful manner in which every one applies himself industriously, but not laboriously; the complete reign of good neighbourhood and quiet in house and fields, form themes for admiration to the stranger coming from the dark and sterile recesses of the mountain-gorges into this flourishing valley: and he is struck with wonder at the immense results produced in so short a time by a handful of individuals. This is the result of the guidance of all those hands by one master-mind;* and we see a comfortable people residing where, it is not too much to say, the ordinary mode of subduing and settling our wild lands could never have been applied. To accomplish this, there was required religious fervour, with the flame fanned by the breezes of enthusiasm, the encircling of bands into the closest union, by the outward pressure of persecution; the high hopes of laying up a prospective reward, and returning to their deserted homes in great prosperity; the belief of re-enacting the journey of the Israelitish Church under another Moses, through the Egypt already passed, to arrive at another Jerusalem, more heavenly in its origin, and beautiful in its proportions and decorations. Single families on

* Brigham Young.

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that line of travel would have starved, or fallen by the treachery of the Sioux, the cunning of the Crows and Shoshones, or the hatred of the savage Utahs. Concert and courage of the best kind were required and brought into the field, and the result is before us—to their own minds, as the direct blessing and interposition of Providence; to others, the natural reward of associated industry and perseverance. . . . . Their comparative comfort and degree of prosperity is significantly shewn by the fact, that they canvassed the country, to ascertain how many inmates there would be for a poor-house, and finding only two disposed to ask public bounty, they concluded that it was not yet time to build a house of charity; and this among the thousands who, three years before, were deprived of their property, and could with the utmost difficulty transport their families into the valley!'

Among no people is the dignity of labour held more sacred than by the Mormons. The excellency and honourableness of work is exemplified in their whole polity and organisation. 'A lazy person,' we are told, 'is either accursed, or likely to be; usefulness is their motto; and those who will not keep themselves, or try their best, are left to starve into industry. . . . . The labour for support of one's self and family is taught to be of as divine a character as public worship and prayer. In practice, their views unite them so as to procure all the benefits of social Christianity without running into communism. The priest and the bishop make it their boast that, like Paul the tent-maker, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; and teach by example on the week-day what they preach on the Sabbath.'

The territory of Utah is extensive, but it is calculated that hardly one acre in ten is fit for profitable cultivation. Immense tracts of pasturage around the cultivable spots are held in common, and are not intended to be given up to the possession of individuals. It is worthy of being mentioned, that when the Mormons arrived in the valley, they did not quarrel about the fertile, eligible plots, but put a portion under cultivation jointly, and made equitable apportionment of the proceeds of the crop, according to the skill, labour, and seed contributed. The city was laid off into lots, which, by mutual consent, were assigned by the presidency, on a plan of equitable and judicious distribution. It is true, after the assignments were made, some persons commenced the usual speculations of selling according to eligibility of situation; but this called forth anathemas from the spiritual power, and no one was permitted to traffic for the sake of profit. If any sales were to be made, the first cost and actual value of improvements were all that was to be allowed. 'The land belongs to the Lord,' it was said, 'and his Saints are to use so much as each can work profitably.'

The Great Salt Lake city, which is laid out in squares, is described as a place of great attractions. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 feet side-walks; and a creek which runs through

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the city, is so divided as to run along each walk and water a colonnade of trees, and is made likewise to communicate with the gardens. The lots contain nearly an acre each, and face on alternate streets, with eight lots in every block. The site of the city is slightly sloping, with the exception of a part to the north, where it rises into a sort of natural terrace. It is four miles square, and is watered by several small streams, and a canal twelve miles long, besides being bounded on the western side by the Jordan river. Besides this central city, there are four other colonies which have branched off from it; and towns, with thickly-populated and rapidly-growing suburbs, extend along a line of 200 miles of country. Various public edifices have been built, or are now in progress of erection. In one place, a large and commodious state-house was completed in 1850; and there is a wooden railway laid down to certain quarries some miles distant, for the purpose of transporting the fine red sandstone to a situation called the Temple Block, 'where a gorgeous pile is to be erected, which shall surpass in magnificence any yet built by man, and which shall be second only to that finally to be constructed by themselves, when the presidency shall be installed at the New Jerusalem, on the temple-site of Zion.'

The system of government under which the Mormons live is described by themselves as a 'Theo-democracy.' They are organised into a state, with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices, regularly filled, under a constitution said to be eminently republican in sentiment, and tolerant in religion. The president of the church is the temporal civil governor, and rules in virtue of prophetic right over the community. They profess to stand, in a civil capacity, like the Israelites of old under their leader Moses. The legislature can make no law to regulate the revelations of the prophet, save in so far as may be necessary to carry them into practical effect. The entire management and ultimate control of everything is vested in the presidency, which consists of three persons—the seer, and two counsellors of his selection. It is this board that governs the universal Mormon church—called universal, because they claim to have preached in almost every nation, and in every congressional district of the United States; and have established societies called 'Stakes of Zion,' on the model of their home-assembly, on the islands of the ocean, and on either continent. All are bound to obey the presidency—at home, in all things; and abroad, in things spiritual, independent of every consideration—and the converts are commanded to gather to the mountains as fast as may be convenient and compatible with their character and situation.

The reason for this command is grounded in those peculiar spiritual pretensions which have all along conduced to separate the Mormons from other civilised communities. The leading pretension is, that they constitute the only true church of God and Jesus Christ; and they profess to rest their hopes on the

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expectation of divine intervention in gathering to themselves all who are destined and prepared to embrace the 'true and everlasting gospel.' When their numbers shall be complete, they suppose that all the sects of Christendom will be absorbed into the one which will be most concentrated and numerous. This amalgamated host will then constitute what they seem to regard as the army of Antichrist, which, 'under the banner of the Pope of Rome,' will prepare to confront the Saints of the Latter Days in mortal conflict. In the contest, the Saints expect to be victorious; and then the earth will become their undivided property, and Christ will descend from heaven to reign over them through a blissful millennium.

It were idle to say anything about the absurdity of the claims thus cursorily summed up; and, indeed, it is matter of question whether the Mormons will long continue to entertain them. We suspect that even now they obtain but little recognition, except among the speculative and most visionary of the priestly orders, and are by them for the most part reserved as esoteric mysteries. We are told that the preaching from the pulpit, and the usual extempore teachings, are restricted to the promulgation of doctrines like those commonly inculcated by the Christian sects which hold to faith, repentance, baptism, and the resurrection of the body. 'Their mode of conducting worship is to assemble at a particular hour, and the senior priest then indicates order by asking a blessing on the congregation and exercises, when a hymn from their own collection is sung, prayer made extempore, and another sacred song, followed by a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, which is usually continued by exhortations and remarks from those who "feel moved upon to speak." Then notice of the arrangement of the tithe-labour for the ensuing week, and information on all secular matters interesting to them in a church capacity, is read by the council-clerk, and the congregation dismissed by a benediction.'* Everything of a gloomy or sombre character is excluded from the ordinances; and during the assembling and departure of the congregation, their feelings are exhilarated by an excellent band of music playing marches, waltzes, and animating anthems.

In all their social and domestic relations, the Mormons are represented as being uniformly cheerful. Though professedly living in anticipation of a miraculous millennium, they object not to enjoy the hour that now is, and cordially participate in all the healthful and gladdening satisfactions which this temporary state affords. It is one of their peculiarities to blend the serious with the gay, and to invest their most light and frivolous pastimes with a kind of religious sanction. 'In their social gatherings and evening-parties,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'patronised by the presence of the prophets and apostles, it is not unusual to open the

* Gunnison.

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ball with prayer, asking the blessing of God upon their amusements, as well as upon any other engagement; and then will follow the most sprightly dancing, in which all join with hearty good-will, from the highest dignitary to the humblest individual; and this exercise is to become part of the temple-worship, to "praise God in songs and dances." These private balls and soirées are frequently extended beyond the time of cock-crowing by the younger members; and the remains of the evening repast furnish the breakfast for the jovial guests. The cheerful happy faces, the self-satisfied countenances, the cordial salutation of brother or sister on all occasions of address, the lively strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts in every domicile, as women and children sing their "songs of Zion," while plying the domestic tasks, give an impression of a happy society in the vales of Deseret.'

In only one respect can the Mormons be said to outrage the ordinary morality of mankind—and that is in what has been styled 'their peculiar institution of polygamy.' 'That many have a large number of wives in Deseret,' says Gunnison, 'is perfectly manifest to any one residing long among them; and, indeed, the subject begins to be more openly discussed than formerly; and it is announced that a treatise is in preparation, to prove by the Scriptures the right of plurality by all Christians, if not to declare their own practice of the same.' This we must regard as a serious and debasing blemish in their 'patriarchal' form of life, tending, as it manifestly does, to the inevitable dishonouring of women, and the desecration of the holy ties of family. It seems probable, however, that among a people so generally earnest and sincere, there is natural health and virtue enough to lead them back eventually to a nobler and purer relation of the sexes—to that sacred and only natural relation which from the first has been ordained to man and woman.

There are some other disturbing elements in Mormonism, which are most likely destined to be cast out or modified, if their peculiar social polity is ever to be anything but a temporary experiment. Right as they may be, theoretically, in holding that just and proper human government rests upon a true interpretation of the divine will, their practical exemplification of the principle is nothing more than a product of the human will—the will, namely, of the seer—supported and directed by such judgment, intelligence, and other mere natural ability which he may happen to possess. If the voice of the seer were, in fact, the voice of God, all would indeed be well, and their theocratical pretensions might seem to be sufficiently established. But so long as we have only the seer's word, and the assertions of his disciples in support of the assumption, the claim of a divine right to govern must be tested by its results; and whether these be admirable or the contrary, the power of a ruler acting by so indefinite a right, resolves itself into a manifestation of pure despotism. While the despotism is just, and the people comparatively incompetent to take part in the management of

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their political affairs, such a system of government may be productive of advantages, and in most respects answer the needs and ends of the society; but as education spreads, and the perennial inspiration of the seer comes to be doubted or denied, a pretension so arrogant and preposterous will inevitably produce rebellions, and must finally go the way of all the shams that have been annihilated. This the present president, Brigham Young, apparently perceives, for we hear that, with praiseworthy caution, he is 'wary of giving revelations,' and seems to be waiting for the time when they may be quietly dispensed with. He tells the people that the prophet has left more work carved out, than several years of faithful diligence will accomplish; and until all the duties thus entailed have been fulfilled, he does not consider it needful to ask for any more light from Heaven!

In drawing what we have written to a close, our own conclusion is, that the Mormon doctrines are for the most part nonsense, but that what the Mormons *do* is in many ways commendable. The world may very well permit them to indulge in their millennial fancies and patriarchal crotchets, so long as they live peaceably and honestly among themselves, and make no intolerant aggressions on the beliefs and religious systems that differ from their own. Their steadfast and honourable industry, the unity of aim and sentiment that subsists among them, their zealous devotion to a central idea, their reverent, if perverted, recognition of a Supreme Power over them, the pleasant fellowship that results from their social regulations, and the robust and sterling independence by which they are distinguished as a community; these, and other highly creditable qualities and characteristics, assuredly entitle them to the honest respect of all candid and discriminating persons, and must sooner or later secure for them an extensive and deserving admiration. Nothing but good-will and an indulgent charity are due to these earnest, stalwart children of the desert—these rough and intrepid backwoodsmen of the universe—who, called by a voice which they but imperfectly understand, have nevertheless gone forth to subdue and cultivate a remote and barren region, so that, instead of the heath and the brushwood, it may bear grain for the food of man, and become a blossoming and fruitful garden for his habitation and delight. Not inaptly have they been likened to the Puritans of New England; for although their professing faith is different, they resemble them thoroughly in their hardy isolation and exclusiveness, and are endowed with the like invincibility of purpose; they are as energetic and as enduring; they have sustained persecutions more fiery and desolating, have toiled against all imaginable obstructions for liberty to work and live, contended bravely with wild Indians and the hordes of pestilent outlaws that lurk about the frontiers of civilisation; they have passed through many and enormous perils in roadless prairies and primeval forests, in rocky fastnesses and on the waves of bridgeless rivers; and after the severest struggles and endurance, they have at last made for

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themselves a prosperous and peaceful home in the bosom of the wilderness. These people are not to be despised, nor too much taunted with the impositions or irregularities of their founders; for whatever may have been the moral state of Mormon society in times past, according to all reliable testimony, great improvement has been for a long while steadily going on, and is sufficient to justify us in the belief, that in regard to the few peculiarities of conduct which demand our reprehension, there will eventually be a decided and permanent reformation. Their successful exemplification of a great social principle—the principle of concert in employments, and in the distribution of the products of their industry, along with the many solid and generous virtues which are daily manifested by their common lives and conversation—may be fairly considered proof of a large preponderance of worth, sufficient to overbalance the few admitted sins they may be guilty of; and considering that there is no society in which there is so little habitual crime and misery, and so large an amount of general comfort and wellbeing, the Mormon polity may be said to be admirably suited to the people living under it, and to answer all the ends for which it has been constituted. As a plan for obtaining the aggregate result of single efforts, it is the best social and industrial experiment that has yet been tried on any considerable scale. Summed up in the words of one of the Mormon writers—a man of no indifferent learning and ability—it is a polity intended to enable and induce 'each person to operate at what and where he can do best, and with all his might; being subject to the counsel of those above him.' In an enterprise so nobly philosophical and judicious, no unprejudiced or discerning mind can wish them anything but a continued and prolonged success.

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THE ROCK REPUBLIC:

A CHRONICLE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I.

SOME of the most remarkable and curious pages in history escape the attention even of the serious student, because they perhaps refer to some obscure part of the world, or other events occur at the same time with those they record which weigh so heavy in the balance of human progress, that things in themselves deeply interesting are scarcely known beyond the locality where they occur. Local chronicles frequently contain records of actions which, had they simply taken place on a larger scale, would have excited the universal attention of mankind. Rienzi had Rome for his theatre; Masaniello, Naples; hence they live on the perpetual tablets of world-memory. Another hero,

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another thinker, whose history is even perhaps more striking, whose actions excited the wonder, admiration, and love of his fellow-countrymen, and who performed a real prodigy in a time of remarkable men, is now forgotten, his name doubtful, and his acts buried in the archives of his native land, or mentioned in the reports of an antiquarian society.*

Somewhere about the sixth century, there was built in Gaul a city called Aleth; or rather, we first hear of it at that date. It was on the sea-shore, and well fortified. Near at hand was a rocky island, known as Aaron's Isle, for there a holy man, Aaron by name, built a monastery and a church. The dwellers in Aleth paid no attention for some time to this island, because it wanted water; but by and by the Norman pirates came and twice pillaged their city, making of the island their place of shelter: upon this, in 1140, the inhabitants removed to the island, and built a city upon it, which they fortified, and called it St Malo, after a bishop of that name, much venerated by them. An indomitable and energetic race, a nest of sailors, adventurers, merchants, corsairs, the Malouines were known in the days of the Crusaders as the light troops of the sea. From the time of Clovis, the kings of France and the Dukes of Brittany struggled for possession of the city, but always in vain. It continued to maintain its independence, supporting the prince which pleased the people best. They were governed by a bishop elected by popular vote; he was called Lord of St Malo. But although he and the chapter had much power, the citizens made the laws and elected all officers; they had the duty of guarding the town, and chose their own chiefs. All foreigners who came to reside there were obliged to become citizens, and no king or prince had ever a fugitive given up to him. Even the pope recognised the independence of the Malouines, and took care to be respectful in all his briefs, lest they might haughtily deny his authority. At one time entering into an alliance with Jean de Montfort, they narrowly escaped falling into English hands; and being in difficulties, they gave themselves to the pope, who handed them over to the king: but this remained not long. The Malouines fell under the gentle rule of the Duke of Brittany, and remained so for some time; but presently, when Anne of Brittany married Charles VIII., their ten centuries of independence ended. The Duchess Anne obtained possession of the place, and took all power out of the hands of the maritime republic, making the bishop, chapter, and commonalty together bow to her. She built a formidable citadel, and when the people murmured, ordered an inscription to be stuck up, which at once demonstrated her insolence and the subjection of the people—

QUIC-EN-GROGNE	GROWL AS YOU MAY
AINSY SERA	SO IT SHALL BE
C'EST MON PLAISIR.	SUCH IS MY PLEASURE.

* To the patient research of M. Auguste Billiard is owing our extended knowledge of certain facts here recounted.

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The people afterwards effaced this inscription, but the tower to the present day is called familiarly the Tower of Quic-en-Grogne.

Sullen and discontented, the Malouines never even appeared to notice the presence of Louis XII. or Francis I. in their city; and when the wars of religion commenced, contrived to side neither with king nor League, although in heart stubborn Catholics. The Count de Fontaines held the castle of Anne of Brittany for the king; the Duke de Mercœur had possession of the great fort on the mainland, called Solidor. By the exercise of a little cunning and gentle violence, the citizens obtained the exclusive guard of the city itself—still, however, under the guns of the citadel—and in the same way took possession of Solidor. The count and the duke, when they beheld the citizens resume their old trading habits unfettered and untaxed, saw that they had been outgeneraled; and in 1590 it was rumoured that Henry IV., having come to the throne, had given orders for St Malo to be assimilated to other French towns, deprived of its privileges and liberties, and forced to pay regular taxes. This rumour caused a state of extreme and angry excitement.

II.

St Malo has but little changed since the days of which we speak: it is almost as peculiar and fresh now as it was then. It is a vast rock, on which some ten thousand men, women, and children cluster like bees in a hive. Its towers, its cathedral, its lofty houses, and its magnificent ramparts of hewn granite, rise perpendicularly from the sea; on one side, the ocean; on the other, a narrow channel, separating it from verdant meadows, green-bosomed hills, mounds surmounted by wind-mills, woods, valleys, and scattered habitations, a town—St Servan—and the advanced-guard of the Rancé river, the dark towers of Solidor.

The town of St Malo is composed of narrow and sombre streets, with here and there a little lively open place, with a fountain, or a tree in the centre, and surrounded by very striking mansions. From the ramparts the view is magnificent; while, looking down from the towers of the citadel, you behold, a hundred feet below, the sea breaking against the heavy rocks which form the foundation of the castle. This fortress seemed to overshadow the free city as with a cloud; and few passed the huge tower of Quic-en-Grogne without murmuring, and without cursing the folly that had ever induced them to allow an enemy thus to fix himself in a position by which he was able to intimidate and command the citizens.

'Those were good old times,' said a gray-haired citizen one evening, who, surrounded by a group of friends, sat on the ramparts immediately beneath the citadel, 'when our commonalty made the laws, appointed all officers, and when, under Josselin

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de Rohan, the good bishop, we beat off, unaided, except by the blessed Virgin, the Duke of Lancaster and an English fleet.'

'Ay, those were days, Porcon de la Barbinais,' replied a man somewhat younger than himself, glancing uneasily at the ramparts of the castle, where two or three sentinels walked up and down, while in a corner stood a lady, richly dressed, in conversation with a young man in the garb of a Malouine. 'But mind what you say. Yon walls have long ears, and there are those on the ramparts whom I would not have hear our discourse.'

'Ah, sorrow and shame,' replied the ex-corsair Porcon de la Barbinais, father of the heroic leader who, years later, attacked the Algerines, and, taken prisoner, was sent away to treat, and failing to bring about an arrangement, returned to die—'Ah, sorrow and shame, to think that so gallant and sedate a youth should allow himself to be led away by love and ambition, to abandon his country and serve the enemy of his native city!'

'Excuse me, Father Porcon,' modestly observed a youth of about twenty, a young sailor, wearing the picturesque naval costume of the day; 'at all events, Henry the Fourth is king of France.'

'And what has France to do with us?' replied Porcon sharply. 'When did St Malo recognise either Brittany or Gaul? By what right does any power or potentate come and impose his sovereignty over us? Did we not found St Malo on a barren rock?—did we not build, and fortify, and defend ourselves always, without king or prince's aid?—have we not fitted out fleets for all parts of the world ourselves?—and why comes any power to ask us for taxes, imposts, and royal dues?'

'Because,' said the youth, whose name was Pepin de la Blinais, a name in local history most revered, 'we are weak, and the king of France is strong. But again allow me, Father Porcon, to observe, that Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere has as yet not deserved the universal blame which has fallen on him.'

'Has he not?' replied Porcon bitterly. 'Was he not, after two or three years of travel and voyage with our best captains, destined by his father for the robe?—did he not take to learning with enthusiasm?—did he not in five years speak Greek and Latin like a Lutheran doctor?—did not all St Malo love him as one who was to shed glory on his native city?—and has he not deserted all to live in the society of our enemies, whispering soft nonsense in the ears of Isabella de Fontaines—to be one day driven shamefully away for daring to raise his eyes to one so far his superior?'

'He has,' said Pepin with a sigh, while all the crowd gave vent to a low murmur of indignation, casting their eyes upward with menace and anger.

'And are we not promised that our city shall fall into the hands of the Bearnais, have its every privilege destroyed, and its inhabitants crushed by heavy imposts, by the hands of this Count

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de Fontaines, who will perhaps give us Michel as *échevin*, or bishop, or seneschal?'

'He would not dare,' said an old man, rising from the seat he occupied—'he would not dare!'

'Why not?' asked a voice near at hand, that made all start and shudder; and yet it was a rich and musical voice too. It was Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere. He had parted with the lady on the ramparts, and, descending quietly, had approached the group of talkers unperceived, and heard the last two sentences. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, dark, pale, thoughtful, with great lustrous eyes, and a mouth rather hard in expression, as if it were accustomed, or destined, to command. He wore loose breeches, black stockings, shoes with buckles, a jacket, shewing a shirt of lace and fine linen, a broad-brimmed hat, and a sword.

'Michel—Michel!' said old Porcon gravely, 'as you now know our opinions of you, let me speak, and try to lead you the right way.'

'Speak!' said he gravely.

'You are the friend and companion of the Count de Fontaines, our enemy,' began Porcon.

'I am but his hired servant—his secretary, if you will,' said Michel coldly.

'You love his daughter,' continued Porcon.

'I love his daughter,' replied Michel, folding his arms.

'You aspire to be the ruler and governor of your native city,' said Porcon with flashing eyes, while the others looked as if they could have cast Michel from the summit of the battlements.

'I do. And mark me, good Master Porcon,' continued Michel coldly, 'I will be, despite all your efforts, ere many days perhaps, ruler and governor of my native city.' And without a single word more, the young man turned away and walked along the ramparts in the direction of the Sillon. It was difficult to tell whether his mouth gave token more of scorn or stern resolution.

The group, burning with indignation, descended to the principal place of the city, and there, joined by others, vented their anger in murmurs. So enraged at length became the citizens, that there was a very great crowd collected. Voices were heard giving extreme counsels; threats were freely banded about; and men spoke of attacking the castle with as much earnestness, as if it had not been all but impregnable. Suddenly a loud hush caused silence, as a party of six horsemen, headed by Michel walking on foot, came up to the open place, in the centre of which stood the episcopal palace, now inhabited by Charles de Bourneuf, a notorious Leaguer in his heart, and for this reason as much suspected by the people as was the king's officer who held the castle. The troop was headed by a captain of noble mien, somewhat bluff, and even then rather stern, who looked about him curiously.

'Your good people of St Malo are but sorrily pleased at some

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event,' observed the horseman to Michel, who walked proudly beside the soldier.

'Sir Captain, it is my unworthy self they are exciting themselves about. In favour at the castle, I cannot be in favour in the city.'

'So, young man, you are in favour at the castle,' said the captain with a smile.

'I am private secretary to Count de Fontaines,' replied Michel carelessly.

'But why should your favour in the city be in inverse ratio to what it is at the fortress?' asked the soldier, who was pressing his horse slowly and gently through the crowd.

'Because, Sir Captain, the fortress, without any just reason or excuse, is accused of wishing to make St Malo a king's city.'

'And, Ventre St Gris!' cried the soldier, 'where would be the harm of that?'

'St Malo,' said Michel sarcastically, 'was once a free city, ruling itself after the fashion of Greek or Roman republic; its own master, free, owing no allegiance to king or prince, and it wishes to be the same now'——

'No, no! Master Secretary,' replied the soldier merrily, 'this will never do. A republic in the kingdom of France!—a pretty example for the disaffected. Why, all the strong places would be declaring themselves republics, refusing to pay imposts, and leaving the poor king to earn his bread like a farmer or a *manant*.'

'Very likely,' said Michel drily, but speaking so low as only to be heard by his companion.

'No, no! when all France was cut up into provinces, this was possible, Master Secretary; but of many good parts we are making now a noble whole; and let but interior peace come, and we shall have a great, a splendid country, powerful by sea and land; and the king cannot even spare St Malo.'

This last speech was heard by the citizens, who, though they said nothing, shewed by their looks their bitter discontent. When Michel and the soldiers passed up the street leading to the fort, the groups formed again. A few minutes later, a man came hurriedly forth from the episcopal palace. It was the bishop himself.

'Porcon,' said he to the old man above mentioned, 'do you know that captain who was with Michel the traitor?'

'No, your reverence.'

'It was the Bearnais, the king of Navarre, falsely calling himself Henry the Fourth, king of France.' And the bishop returned to his palace without another word. He had said quite enough. A low murmur of surprise, of admiration at the courage of the king, and then an explosion of indignation burst forth.

'The moment for action is come!' said Pepin significantly to some friends around him. The word passed, and silence

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overspread the whole place. In five minutes more the crowd had dispersed, each man to his own dwelling.

III.

It was Henry IV. indeed, who, not yet firmly seated on his throne, was making a journey through his province of Brittany, to judge for himself of the state of the public mind towards the king. Aware that St Malo was by no means well affected towards his person and dignity, because of his former Protestantism, his doubtful conversion, and his intention to centralise government, he determined to enter the castle, consult M. de Fontaines, and judge for himself as to the spirit of the inhabitants. By the time he had reached the castle, he was still more firmly convinced that in his dear city of St Malo, as he was pleased to call it, he was far from being popular; while he was too good a general, and had too observant an eye, not to be aware of the paramount importance of possessing a place so strongly fortified, and having so hardy a population. He scrutinised with a soldier's glance the ramparts of the castle, and vowed within himself that he would not rest in peace until he ruled over that quaint old city. 'By the faith of a soldier,' said he energetically, as he entered the château, 'Monsieur de Fontaines has done well to bid the king fix his eye on St Malo. It is a good place, Master Secretary, and a goodly jewel in a king's crown.'

'Sire,' replied Michel respectfully, 'it may suit your majesty, but your majesty does not seem to suit it.'

'Truth to say,' laughed Henry, 'you say right. I verily believe the good fishermen would eat me if they but knew who I am. However, since you know me, young master, you must also know that I did not suit France, and yet I am its king.'

'We all in St Malo know the wonders you have effected,' exclaimed Michel; 'but here is the governor coming forth to meet your majesty.'

As the visit of the king to St Malo was intended to be kept secret, the Count de Fontaines received him merely as an officer of rank, and accompanied him to a well-supplied table, where he was soon joined by his daughter Isabella and Master Secretary. The girl at once attracted the king's attention. She was about sixteen, fair haired, with waving curls, a white forehead, intelligent eyes, and a sweet expression of countenance, especially when looking at Michel. This circumstance made Henry IV. frown, being apt to think that when such a cavalier as himself was present, no woman of taste should look at another. But he did not allow this thought to draw his attention from the object of his journey.

'So, my Lord Count,' said he, after some preliminary discourse,

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'you think it will be easy to capture the city, and put in a royal garrison.'

'Nothing more easy, sire,' replied he, none now being at table but himself, the king, and the two young people: 'give me but the word, and the town shall be ours to-night.'

'But how do you propose to act?' asked the king, who had ever a relish for military plans.

'The city-guard rests, and the people will soon be asleep. At midnight there will not be an owl stirring. I will enter the city with a hundred soldiers, leaving the rest as a reserve, and simply proclaiming your presence in the castle, St Malo is ours.'

Isabella turned very pale, Michel ground his teeth and started. His emotion, however, was not remarked.

'Nay,' said the king; 'the people are goodly burghers, and would fight. We should have a scene of midnight massacre that makes my heart sick. Let us try other means. To-morrow, summon them in the king's name to yield to his authority, and then if they refuse, we can use force.'

'As your majesty wishes,' replied De Fontaines, who, a rough soldier, knew no means of action save brute strength and measures of violence, unfortunately an idea but too prevalent with military men in all ages.

'If I might be permitted to speak,' said Michel respectfully, 'I would give a piece of advice.'

'Speak, Master Secretary,' replied Henry IV. drily.

'In my humble opinion, neither course will succeed. Your majesty is not master of France till your conversion to the Catholic Church has been recognised by the pope; therefore St Malo thinks herself bound by no ties to obey you, while the stout burghers would rather bury their city in its own ruins than be ruled by one suspected of heresy.'

'Truly,' said the king still more drily. 'Well, as you think that my reasons may not prove convincing, what say you to the warlike proposition of Messire de Fontaines?'

'He might succeed; but the Malouines are stubborn dogs, and I fancy the burgher-guard would perish to a man first. They know the value of liberty. They pay no taxes now except to themselves, and they fear that your majesty, however gentle and generous a king, may not exempt them from state charges, if they once join France.'

'And personally what think you?' asked the king with a scrutinising air.

'Sire, I should not sympathise with men who hate me because they see me here, but at bottom I think them right,' and the young man smiled at the vacant astonishment of De Fontaines.

'Then why are you not with them?' continued the king.

'For many reasons, sire,' said Michel with some emotion: 'in the first place, because of my strong personal attachment to Monsieur de Fontaines, a man of learning and parts, in whose

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society and conversation I learn much that is valuable and useful.'

The Count de Fontaines appeared much flattered, the king laughed heartily.

'I should have thought it was the count found your learning agreeable, for I believe you have studied and read, young man. But is the Lady Isabella a person of learning, and do you find her society also valuable and useful?'

'The Lady Isabella, sire, is a person of rare modesty, talents, and with a deep desire for study. Shut up in this castle, her chief resource is books, and she has been pleased to ask my advice and assistance in fathoming the secrets of Latin and Greek poesy,' replied Michel firmly.

'A new Abelard and Heloise,' said the king with something of a frown; 'but you may retire to your studies, as I have private business with the governor, Master Secretary.'

Michel bowed and retired, the Lady Isabella having preceded him by ten minutes. The king waited until he was quite out of hearing.

'Sir Count, that youth is a burning local patriot. He is personally attached to you, and more so to your daughter, but the moment you turn against his native city, he will abandon you, and combat you even unto the death.'

'Sire!' exclaimed the astounded governor, opening eyes that would have done honour to a Mongolian idol; 'you mistake Michel. The lad loves but Greek and Latin; he reads all day, and is the companion of my daughter, and my secretary and friend. He could never be a traitor.'

'Count de Fontaines, there are few men who have not been traitors within the last twenty years, during these long civil wars. But I have learned to read men's countenances. This youth has served you while the ally and protector of his native city. But once turn against St Malo, and, knowing your plans, he will frustrate them. Make no noise, but see that he does not leave the castle to-night.'

'Your majesty shall be obeyed,' said the count, rising with an effort.

'No haste, Sir Count; let us take a walk on the ramparts, and there consider further of what is to be done.'

And the king and the count walked forth to the battlements in earnest discourse.

IV.

The great tower of the castle of Anne of Brittany was the favourite place of resort both of Isabella and Michel. Here they often sat for hours in the day reading, watching the waves, the wide sea, and the white sails glancing in the distance on the moving

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waters. In the evening, they sometimes came with the count to spend an hour or two in discourse; and on the present occasion, the two young people were seated there in the company of two waiting-maids, who conversed in a corner of their absent sweethearts; both being well-favoured girls, sought in marriage by rich young citizens of the town. It was a lovely night. The moon danced over the speckled waters with a brightness almost equal to that of day, silvering the house-tops and the ramparts, the cathedral and the rocks of St Malo, while it brought out in bold relief the towers of Solidor.

'I must leave you,' said Michel in a low tone; 'my dream of love and happiness is over. Your father has at last resolved to become the aggressor. You know my feelings, you know my hopes; but you know also that I love my native city, and am determined to see it free and independent. I have never deceived you, and in your heart you are a Malouine yourself.'

'Yes, Michel, you have taught me to love all that belongs to you. Your country is my country, your home my home. I was but a French girl two years ago, now I am of St Malo. But remember your solemn promise and my vow. You will in any struggle look after my father; and I, if anything happens to him, shall enter a convent, and we part for ever. But could I not warn him?'

'Isabella, your father never tells you his secrets; if he did, you would not betray them to me. I tell you mine; they must be sacred as your word.'

They were looking down from the battlements as they spoke to where the sea broke against the rocks a hundred and twenty feet below.

'I will keep true to my word,' exclaimed Isabella; 'but be careful.'

'My love, I answer for your father's life with mine,' replied Michel warmly.

'And be careful of your own,' continued Isabella sadly; and then she added more cheerfully, 'at all events, my Greek and Latin lessons are at an end.'

'Why, dearest?' asked Michel anxiously.

'Because you are now so occupied with your warlike schemes, your plots and conspiracies, that you will have no time to think of me.'

'When the time comes that I do not think of you, my heart will have ceased to beat. But adieu, Lady Isabella; here is the king and your father.'

'Whither away so hastily?' said the rather sarcastic voice of the king.

'I was making place for your majesty,' replied Michel with a shudder. In the sound of that voice, he thought he detected a suspicion of his great secret.

'Nay, stay near the Lady Isabella, while the count and I keep

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sentry awhile. Methinks there will be rumours in the city to-night. What building is that so brilliantly lighted up in the Grand Place?'

Michel drew a long breath, and then answered calmly, a clock meanwhile striking ten: 'It is the palace of the bishop.'

'A notorious Leaguer,' said the king.

'Yes, sire, and hence kept a prisoner in his own palace.'

'I' faith, a goodly set of rebels, that will own neither one king nor the other, nor even their own bishop-elect,' said Henry IV. laughing, and then he turned to whisper to the governor. They leaned over the battlements towards the town, so placed that no one could descend the stairs of the tower without brushing against them; while Michel and Isabella overlooked the sea.

The town was dark and still, save where the palace of the bishop stood out in marked relief in the large place. Suddenly this was more evident as the moon disappeared, and the scene became in general dark and gloomy. At this moment, a bugle sounded from some unknown spot in the town—a grave and solemn air, that made the heart of king and governor beat: it was almost unearthly in its tone.

'What means that?' said Henry IV. in a low tone.

'I know not; but perhaps if we ask Michel, he will tell us,' replied the governor. 'He knows all the customs of the place.'

'Then ask him, in God's name, for methinks that horn bodes no good, sounding at this hour in the silent city.'

They turned to where Michel and Isabella had been, but Michel had disappeared, and Isabella was standing up, her back turned to them, talking with her maids.

'Where is Michel?' said the Count de Fontaines, hurriedly advancing towards his daughter.

'He left me but a moment since, and said he would be back presently,' replied Isabella.

'Said I not so?' muttered the king. 'There is something beneath all this. Count de Fontaines, go down into the castle, and keep good watch. I will mount sentry myself on this tower. I feel that the night will not pass without events. Be quick; and if you can, prevent Michel from leaving the castle. Put him in safe custody until the morning.'

The count and his daughter left the summit of the tower, and descended the stairs leading to the Place d'Armes. Henry remained alone. His mind was in that uneasy state which is said to prelude misfortune. He was anxious, because he could not tell whence the danger would come; but he determined, fatigued as he was, to watch all night, and take rest only next day. He walked up and down for some time, but he heard nothing but the wind, which had risen almost to a gale, and howled around the battlements, and once more at midnight the sound of the wild music played on the mysterious bugle. He looked down upon the dark town, but without noticing anything

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remarkable, except that the palace of the archbishop remained lighted up in the same brilliant manner. He then sat down for a few minutes, musing deeply; then his eyes closed a moment: he saw again Michel and Isabella, and he heard afar off the semi-wailing of a plaintive horn; and then he was in a sound sleep, from which he awoke only when startled by the din of arms, the firing of guns, and a general murmur throughout the castle. He rubbed his eyes, and started to his feet.

We must, however, retrograde an hour or two.

V.

Pepin de la Blinais occupied, in one of the most retired streets of the town, but close to the port, a large house, where also were stored the goods in which he and an elder brother dealt. There was an office where the clerks attended to their duties and received their customers, the apartments above of the young men, and an extensive warehouse. This had been just emptied of goods and cleared out for the purpose of receiving the cargo of two ships recently arrived in port. About half-past nine on the same evening that saw the stirring events above described, Pepin de la Blinais, who with his brother had been to a grand dinner at the episcopal palace, entered his house, and, while Guillaume performed some prearranged duties in the warehouse, ascended to the roof, and there, precisely at ten o'clock, hidden among the chimneys, sounded the horn which had excited the surprise and alarm of King Henry IV. and his general. Then he descended, wrapped himself in a long cloak, and issued into the street. He went a little way, and then, with a long wand he carried, knocked against a door, and waited; presently the door opened.

'What is it?' said a low voice, as if half aware of what was going on.

'Heard you the horn?' replied Pepin.

'Ay, I heard,' was the whispered answer.

'To-night, at once, at Pepin's.'

'Good,' replied the other.

On went Pepin de la Blinais, knocking sometimes at windows, sometimes at doors, and always going through the form of the same conversation. He thus, in the space of little more than half an hour, visited the houses of more than fifty citizens, and then he returned home. In the warehouse he found more than 200 burghers collected, while at every instant others arrived, Pepin having visited but chiefs of tens, whose business it was on such occasions secretly to advise their fellows. Porcon de la Barbinais was there, and he at once, by common consent, as the oldest man present, took the chair.

Pepin then rose, and addressed the assembly. He told them

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that a moment long looked forward to had arrived. The so-called king of France, certainly a brave and gallant man, but a usurper and heretic, was about to attempt to lay his hand upon St Malo. That city had enjoyed ten centuries of freedom, of liberty and independence, but of late years had fallen under a kind of semi-allegiance to the kings of France, who, however, had never been able to impose taxes, leaving, too, to the people the election of their own officers. But now Henry IV. having become king of France, being a great general, and an ambitious man, was about to attempt the junction of the city of St Malo with his kingdom. He for his part was determined not to consent to this. At all events, at the very worst, the Malouines should assert their freedom so completely, that if ever the power of the kings of France became irresistible, they should be able to make the best terms they could. There was only one way of making terms with a king, and that was to have him on the outside of their walls, or else a prisoner. Now Henry IV. was within their walls, of course with some sinister object. Now, then, or never, was their time. Let them at once fly to arms, and take possession of the citadel; they would then be free.

A loud exclamation of delight and acquiescence burst from the assembly.

'But, citizens and people of St Malo,' said Porcon, rising from his chair, 'though what Pepin proposes be true and just, you must not forget that it is difficult of execution. We can never be independent unless the castle be ours.'

'Then let us take it,' replied Pepin quietly.

'Young man, 'tis easier said than done. The castle is well defended: it has within its walls troops of tried valour and heroism. How can we, burghers and citizens, hope to attack and capture such a citadel? Stone walls are hard, and man's flesh is weak.'

'We can try,' continued Pepin de la Blinais modestly. His very tone was heroic.

'We can all die,' replied Porcon shaking his head. 'No one ever doubted the valour of the Malouines; but courage can do little against stone ramparts.'

The citizens looked grave, and Pepin bit his lip. He seemed, young and ardent as he was, to fear that the counsels of peace would prevail.

'Let us, at all events, prepare some plan. There is no time to lose; not a day'——

'Not a moment—not an instant,' said a deep and earnest voice—the voice of one who, as he spoke, stepped up to where Porcon sat, and cast off a thick cloak and slouched hat, which had gained him admittance to the assembly.

'Michel the traitor!' cried the whole assembly with one voice. 'We are betrayed!'

A rush took place towards the audacious intruder, who, how-

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ever, stood firm, while Porcon, holding out his hand, implored silence.

'We are not wild beasts!' he thundered; 'be still; let Michel speak. He is our fellow-citizen. Silence!'

A murmur arose from all sides, and then, at the voice of the president, who was universally beloved, silence prevailed.

'Traitor!' exclaimed Michel in a sarcastic voice, at the same time speaking with the air of a commander rather than a criminal before his judges—'Traitor! My countrymen, I wish that all men in St Malo were traitors as I have been. You talk of capturing the castle. If I find amongst you but fifty men of heart and courage, the citadel shall this night be yours, and Henry the Fourth your prisoner, and that with little or no bloodshed. You call me traitor! Is there amidst you all one who, for two years, could have borne the obloquy and infamy I have borne, with but one idea in his head—that of freeing his native country? St Malo is my life, my soul! Knowing that no ordinary method could succeed, two years ago, I became the secretary of the Count de Fontaines. 'Tis true I loved his daughter; but even the winning of her heart was secondary with me to the liberty of St Malo. That was my first, my ardent hope. I lived, then, in the castle; I studied its every stone, and as long as nothing was done against my native city, I served my master well. I have no right now to reveal the secrets of my late employer, but this I tell you, the castle must be ours to-night.'

Dead silence followed. Men drew long breaths, and all seemed relieved from something that had oppressed them.

'O Michel! Michel!' cried Pepin, rushing into his arms; 'why did you not trust me? What misery you caused me for ten months past I have no words to tell!'

'My friend, actions like mine cannot bear accomplices. You would have sought to defend my character, and I should have been betrayed. But listen to me; there is no time to be lost. Are all resolved to take the castle to-night?'

'All! All!' said the citizens.

'Appoint a chief, then,' replied Michel quietly.

'Michel,' exclaimed Porcon rising, 'we owe you a reparation of the most marked kind: command—we obey.'

Michel simply bowed his acceptance, and then gave hurried orders.

'Pepin, pick out fifty-five of the younger members of our body, youths who can climb, and whose heads are not likely to grow dizzy. Let these follow us. Do you, Porcon, arouse the whole guard, and when you hear the horn sound from the summit of the Generale Tower, attack the Quic-en-Grogne. Its gates will soon open, and the castle is ours. But mark me: take not the life of the count, as you love me; and respect the king. I am no friend to his authority, but I admire and reverence the man. Not an instant is to be lost—go.'

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Pepin had in a few minutes found the fifty-five volunteers required; the rest then dispersed, to prepare for their warlike expedition. The fifty-six remained alone with their young chief.

'What orders now?' said Pepin.

'Follow me, and let the rest meet us on the port in ten minutes, with such boats as will take us all to the foot of the Tower of La Generale!'

A look of stupefaction met the words of Michel, who, however, coldly waved his hand for them to go.

'What are you about to do?' said Pepin in a low tone, while the others hurried to provide arms for the expedition, under the influence of a feeling of confidence inspired alone by the manner of their young leader.

'To re-enter the castle as I left it,' replied Michel quietly; and then, as he went along, he explained how he had escaped the vigilance of the king and the governor.

For months he had prepared for the contingency that had occurred. In a hollow of the outward battlements of the tower, beneath some overhanging weeds, he had concealed a long knotted cord, that measured a hundred and twenty feet. This he had fastened, while the king's attention was withdrawn, to a cannon, and then bidding Isabella turn her head away, had descended with the agility of a sailor. Once upon the water, he had swum round to the port, and reaching the gate, partly by persuasion partly by threats, had got it opened. He now proposed that the whole troop should ascend to the summit of the tower, and thus capture the citadel by a bold and audacious act, letting in afterwards their companions to consolidate their victory. Pepin heard with awe, wonder, and delight the narrative of Michel, at whose house they had now arrived. He went in for a moment, and then came out followed by two men, who had been waiting, bearing a heavy parcel. It was now midnight; the fifty-five adventurers were waiting at the port; the city-guard was collecting and arming throughout the town; Henry IV. was watching on the summit of La Generale, convinced that something strange was going on in St Malo. At this moment Pepin sounded the signal-horn, to announce to all to be ready: they had arrived at the port.

VI.

The night was dark, gusty, and tempestuous; the moon had fallen some two hours, and left a gray cold sky, which soon was robed in clouds, that came driving up from the north-west with singular rapidity. It was a night for an act of desperation, such as that which they were about to attempt. When Michel and Pepin came down upon the port, they found four large boats ready launched, their masts stepped, the sails loosely flapping, and

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eight men at the oars. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard beyond the roar of the tempest, the rattling of cords, and the beating of the waves against the shore. Michel chose a boat, and at once entered.

'A wild night for fishing,' said a rough sailor, who had assisted to put out the boats, and, with seven others, was about to share the dangers of the night; 'and a strange captain,' he added, as he recognised Michel.

'Silence, Pierre du Parc!' replied Michel; 'but one voice must be heard to-night, and that is mine. Put this packet on board.'

The sailor obeyed with silent wonder. Then Michel and Pepin entered the same boat, the latter taking the helm. The sails were closely furled, but still a small portion was left open to the wind, as the current of the Rancé is strong, and that night ran like a mill-race. When they were outside the port, the helmsman put the helm hard up, and let the boat run right before the wind. The first oarsman almost backed his oar with astonishment.

'Where, in God's name, are we going?' said he. He was one of the sailors who was to take care of the boats and seek shelter up the river, as soon as the party had landed.

'Silence, forward there; let the first man who speaks be thrown overboard!' replied Michel in a stern commanding voice. The man bent quietly to his oar. He now knew that he was on a desperate errand, and, like a bold sailor, determined to do his duty, whatever it might be.

Michel steered directly up the bay which formed the mouth of the river, with the castle to his left. Already did he hear the roar of the rushing waters against the rock, and bidding Pepin be cautious, advanced to the bows of the boat. Behind, he saw the three others labouring, like themselves, heavily in the storm, each moment becoming more alarming. The dull roar of heaven's artillery in the distance soon added to the terror of a scene that, to those who were actors in it, was simply sublime. These hardy natures, these youths who all their lives had been rocked upon the ocean waves, braved the peril with a mysterious feeling of excitement not unlike that with which we gaze at a terrible act in some mimic drama. They had no fear save of failure, and hence only wished themselves at the summit of the Generale. Presently Michel made a sign, just as a flash of lightning illumined the whole scene. Pepin well understood. Following the direction of Michel's arm, he again pressed the helm, shifted the sail, and plunged through the roaring waves towards the rock.

'In sail—back your oars!' cried Michel in a low tone, leaping at the same time into the boiling and seething waters, the painter in hand. The boat struck violently against the rock at the same moment, but Michel was above, fastening the line to a projecting block of stone. The other boats were easily moored to the first. This dangerous part of their duty effected, Michel made a sign that the boats should run for shelter up the river, to return in two

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hours with a good crew, unless they heard such tidings as rendered their coming back unnecessary. First, however, the heavy parcel was put on shore. Here, then, in the cold, beaten with the surf, stood these fifty-seven men, about to attempt an act almost unexampled in history, and which in days when courage alone obtained much credit, should have immortalised them all. All stood close together, grasping the rock; no one moved a step. They would have rolled into the sea, and none could have stirred to save them. All were silent, waiting the orders of Michel; and the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and then the clock of the cathedral struck one.

'You see this cord?' said Michel in a low, firm, but clear voice. 'I must ascend by this. It will safely bear but one man. Once up, I shall haul up the ladder contained in this packet. It will support a dozen at least. Let parties of thirteen and fourteen ascend at a time. But recollect, I will come down again, to head the band that ascends first.'

'Nay, stop up there,' said Pepin. 'It will be so much time saved.'

'But how know when all is safe?' asked Michel.

'At half-past one, the first man shall put his foot on the first rope,' replied Pepin. Michel made no reply. He had thirty minutes to do his work in, and his time was therefore precious. While several below held the cord tight, Michel, his sword in his teeth, his musketoon on his back, began his ascent; shaken by the wind, stunned by the thunder, and seeing, as he mounted, the sea first, then the port, then the ramparts, then the summit of the fortress. No man not inured to the sea, and who had not during a hurricane gone aloft to furl topgallant-sails, or who had not sat out at the leeward end of a yard, plunging almost at every moment in the waves, could have gone up safely. Even Michel looked upward, on one side, but never down. His thoughts, however, were so bent on his enterprise, that he had no time for dizziness to seize him, and in ten minutes he was at the summit. He was about to climb over, and had raised one leg, when he saw a man seated on a stone-bench opposite.

Michel felt his head swim. His daring attempt in favour of the ancient liberties and hereditary independence of his native island, was about to fail before an unforeseen accident. No sentry ever guarded at night the impregnable Generale; they occupied the other ramparts. But in twenty minutes his companions would be climbing up, perhaps, a half-fastened ladder. Inside the port-hole, which was large, lay a heavy cannon, the carriage of which was mending. On this depended the whole success of the young man's enterprise. He ensconced himself as well as he could outside on the stone projection which served as a gutter, holding on inside the port-hole; then he unfastened the rope, and passed one end round the cannon: to this, watching the sleeper the whole time, he attached a heavy piece of iron prepared

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for the purpose, and long secreted, which he then began lowering, by this means slowly drawing up the rope-ladder. The quarter struck, and the sleeper slightly moved. Michel went on deliberately with his work as if the man had not been there, and soon found the end of the rope-ladder in his hand. At this moment the man moved again, and rose. Michel had laid down his musketoon, but he clutched a dagger and a heavy pistol. He had never taken life, but now he was resolved to spare not this stranger, if he stood in the way of his success. The man went to the side where was the tower, looked over, saw nothing suspicious, and returned to his seat. In another minute he was again asleep; and Michel, passing his arm through the loophole, crossed the battlements, and in a minute was on the top of the tower, crouching in the deep shadow of the wall.

'Who goes there?' said a deep commanding voice that made Michel shudder. He lay still and made no reply, his hand upon both pistol and dagger, resolved that no man made by God's hand should cause his enterprise to fail.

The man looked sleepily about, muttered to himself that he saw shadows everywhere, and again fell asleep. He thus most certainly saved his own life.

At this instant of time, Michel heard distinctly above the storm, the first stroke of the half-hour: his heart sank within him. The ladder was not safely fastened on one side; on he went, however, with cold and steady hand, knotting, tying, until he heard the deep-toned bell cease to vibrate.

He had not finished yet, and his companions were ascending; but still he pursued his work, and in a few minutes had completed his task. The ladder seemed firm as a rock. Then he rose up boldly, and walked slowly up and down the platform of the tower.

* * * *

When Henry IV. awoke the first time from a heavy sleep, his eyes were so fatigued that he did not perceive the unusual movement in the town. He never thought of looking towards the sea: it never struck him that any danger could come thence. He accordingly, although determined to watch through the night, again allowed slumber to gain upon him, believing that any danger would become apparent at dawn. When he heard a faint incautious movement made by Michel, he was half asleep, and what he heard seemed part of a restless dream.

The king was a peasant, alone in a hut—that is, the only one awake. On a couch slept a beautiful young woman, with two children beside her. All looked warm and comfortable, and a dog nestled comfortably at her feet before a bright fire. The peasant was gazing with rapture at the scene, when the dog moaned, and raised its head, but seeing nothing, it lay down again. Presently it barked sharply, and this time the young woman held up her head, and seeing the peasant, smiled. 'Art not going to rest

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to-night, my husband?' she said in well-known tones that made the man's heart leap.

'Presently, dearest; but I have been so happy gazing at you that I never thought of slumber,' replied the peasant.

'Then will I get up and share your watching,' said she; and the beautiful girl rose, and advanced towards the fireplace, while the dog leaped up, wagging its tail.

The king at this moment started, and found himself seated on a hard stone-bench, on the summit of the great tower of the Generale, a man looking curiously at him. 'Who is it?' cried he, leaping up, and laying his hand upon his sword.

'I, sire,' replied Michel coldly.

'Michel!' exclaimed the king, rubbing his eyes, and much surprised; 'and what do you here? Surely you do not expect the Lady Isabella!'

'No, sire. I am waiting to hear the cathedral clock strike two,' continued Michel firmly, and even somewhat sternly.

'Why, Master Secretary?' cried the king, somewhat struck by his tone, and still impressed with the belief that something was about to happen.

'That is a secret your majesty will learn soon enough,' replied Michel; 'for it now strikes the quarter.'

At this moment Michel heard a noise that made his blood run cold: he clearly distinguished the grating of a cord against iron, and knew that the ladder had slightly slipped. His anguish was intolerable.

'Young man,' exclaimed the king with severity, 'I am not accustomed to receive such replies. Your answer bodes no good. Already I have spoken to the count of my suspicions, and they are now realised. Speak, young man, or I will have you arrested as a traitor, and punished as you deserve.'

'Before I reply to any questions,' said Michel firmly—he had heard no further sound—'I must beg your majesty to explain what you mean by the word traitor applied to me.'

'If you are in any plot to secure the independence of St Malo, and to take this castle out of the king's hand, you are a traitor, a double traitor—first to your king, and then to your employer.'

'Sire, I have no king.'

'How mean you, sirrah?' continued Henry IV., much struck by the lofty and bold manner of the young man. 'Who then, if you please, am I?'

'Henry of Navarre, king of France, but not monarch of St Malo; which, since its foundation, has been an independent community, allied sometimes to France, sometimes to Brittany, but never the serf of either.'

'But France and Navarre are now united; you can pretend no longer to resist both. You might cope with one, backed by the other, but never with united France.'

'We will try,' said Michel modestly.

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'But, madman!' said the king, his anger vanishing before the other's audacity, 'you may be sure that all France will soon be peacefully inclined, and ruled over by me. How, then, can you contend against me, with a citadel commanding your town?'

'I mean to take the castle,' continued Michel, listening anxiously all the time.

''Fore Heaven, you are a bold rascal, Master Michel; and had I not been warned, you would make me uneasy. But now I have nothing to fear, since I am prepared. You must certainly expect me to put you in confinement.' And the king made a motion for the other to follow.

'Your majesty may be assured, that had I not been certain of my success, I should have remained silent,' said Michel coldly.

'But, man of enigmas, explain yourself. When do you mean to take the castle?' cried the king impatiently.

'This morning, as the clock strikes two,' said Michel quietly.

'The fellow is mad!' exclaimed Henry, half inclined to laugh. 'Your means; for it will strike two instantly.'

'If your majesty will look over towards the town at the open place before the Quic-en-Grogne, you will begin to understand.'

The king turned hurriedly to the ramparts, and peering down into the depths below, saw distinctly a body of about 1000 men, standing silently in front of the main-entrance of the castle, with six pieces of cannon pointed towards the gates of the hated tower.

'Ah! Ventre St Gris! these knavish citizens have caught us napping. Master Secretary, this must be looked to. You are my prisoner; follow me!'

'Your majesty is mistaken,' said Michel firmly, at the same time placing himself before the head of the winding-stair; 'it is your majesty who is my prisoner!'

'Passembleu! this is beyond a joke; make way, man, or my sword shall carve it for me,' and the king laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Michel never replied; and at the same instant the horn which had already so puzzled the king, was heard sounding wofully but clearly behind his back, on the summit of the tower of La Generale. The king turned sharply round, and saw behind him three men, while a fourth was leaping over the battlements.

'St Denis to the rescue!' cried Henry IV.; but ere he could utter another word, he was caught hold of by the armed men, and held a prisoner.

'Respect the brave Henry of Navarre, king of France!' said Michel in a low tone. 'And you, your majesty, give your royal word not to seek escape by violence, and I will leave you your sword.'

'Ventre St Gris, young man!' exclaimed the king, overwhelmed with surprise and vexation as much as with fury at defeat, and well aware that, if Michel chose, he could now put

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him into the hands of the League, and thus buy their support—'I promise what you ask; but pray tell me by what magic you have gained possession of this tower? Surely you have not ascended from the sea?'

'We have, your majesty, by the same rope that enabled me to escape this evening, some four hours before; but we have no time to explain anything now. Hark! the cannon proclaim the attack; and as I mean my victory to be accomplished without bloodshed, we must act. Your majesty will be pleased to descend with me, and announce to the garrison, that fifty-seven of the bravest youths in St Malo hold the Generale; that we thus have the powder-magazine in our hands; that I offer to the garrison an honourable capitulation; but mark this—I have vowed to take the citadel or die. At three o'clock, if the gates are not opened, and the castle be not in my hands, I will set fire to the powder-magazine!'

The king heard his calm cold voice, he saw his iron face, he looked out upon the raging waves, and down the immense depths of the tower, more terrible from the profound darkness, and he believed.

'I will bear your message, Sir Michel,' he said quietly; 'but let us hasten.' There were now fifteen men on the summit of the tower, and others were rapidly ascending.

'Follow me, Pepin,' continued Michel, speaking in loud commanding tones; 'we must hasten below. The castle is alarmed; but as yet all attention is drawn from this side. As you go, tell me how you fared.'

They descended rapidly the winding staircase, overcame the resistance of the small guard of four men in a lower chamber, and then barricading themselves in, awaited the progress of events, after sending forth their great prisoner as bearer of their wishes and commands.

The bold youth had then time to listen to Pepin's story.

* * * *

When Michel had half ascended the rope, leaving his companions behind, a low murmur from one or two attracted the attention of Pepin, who had been appointed lieutenant by the improvised dictator of the night. He asked in a whisper what was the matter; and hearing that an idea had been set afloat that Michel was perhaps betraying them, burst forth, despite all his caution, in a whole vocabulary of invectives against the coward who dared suspect one greater than them all: he then imposed strict silence. It was a singular scene. Around, rocks and the sea—the first black, the second white—with wind howling, and waves roaring; and above, sheer point blank upward, apparently reaching the skies, the vast tower. The men were pressed together closely, as the base of the castle afforded little space, and the rope-ladder even took up a portion. At first they could see Michel, but presently they lost sight of him, his figure mingling with the

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darkness, except when a flash of lightning revealed his presence; but still the vibration of the rope told that he was ascending, for Pepin and several others held it. Suddenly this ceased, and then an anxious moment of silence followed, all eyes being cast upward toward the summit of the tower.

'It ascends,' said Pepin then in a low whisper, that went round the whole body like an electric shock. Up it went, quickly at first, then slowly, and at last with so slow a motion as to alarm the daring youths.

'Michel finds it too much for him, I fear,' said Pepin with a shudder. 'Two should have ascended.'

'It goes up again!' exclaimed one with an exclamation of delight.

From that moment its ascending motion never ceased. But when about twenty yards remained uncoiled, a man who stood on the very edge of the rock spoke in a startled whisper: 'Michel is letting something down.'

All drew in their breath and waited; but their suspense was not of long duration, as most of them had guessed Michel's ingenious device for aiding the carrying up of his ladder. Pepin lost not a moment: he cast loose the piece of iron as soon as he could lay hands on it, and set the rope adrift. It went up again with extreme rapidity. Then an anxious pause ensued, and the clock struck half-past one. All pressed forward; but Pepin was thoughtful and wise.

'Give him one minute's grace,' he said; 'he may not have been quite ready.'

That minute decided the fate of the enterprise. Had Michel not had that one minute, his ladder would have fallen. As it was, it was but ill fastened. Then Pepin, having seen that his horn was safe, put his foot on the ladder, bidding twelve others follow, and they began their ascent. They were all bold and resolute youths; but the peril was so extreme, the enterprise so hazardous—a chafed rope might cast all headlong into the sea or on the heads of their companions, a sentry might give the alarm—that not one but felt his heart beat quicker than it had ever done before. The ladder to the first company was comparatively easy of ascent, but to the last it would be terrible; for then it would hang loosely, and shake at the will of the wind. On they went, then, these thirteen men, their musketoons on their backs, their swords between their teeth, their daggers ready at hand, and every man vowing a wax-candle to our Lady of St Malo, if ever he lived to enter a church again. They climbed with steady and measured steps—a proceeding when they were half-way up of considerable inconvenience, for as the thirteen left feet descended on thirteen ratlins on the left side, the ladder swung fearfully from side to side.

'Stop!' said Pepin suddenly to the next man; and then as the word passed down, he bade them step one on one side, and one on

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the other. They found this remedy, in a great measure, the evil complained of.

'Ave-Maria, God rest our souls!' exclaimed Pepin suddenly in a frantic tone, as he felt the ladder give way, and already saw himself, with his unfortunate companions, cast upon the heads of his friends below.

At the same instant a terrific jerk, sufficiently proclaiming that for a moment the danger was over, nearly cast them from their holding; but then the rope remained steady again, and all breathed. There was not a face at that moment, could it have been seen, but was blanched with terror. Their hearts had almost ceased to beat, their wrists were wrenched, and their hands, though clutching the thick rope convulsively, seemed to be about to refuse their office. Then muttering a hurried prayer, the adventurers continued their ascent, and soon arrived at the summit, with the feeling of men snatched from certain death.

Their first act was to examine the fastening of the ladder. A hastily tied knot had become unfastened, and the loosened cord had given the ladder two feet additional length. Nothing had saved them from destruction, but that the top ratlin of the ladder caught in two projecting stones of sufficient strength to bear them. They took care now to make the whole so firm, that those below had nothing to fear.

When those who were anxiously awaiting their turn felt the ladder fall, for one second of time, loose in their hands, and become two feet longer, their first impulse was flight, and some dashed into the sea up to their necks, to save themselves from destruction; but two held on, and the panic, which lasted little more than a second, being over, the whole again congregated fearfully at the foot of the tower in whispered conference. There were one or two brave men and true, who afterwards were not ashamed to own that they would, but for very terror of the others, have retreated. All understood that the ladder had partially given way, and even now it was possible every minute that the whole might come down about their ears.

They listened, then, with deep anxiety, and kept their eyes fixed upwards. Then came the sound of the horn. It was now one general rush towards the ladder, and the inferior chiefs had some difficulty in preventing the whole from ascending at once. As it was, persuaded that those above would now see to their safety, twenty-three ventured to ascend.

At half-past two, all were safely up, having performed one of the most daring feats on record, and in a cause far more justifiable than usual in those days, or even in any days of heroism, men being too apt to judge the manner of a deed less than its object. The pirates of the Gulf performed many acts almost as bold, but they, actuated by cupidity, are not to be compared with those ardent youths, whose sole object was the freedom of their native town.

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VII.

The Count de Fontaines had not retired to rest, nor had his daughter: they believed it to be their duty to await the king's descent from the tower; but they were up under the influence of very different feelings. The count believed the bluff monarch's fears chimerical. He had so long seen the Malouines quiet, that although he knew their aspirations after liberty and independence to be real and serious, yet he did not think them capable of asserting them by force of arms. But Isabella knew that something was about to be done, and she therefore remained up, much against her father's will, as much to protect him in case of danger, as to await the hour which should signal the outbreak. Her position was difficult: her sympathies were with Michel. She understood that a free city, proud of its liberties, should wish to possess its own citadel, free from what it considered foreign troops: she comprehended its desire for self taxation; and able as it was to defend itself, she believed it entitled to continue as it had existed for ten centuries. But then her own father headed these foreign soldiers, and there might be danger to him. She hoped and believed there was none; but she remained up to be ready in case of any serious events, resolved to die herself, if necessary, for him.

The count then sat calmly in an arm-chair, softly cushioned, and covered with Genoa velvet; while Isabella leaned her elbows on a table, to all appearance reading in a huge folio, but really wrapped in her own thoughts. Suddenly she heard the horn sounded from the summit of La Generale, and started to her feet, her volume falling on the ground in her haste.

'What is it? who calls?' exclaimed the count, rubbing his eyes.

Isabella listened, but replied not, while the governor rose and hearkened, not yet sufficiently awake to understand what had occurred. Two minutes later, the roar of artillery, then the cries of sentries, the sound of trumpet and the beat of drums, told him that some event of alarming import was going on.

'In the name of God, what means this?' said he, about to rush out. 'Have the mad Leaguers learned the king's presence here, and come to break their heads against stone walls?'

'Stay, my dear father, stay,' cried Isabella passionately; 'there is danger without, and I should die if you go.'

'Nay, child, I must go. What is it, Choppau?' he added, as a soldier entered in hot haste.

'My lord, a revolt of the citizens. They fire cannon on the castle gates, and are at least ten thousand,' said the alarmed soldier.

'Tush, tush!' exclaimed Henry entering, 'talk not so big,

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my man. Go to the ramparts, and command that they cease all firing. Bid your officer ask ten minutes' truce, and say that Henry of Navarre will himself treat with them.'

'Sire!' cried the astonished count, while the soldier rushed out to obey his sovereign's command.

'De Fontaines,' continued the king calmly, 'there is no time to be lost; answer my questions quickly.'

'I await your majesty's commands,' replied the other, bewildered beyond all possibility of description at what was going on around him.

'How many men have you?'

'One hundred and thirty-six, sire.'

'For how long have you ammunition, supposing the powder-magazine in their hands?'

'For not one moment. It is all kept there, sire, for safety,' said De Fontaines, still more astounded.

'How long could you hold out, supposing the Generule in the enemy's power, the powder-magazine captured, and fifty-seven devils of Malouines raging within?'

'Not five minutes, sire; the men would fear'——

'The blowing up of the magazine!'

'Your majesty! I am lost in amazement; explain yourself, sire,' continued the stupified soldier.

'De Fontaines, the Generale is in their hands; the powder-magazine is theirs; their chief threatens to blow it up if we do not surrender; and I am a prisoner on parole!' said the king, half amused at the other's alarm.

De Fontaines sank on a chair, overwhelmed with confusion, shame, and astonishment.

'But—how—in—the—holy—name, did they get there?'

'Your Malouines are good sailors—they climbed up the tower from the sea, deceiving the sentry, by name Henry the Fourth of France, and taking him prisoner,' said the king bitterly.

'The foul fiend,' exclaimed De Fontaines, 'must be at the bottom of this.'

'No; but one as clever,' said the Bearnais, looking fixedly at Isabella, who was pale and red alternately, as various emotions affected her.

'Who, sire?'

'Master Secretary Michel, my wise governor!' replied the king sarcastically.

'Sire,' said De Fontaines, rising with dignity, 'let me go seek death. I have deserved it.'

'My father! your majesty, stop him! he is desperate,' cried Isabella passionately.

'Remain, De Fontaines. You are a brave soldier, but one deeper than you has overcome you. We must surrender. I cannot risk my life for one town, and my peculiar position with regard to the League commands me to be on friendly terms with St Malo,

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though defeated. They will take the castle, let them have it quietly,' and he took up a sheet of paper. 'Send this safe-conduct to Michel, and let him come here and treat with us for the capitulation.'

De Fontaines turned round to his daughter in despair. 'Isabella, am I awake? Do I dream?'

'No time is to be lost. Lady Isabella, do you bear this to Master Secretary; give him our royal word that it shall be respected.'

Blushing, trembling, and yet proud of her mission, Isabella went forth. She found the court full of soldiers, some with torches, some with arms, while women and children sat sobbing and screaming in corners. She passed through the whole party, all making way, and stood at the barred gate of the Generale.

'Who comes?' said a stern voice, while the clank of arms was heard.

'I bear a message to General Michel,' replied the young girl in a firm voice.

'Ah! Isabella, is that you? Why here at this hour?' exclaimed the clear voice of the young leader of the audacious band within.

'I bear in my hand a safe-conduct for Michel de la Bardeliere, signed by the royal hand of Henry of Navarre, king of France, who demands to treat with General Michel for the capitulation of the fortress of St Malo.'

It was now first known that the Generale and the powder-magazine were in the hands of the enemy. The mass of soldiers dispersed to look after their private effects, and to prepare for a movement which all felt to be inevitable. Michel opened the door, and came forth boldly. His first step—Isabella had fled—was to seek the ramparts. All was still. The citizens had understood at once the meaning of a truce.

'Citizens,' he exclaimed in a loud voice, 'let not a gun be fired until firing recommences from within. The castle is ours, and before daylight the gates will be opened.'

A terrific shout arose of 'Long live Michel! Long live St Malo!' and then the young man directed his steps towards the apartment where Henry IV. and the governor awaited him. His face was pale, but his brow was firm, and his lips compressed. There was a flash of triumph in his eye, that shewed the joy he felt at his certain victory. When he entered the council-chamber, he found himself in presence of the king, the Count de Fontaines, and his daughter.

The king rose, which shewed that he meant to treat with Michel as an equal for the moment, and seated himself only when the other was seated also.

'Sir Michel,' said he graciously, for he could assume gentleness, though in reality furious at his defeat and the loss of such

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a town, 'I had hoped to have won over the Malouines to our royal selves. It seems they prefer independence. Far be it from me to wish to force them to comply. I prefer hoping that time may bring them to wiser councils. The castle, then, I willingly place in your hands, and only ask for my men an honourable capitulation.'

'Such is my wish, sire—arms and baggage, but the treasure and ammunition must be ours,' replied Michel gravely. 'We have supported the garrison long enough, and as men who know the value of money, we consider what the treasury contains to be our due.'

'God have mercy on me!' cried De Fontaines, turning very pale, for the king knew nothing of his funds.

'How much is there?' inquired the king, almost inclined to smile.

'I cannot say,' replied the count; 'ask my secretary. He knows far better than I do.'

'Nothing of consequence,' said Michel quietly. 'It is, however, understood that this castle capitulates at daybreak; that the garrison march out with arms and baggage; and that no hostilities take place in the interval between the contracting parties.'

The king acquiesced by a nod, Michel took up a sheet of paper, and in a bold clear hand noted down the particulars of the capitulation. He then handed it over to the king to sign. Henry IV. read it through without a word, but his quivering lip and half-closed eyes shewed the fury that filled his mind. It began: 'Terms of the Capitulation of the Citadel of St Malo, agreed to between Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, and Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, Provisional Dictator of the Republic of St Malo,' &c. The monarch, however, made no remark, signing one, and taking another signed by Michel. The count and his daughter figured as witnesses. Then Michel rose, bowed gallantly but rather haughtily, and prepared to leave the room.

'Stay,' said Henry IV., who saw all the value of attaching such a man personally to himself, feeling convinced, as he did, that St Malo must be his at last. 'Michel de la Bardeliere, though much humiliated at my defeat, I can respect and esteem in you a loyal enemy. I wish, however, public circumstances apart, to be your friend, and therefore beg your acceptance of a gift.'

'Your majesty mistakes; you have in your possession no gift that a Malouine can accept,' replied Michel rather haughtily.

'Dictator of the Republic of St Malo,' continued the king almost good-humouredly, 'I have. Count de Fontaines, the best way of sealing an alliance such as I wish to enter into with my dear friends the Malouines, is to marry the republic to one of mine. Michel loves your daughter, and I believe your daughter'——

'Sire, I fall from the clouds—I cannot breathe—I am faint with emotion—it is not possible!'

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'Sire,' said Michel, deeply moved, 'your majesty has a noble way of forgiving your enemies. In acting as I have done, I have been solely actuated by a strong sense of duty. Be assured that my personal gratitude and friendship will be as enduring as my life. I own that I love the Lady Isabella, but I never hoped'——

'But is it possible that my daughter can have encouraged a young man employed in my house as a secretary?' said the governor, perfectly aghast with horror.

'My dear father,' replied Isabella, 'one of whom you made a companion and a friend. You have never refused me anything yet, and you will not now.'

The Count de Fontaines sank in a chair. The king tapped him gently on the shoulder.

'Come, my old and faithful friend,' he said, 'to oblige your sovereign. You know I am no hard master.'

'Sire, I can refuse you nothing. But to give my daughter to one who has deceived me, who has degraded me, who has captured a castle under my command'——

'De Fontaines, Henry the Fourth mounted guard, and was overcome by the audacious valour of this youth. None will dare blame you. It is I upon whom the disgrace will fall.'

De Fontaines held out his hand to Michel, whom in reality he loved. The other pressed it, and hurried away; his most ardent dreams realised beyond his brightest hope.

VIII.

The postern-gate opened to let Michel pass, after he had placed his own sentries over the whole castle, and then he went forth to announce to the citizens assembled without, that at daylight the castle that had so long frowned above their heads would be in their power. The young man was received with rapture. He immediately ordered a portion of the guard to remain under arms, sending the rest to take an hour's refreshment. He then asked Porcon and ten others of the notable citizens to accompany him to his house, where he found his mother and sister sitting up in a state of deep agitation and excitement.

'My son,' cried the fond mother on seeing him enter, while his sister embraced him cordially, 'what is all this I hear? Your name, unjustly execrated until now, has been this night lauded to the skies.'

'My mother, the cause is simply this: my fellow-citizens hitherto have not known me; they know me now.'

'I never doubted you,' said his sister warmly.

'I knew you did not, Caterina,' said the brother gently. 'But I must talk with my friends; I can but tell you now,

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that you will in a few days welcome a new sister. Isabella is mine!'

This was said in a whisper, and then Michel seated himself at a table with his friends. Their discourse fell at once on the form of government which the free city of St Malo should assume. The young man, true to his classical traditions, proposed that they should appoint a consul and a senate, the whole spiritually dependent on their bishop, but in reality free, the priest having no part in temporal affairs. Michel, however, indulged in no illusions. He was aware that, despite their victory, their position was difficult, and was perhaps only tenable as long as civil wars continued to weaken France. But he chose that they should keep their entire independence as long as possible; that if the day of servitude should ever come, they might fall nobly, securing to themselves immunities and privileges such as their position deserved. His friends adopted his ideas without hesitation, and then, having partaken of refreshment, they departed to summon the old members of the commonalty to confirm or reject their decision. Michel remained with his family, who now asked of him an explanation of what had passed. The young leader of the successful revolt gladly satisfied their curiosity, and had just concluded, amid exclamations of admiration and astonishment from both, when a servant entered.

'What is it, Jean?' asked Michel.

'His reverence, Charles de Bourneuf, Bishop and Lord of St Malo, wishes to see you,' replied the youth.

'Let him enter,' said Michel coldly. 'Dear mother and sister, leave me alone awhile with him.'

The two women acquiesced, and Michel remained alone. A moment later, the bishop entered. He was a middle-sized, slight-made man, with an expression of great cunning, and a countenance in general expressive of inordinate ambition and lust of power and wealth.

'Hail, saviour of Gaul!' cried he enthusiastically. 'You have the reptile in your hands. The enemy of our church, the heretic usurper, is taken; a power greater than any held by man for ages is yours. Use it well, Michel, and heaven and earth have no rewards great enough for you.'

'Explain yourself,' said Michel quietly, at the same time offering the bishop a seat.

'Michel, are you not aware that Henry of Navarre is a heretic?' began the bishop.

'He *was* a heretic, but to gain a crown he has abjured,' replied Michel in his driest tones; 'and although still suspected of being of the new religion, is at least in name a Roman Catholic, and servitor of his holiness the pope.'

'You say truly, Michel. He is still a heretic, and as such unfit to reign in France. On the other hand, there is the League of all true Catholics, which seeks to place on the throne a prince devoted

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to the interests of the church. But Henry, supported by the devil and Calvin, is a great general, and we have not been able to overcome him. It has been left for you to perform this wondrous feat. He is your prisoner. Michel, the interests of our religion, the salvation of the monarchy, are in your hands. Declare for the League, give up the Bearnais as hostage to them, and the war is over; peace will reign, the true interests of God will be triumphant, and your name will be everlastingly glorious.'

'Rather, then, let it be everlastingly infamous,' replied Michel firmly; 'for I have signed a convention with Henry of Navarre and France; and mark me, my lord bishop, at dawn he rides forth freely.'

'Never!' said Charles furiously. 'I am lord here, and I will not allow it. I am hereditary ruler in St Malo, and no treaty is valid without my signature. Never will I sign my name to a wicked and absurd capitulation that sets a heretic and a usurper free.'

'Then, your reverence, the treaty must live without your signature. It is signed, and must be carried into effect.'

'Who will dare to carry it out in defiance of me?'

'I will, my lord bishop! I braved last night and this morning greater dangers than any you can place in my way. I braved the ascent of the Generale by a single rope, the threatening sword of Henry the Fourth, and for two years the contempt of my fellow-citizens. Mark me: reading, philosophy, and reflection, have taught me that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism is a matter of feeling. There are abuses on both sides, but the balance is with us. I am not bigoted to the one or the other, and like not sudden changes; but rather than submit to the rule of a priest, and change masters, I pledge myself in six months to make St Malo as strong a hold of the Reformation as La Rochelle. I respect the sincere piety of my countrymen, but, myself half a Huguenot, I should not grieve to see all my countrymen so. But I will not, in so grave a matter, take any initiative: they are good and happy. But mark me, Charles de Bourneuf, no tampering with our liberties. I am neither for king nor League—I am for the liberties of St Malo. But, in preference to the League, I would accept the king.'

'But you, a simple citizen, a merchant, a trader, how dare you resist your hereditary lord, the bishop of St Malo? Michel, fear not only the excommunication of the church, but temporal punishment.'

At this instant a deputation of citizens entered, headed by Porcon. They bowed slightly to the bishop—profoundly to Michel.

'Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere,' said Porcon in a voice of deep emotion, 'I have submitted your proposition to the citizens, and they have decided that St Malo is an independent commonwealth,

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governed by a consul, a senate of fifty, and a town-council of one hundred—all elected by the people. In token of their deep gratitude to you, the saviour of your country, they declare unanimously that you are consul for four years. Long live the republic and its first consul!'

Michel closed his eyes, to check the strong feelings that overcame him. The bishop advanced furiously towards the deputation.

'And my rights?' he asked—with clenched fists, says the old chronicle.

'Charles de Bourneuf,' said Michel firmly, 'return to your palace, and leave it not without further orders. We respect you in your spiritual capacity, but your known devotion to a foreign party causes the city to declare that you are for ever excluded from its temporal councils.'

Michel had always objected to the interference of priests with government, but, in those days of spiritual bondage, he threw in the party allusion to soothe the bigoted. The priest went out muttering words of revenge, and shut himself up in his palace, which he never left again for four years, except under good guard. Michel received on his shoulders with humility the furred cloak of ancient days worn by the lords of St Malo, allowed the tiara to be placed on his head and the sword by his side, and then marched forth to carry out the terms of the capitulation. As the sun rose he entered the castle, where, to his great surprise, he found a chapel fitted up for his marriage, which there and then was celebrated by the command of the king. Then trumpets sounding and colours flying, and all military honours rendered to them, the garrison, headed by the king and count, marched out, Michel accompanying them some distance. At last they parted, with many mutual good wishes, and the consul returned to his native city, to organise and consolidate his government.

During four years Michel ruled as consul, beloved by his countrymen, whom he made rich, prosperous, and happy. His views were enlarged and comprehensive, and his first thought was to foster commerce—the right hand of civilisation. St Malo became wealthy to a proverb, enjoying as she did the greatest blessing of a state—peace. But at the end of four years, war ceased in France; Henry IV. was universally recognised as king; the pope allowed him to be a good Catholic; and every town and city in the land did homage. He sent word to Michel that he could not resist the advice of his ministers, but must reduce St Malo to allegiance. Michel was too clear-sighted not to be aware that resistance was useless. He sent, however, a haughty message to the king, in the name of the senate, for he would not join even in the least appearance of submission. He spoke as Cromwell might have done to Louis XIV., and the terms offered by the senate were accepted. Henry IV. forbade any Protestant chapels to be built within three leagues; the people were exempt from taxes for six years; they chose their own guard; they elected their own magistrates;

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had a prior and two consuls to try all causes: in fact, they simply owned themselves a city of France, and remained as they were.

Though not in importance one tithe of what it was, St Malo is still an important place, and there are many even now who would gladly return to the good old times, under the rule of their first and last republican consul, Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere, whose descendants have uniformly served their city well, either as magistrates, merchants, or sailors, preserving religiously in their family the legend of the Rock Republic.

The general reader, however, more readily connects the name with smuggling and contraband brandy, and is almost always ignorant of the daring feats which has induced us to recall the name of Michel Fortet de la Bardeliere.

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MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

THE biography of Cervantes, author of *Don Quixote*, and of several other works once esteemed and popular, is less known, perhaps, than it ought to be to the people of this country. In his own day he met, properly speaking, with no reward. Towards the close of his life, indeed, the Spaniards may be said to have exhibited some inclination, in a certain degree, to recognise his merits, though not by any means to do him justice; but death interposed to deprive him of the fruit, whatever it might have been, of their tardy recognition, and from that time to the present the world has been more disposed to enjoy his invention and his humour than solicitous to acquaint itself with the sad story of his life. Through this it has happened that most of the materials which might have thrown a light on his career have been suffered

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to perish. He stands, consequently, in nearly the same category with Shakspeare, whose life was never attempted to be written till it had become impossible to write it. Considerably more, however, is known of Cervantes, though of the years which he devoted to study and to the acquisition of experience we can be said to possess no knowledge whatever.

Don Quixote has been so completely naturalised in all parts of Europe, that people almost forget its author was a foreigner. He is the only Spanish writer, however, who has been so naturalised out of Spain. There was, nevertheless, a time when the literature of that country was the most popular in Christendom; when to be ignorant of it, was almost considered to be a proof of boorish origin; and when, consequently, its principal writers formed the delight of courts and all polite circles, and were everywhere regarded as models for imitation. Anna, in that case, did a service to letters. The pen followed in the wake of the sword, and the victories of Charles V. and Philip II. gave a currency and influence to the Spanish language which, like our own in the present day, was looked upon as an imperial dialect. As the limits of the Spanish monarchy shrank, the literature of Spain likewise relinquished one by one its conquests over public taste, until it might at length be doubted whether the compositions of the Hindoos and Chinese did not exercise a greater sway over the populations of the west than Garcilaso, Boscan, Calderon, and Lope de Vega.

That this is a fact our readers, we think, will concede to us. They will probably acknowledge with equal readiness, that 'pity 'tis 'tis true.' No doubt the genius of Spain gave birth to a gloomy phantom, which, almost constantly overshadowing the minds both of writers and people, scared them from the study of pure literature, to wander and be lost in the mazes of casuistry, theology, pedantry, and superstition. But all the intellects of the country did not bow the knee to these grotesque idols. A certain number, of whom Cervantes was one, cultivated the study of genuine learning, which they adorned with a profusion of wit and fancy. Even now, therefore, it might be profitable to study the literature of Spain, which amidst vast mountains of rubbish contains many veins of pure gold. It is true there exists no second *Don Quixote* in the Peninsula; yet there are several productions which, though of inferior merit in comparison with this master-piece, may still be read with considerable pleasure by all who take delight in an original and exciting literature.

Miguel de Cervantes, descended from an ancient and noble family, was born at Alcalá de Henares, near Madrid, in the month of October 1547. Fortune, however, did not smile upon his birth. His father had already fallen into adverse circumstances, so that it would appear to have been with much difficulty he provided for his education. How this was conducted in his early years we are not informed, for the fact that he amused himself

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with reading the ballads in the streets, and occasionally frequented the theatre to witness the performances of the celebrated Lopez de Rueda, affords us no light. At a later period he was sent to Salamanca, where he studied grammar and general literature, under Juan Lopez de Hoyos. During his stay in this city, which does not seem to have exceeded two years, he resided in the Calle de los Moros; but respecting the nature of his pursuits, we know little more than may be inferred from the character of his writings. It seems extremely probable that, instead of applying himself diligently to classical learning, he devoted much of his time to the reading of books of chivalry, upon which he afterwards revenged himself by the most merciless satire. He soon began to exhibit a leaning towards literature, though what was the character of his earliest compositions he has nowhere told us. In the year 1568, when he was already twenty-one, he united with many friends and disciples of Juan Lopez de Hoyos in producing a miscellaneous volume of prose and verse. His contributions consisted of a sonnet, an elegy, and four redondillas, in which he celebrated the merits, graces, and sudden death of Doña Isabella de Valois, to whose memory the whole volume was consecrated.

These royal obsequies were celebrated at the end of October, at which time Julio Aquaviva, afterwards cardinal, arrived from the pope with orders to condole with Philip II. on the loss of his queen, as well as that of the Prince Don Carlos, who had died in prison in the preceding July. The Spanish monarch was probably little grateful to his holiness for reminding him of what history must regard as a crime, since it can scarcely be doubted that his son fell a victim to his suspicious cruelty. The real object of the pope's nuncio was political, and connected with the affairs of northern Italy, where certain Roman ecclesiastics had taken great offence at some proceedings of the Spanish ministers. Philip II. brooked but ill the haughty message of the pope, and ordered his ambassador to quit the territories of Spain within sixty days.

In the suite of this learned prelate, who delighted in the society of authors—in which he exhibited good taste—Cervantes is supposed to have quitted Madrid and proceeded to Rome, where he spent some time as a chamberlain, though in whose service is not stated. Shortly afterwards he entered the Spanish army as a common soldier, and travelled up and down the Italian peninsula, observing the manners of its inhabitants, and admiring the opulence and grandeur of its cities. The most formidable danger at that time threatened the Christian nations of the west. The Ottoman sultan, collecting together the strength of his nation, and appropriating its resources to the preparation of a vast armament, sailed down the Mediterranean, exciting everywhere the utmost terror and dismay. To protect Christendom from this implacable foe, the united fleets of Spain and Venice, under the command of

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Philip II.'s natural brother, Don Juan of Austria, encountered the Turkish power at Lepanto, in the entrance to the Corinthian Gulf. Victory declared in favour of the Christians, and the Moslem combatants, amazed and humiliated at their defeat, fled, panic-stricken, into the several ports and harbours of the Levant. In this famous battle, Cervantes lost the use of his left hand, or rather through the unskilful manner in which his wound was treated at Messina, whither a portion of the Spanish fleet retired after the victory. He was not, however, considered by this accident to have been completely disabled, since he continued some years longer in the service. At length he obtained leave to return to Spain, with the strongest letters of recommendation to the principal ministers and courtiers, who, it was expected, would obtain for him from their sovereign a suitable reward. While on this homeward voyage, it cannot be doubted that Cervantes entertained his imagination with brilliant pictures of success in gallantry and literature. He was then full of hope and vitality, and glowed with the consciousness of the laurels he had won by his own intrepidity in the battle of Lepanto.

But the Mediterranean, in those days, was not to be navigated even by ships of war with impunity. From every harbour, bay, and creek on its southern shores, galleys, under the Ottoman flag, darted forth in quest of plunder and captives, which were then so numerous that they constituted a large class of the population on the Barbary coast. Fifteen thousand Christian slaves, who had been chained to the oar in the Turkish fleet, are said to have been liberated by the victory of Don Juan of Austria; and the business of redeeming slaves was so extensive and important, as to give rise to the institution of a particular order of monks, called The Fathers of Redemption, who stationed themselves in the various cities on the coast of Africa, where they negotiated for the ransom of Christian captives.

The ship which bore Cervantes towards Spain, was attacked in the open sea by a squadron of Algerine pirates, which, after a long and bloody conflict, succeeded in capturing it. All the persons on board were of course carried to Algiers, and sold for slaves. Travellers in the East at the present day, who observe the manners and treatment of the servile population in the Turkish empire, can draw from what they see no conclusions respecting the manner in which persons in the same condition were treated in the sixteenth century. Difference of colour and religion greatly aggravated the evils naturally inherent in slavery. The masters knew that their slaves despised and detested them; that they believed them to be condemned to eternal perdition; and that when they had no other consolation, they derived some semblance of it from this article of their creed. On the other hand, the Moslems of those days united the utmost ferocity of manners with the relentless cruelty inherent in fanaticism. Their muftis and ulemas re-echoed the anathemas of the Catholic priests; and with

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an earnestness which certainly yielded in no respect to theirs, consigned the enemies of their faith to perdition in another world. The feelings may, therefore, be somewhat understood with which Cervantes and his companions sailed in chains towards Algiers, where he arrived in the autumn of 1575.

The piratical system, which had been established in those ages on the Barbary coast, may be regarded as one of the most curious phenomena of which any account is given in the history of modern times: out of what circumstances it arose, has never been exactly explained. When the Osmanlies were in the zenith of their power, their victorious fleets and armies swept along the whole face of the Mediterranean, and subdued nearly the entire extent of its shores. Greece became a province of the Turkish Empire; attempts had been made at the reduction of Italy; and Spain had only recently escaped from the Mohammedan yoke. On the south, from the Pillars of Hercules to the foot of Mount Taurus, the protracted coast of Africa and Asia had submitted to the sceptre of the sultan; and Ottoman governors, under the name of Bey, Dey, or Prince, exercised the sovereignty in the name of the padishah or chief of El Islam.

These military satraps, though acknowledging the authority of the Porte, and paying their tribute punctually, were, during the continuance of their government, possessed of absolute and despotic power. The persons immediately surrounding them were, like themselves, Turks; but their subjects for the most part consisted of a strange mixed multitude—Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, with renegades from all nations, fierce, profligate, addicted to every species of atrocity by which money could be made. Living along a coast of difficult approach, with harbours scattered at great distances, they were tempted by circumstances to become wreckers, from which the step to piracy is short and easy. This manner of life they led long before the Turkish invasion; and when they bowed their necks before the new conquerors from the East, who had compelled many prouder nations to succumb, they preserved their ancient habits, and soon discovered the means of reconciling them to their sceptred chiefs.

The bey of Tunis, the dey of Algiers, the sultan of Fez, with the numerous inferior governors who held maritime commands in the western part of Morocco, made common cause with the lawless sailors who lived under their sway. The Sallee rovers have been rendered familiar to the public by De Foe in the early part of *Robinson Crusoe;* and several historians of Spain and Italy, together with a long list of travellers, have celebrated the exploits of those Moslem banditti, who brought disgrace on the Koran and the civil institutions of El Islam. From every port in the territories of the Barbary states, galleys, stoutly built and well armed, put forth continually to lie in wait for the honest traders who sailed up and down the Mediterranean from England, France, or Spain, to or from Egypt, Syria, Greece, and the Archipelago.

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When the pirates fell in with any of these, a fierce engagement often took place, in which victory decided now for one side, now for the other. When the Christians obtained the mastery, they were sometimes content with plundering and sinking the enemy's vessel. The pirates were more refined in their cruelty, for, under similar circumstances, they converted their captives into beasts of burden, sold them publicly in the markets like cattle, or held and tortured them in chains, to hasten the ransoming of them by their friends.

Nor did these marauders confine their attacks to the merchants and mariners they encountered on the sea; frequently, when least expected, they made descents on the coasts of Sicily, sacked and burned the towns and villages, and carried away the inhabitants into servitude. For a long time, these calamities were confined to the southern parts of the island; but as experience rendered them bolder, the pirates penetrated northwards, swept round Messina and Palermo, and landed occasionally in the Lepari Islands, where they have left to this day very striking mementos of their visits: for the towns and private dwellings are built at a distance from the sea on precipitous and almost inaccessible rocks, where nothing was to be dreaded but surprise, since a very small number of armed men could defend the passages leading to the towns and castles against a whole army.

Several Christian powers fitted out expeditions against Algiers, which was attacked by sea and land; but for ages without success. Spain made herself prominent in these irregular wars, and Charles V., having become formidable by his wars to all the powers of Europe, landed an army on the coast of Barbary, which melted away like snow before the terrible cavalry of the desert. Among the most redoubtable enemies of these corsair states, was that famous order of martial monks denominated the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, who, having been dislodged from the island of Rhodes, fortified themselves on the impregnable rock of Malta. Thence, before luxury had rendered them effeminate, they sallied forth against the hereditary foes of Christendom, attacked and captured their galleys, plundered and devastated their coasts, carried away their wives and daughters, and enriched themselves and all their dependents at their expense.

It may be worth while to glance at the sequel of the history of these bucaneering communities. As centuries rolled on, the light of the crescent began to pale. Sloth, ignorance, and barbarism seized upon the Oriental nations, while the states of the west sprang rapidly into opulence and power, especially upon the sea. Still, the existence of the pirates was winked at or tolerated; and the time through which this feeble policy prevailed, illustrates most strikingly the disinclination of modern governments to put down a long-established nuisance. So long as the Moors respected the flags of great and formidable states, they were suffered to

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plunder with impunity the subjects of inferior governments. Hardened by the forbearance of Christendom, they at length ventured to attack the ships of England, and speedily received a chastisement, which proved the precursor of their ruin. A British squadron was despatched to Algiers, and poured its thunders into the city, until every building in it rocked to its foundations. The sky was red with flame, balls and shells fell upon the devoted Moslems like hail; and though the government was suffered to subsist a little longer, it never recovered from that blow. Fourteen years afterwards, France completed what Great Britain had begun; and at this moment, chasseurs de Vincennes, gendarmes, Parisian shopkeepers, Burgundian vine-dressers, and grisettes from all the cities of France, prance, and mince, and amble, where the bearded companions of Barbarossa divided the spoils of Europe by the light of their scimitars.

Such were the people among whom the renowned author of *Don Quixote* was destined to wear away several years in servitude. The service he had seen under Don Juan of Austria, by no means tended to diminish the prejudice with which he naturally regarded the Mohammedans. He had fought against them—he had lost one of his hands in the conflict; he had suffered hardship, and toil, and poverty, in the attempt to repress their inordinate ambition; and now he beheld himself at their mercy—a slave, and in chains. Yet to their power and their cruelty he resolved to oppose an invincible will; and his determination was supported and strengthened by the number of Christian captives who lamented his arrival, and by their sympathy and admiration augmented his heroic constancy.

To this period of his life, his memory through the entire remainder of it continually returned. It was one succession of toil, apprehension, and solicitude. He beheld around him numerous individuals raised to distinction through the abandonment of their religion; he witnessed perpetual attempts at escape, and knew that for this and other similar offences the punishment of impaling alive was frequently inflicted. He fell to the share of an Arnaout, whose name he has distorted into Dali Mami; and this piratical chief would at least appear to have rivalled any miscreant on the Barbary coast in cruelty and ferocity. The letters of recommendation of Don Juan of Austria, and the Duke de Sesa, which might have been productive of good fortune in Spain, were now converted into so many sources of calamity, for Dali Mami, imagining from their contents that Cervantes was a nobleman of the highest rank and distinction, treated him with extreme severity, in the hope of thus augmenting his desire of freedom, and the amount of his ransom. He was, accordingly, loaded with heavy irons, and kept in strict confinement.

Nearly all the events of this captivity are enveloped in obscurity. Things happen we know not how, and the most ingenious schemes

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are defeated by means of which we obtain imperfect glimpses. For example, in spite of his chains and strict incarceration, we find Cervantes conferring with numbers of his countrymen, and corrupting a Moor, under whose guidance the whole party escapes from the city, and sets out towards Oran. The guide, we are told, was a habitual traitor, and on the very first day of their march deserted them. Abandoned by this miscreant, they were unable to prosecute their journey, and found themselves under the necessity of returning to Algiers, to encounter additional harshness in their masters, and a greater weight of chains. In one of his plays, entitled the *Trato de Argel*, Cervantes is supposed to describe some of the incidents of his first attempt at escape from captivity; but as he probably rather consulted his invention than his memory, it would hardly be safe to place any historical reliance on surmises of this kind. Shortly afterwards, several Spaniards, who had been his companions in misfortune, obtained their deliverance by ransom, and returned to their native country, when one of their number, Gabriel de Castaneda, represented to the father of Cervantes the sad condition of his sons in Algeria—for the two brothers were companions in misfortune. The father was evidently a man of a generous and affectionate disposition, and would appear to have been supported in his design by all the members of his family. He therefore sold the whole of his property, and even sacrificed the marriage-portions of his daughters, in order to redeem his two gallant sons from slavery. But the Moslem into whose hands Miguel had fallen, affected to believe him to be a noble of the first order, and rejected the proffered ransom with contempt. The master of his brother, Rodrigo, was less unreasonable. With the money forwarded by their father he therefore was liberated, and requested on his return home to send out an armed brigantine, to cruise along the coast of Algiers, a little to the east of the city, in order to co-operate with Cervantes in effecting the deliverance of himself and his companions.

It seems probable, that of the money placed in the hands of Cervantes for the ransom of himself and his brother, some considerable portion remained after the deliverance of the latter had been effected. This supposition is indeed necessary to account for the events which followed, since he had to put a complicated machinery in motion, and to engage several persons in his service, which he could not have done without gold.

A Greek renegade possessed, three miles east of the city, a garden reaching on one side down to the beach. The gardener was a Christian slave, who, partly through the sympathy of his faith, partly through the influence of dollars, consented to hazard impalement in the service of the captive Spaniards. Even with his assistance, it is difficult to comprehend how the plan of the author of *Don Quixote* could have been carried into execution. There existed, it appears, a spacious cavern in the garden, the entrance to which was either unknown, or else the proprietor could not have

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been in the habit of frequenting his own paradise. It may possibly have been one of those pieces of ground which, in the neighbourhood of Mohammedan cities, are laid out as market-gardens, and are rarely if ever visited by the gentlemen to whom they belong. They are contented if the produce is sold and the money safely lodged in their pocket. There is also another class of proprietors among the Moslems, who cultivate gardens in the vicinity of great towns. These men do not covet the value of the fruit and vegetables that may be grown on their grounds, but are simply desirous of possessing some wild and lonely retreat, to which they may betake themselves when oppressed by melancholy or misfortune, when their wives are cross or their friends unfaithful. With a bag of tobacco, a pipe, and a slave, they repair in the dead of night to their secluded gardens, where, stretched on their prayer-carpets, they smoke and meditate till dawn, after which they retire to their houses, to sleep away the troublesome hours of day.

For some such purpose, Dali Mami may have kept the garden referred to in the biography of Cervantes, though the existence of the cave must have been absolutely unknown to him, otherwise it would have been the very place he would have selected for his nocturnal fumigations. But whatever decisions we may come to on this point, we must admit the existence of the garden and of the cavern, in which a whole company of runaway captives concealed themselves from the month of February 1577 to the month of September in the same year, supported all the while by the liberality or ingenuity of the ingenious hidalgo, who afterwards celebrated the everlasting wallet of Sancho Panza, which always, like Fortunatus's purse, appeared to contain crust and onions with whatever else its owner desired to take out of it.

When he considered his scheme matured, Cervantes himself escaped from his master, and joined his friends in the cave, where they suffered much from damp and cold, although they were cheered and enabled to endure by the hope of liberty. In the month of September, the brigantine he expected set sail from the coast of Valencia, and traversed the Mediterranean to Algiers. Here the captain cruised about as he was directed, and at length seized on what he considered a favourable opportunity to put off a well-manned boat towards the garden.

But the hopes of the unfortunate men were doomed to be frustrated. A galley filled with Moors happening just then to pass by, detected the movements of the Spaniards, several of whom, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, would appear to have been drowned. The project of Cervantes, however, was not by this means discovered; but one of his own countrymen, called El Dorador, in whom he had until then confided, determined at once to abandon his honour and his religion. This miscreant proceeded to the palace of the dey, and disclosed to him the enterprises and hopes of Cervantes. In consequence of this information, a body

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of soldiers, partly horse and partly foot, were sent to surprise the Christians in the cavern; and making their appearance suddenly in overwhelming force, were enabled to effect their purpose without difficulty or bloodshed.

When Cervantes observed the Moslem soldiers putting chains on his companions, he gallantly stood forward, and declared them to be innocent of all knowledge of his purpose, which he alone, he said, had contrived and sought to execute. This procured him the admiration, though not the sympathy of the dey, a cruel tyrant, who through avarice seized on all the prisoners, and appropriated them to himself.

It would be tedious to prolong the narrative of Cervantes's captivity and attempts at escape. The greatest interest was felt in his fate, both among the reverend Fathers of Redemption in Algiers, and his own friends and relatives in Spain, by whose indefatigable exertions the sum necessary for his ransom was at length raised, and towards the end of the year 1580 he obtained his liberty, and set sail for Spain.

Cervantes now experienced the emptiness and vanity of most of the hopes and expectations we form in this world. He had served his country gallantly as a soldier during many years; he had shared in some of the greatest battles and victories of Christendom; he had fallen by accident into captivity; but while suffering the deepest misfortunes himself, had found the means and opportunity of conferring eternal obligations on some of the noblest families in Spain. It was not, therefore, without reason that, as he returned home, he amused himself with building magnificent castles in the air. He was thoroughly persuaded that the foremost among the grandees would hasten to welcome him to Madrid; that the courtiers would prove his enthusiastic friends; and that even the monarch himself would be eager to express to him, by honours and places of emolument, his appreciation of his high merits.

Upon his return, he found Philip II. engaged in the conquest of Portugal, and at the same time oppressed by the influence of recent sickness and sorrow. Had it been otherwise with the monarch, Cervantes's reception would have been still the same. Philip was too selfish and gloomy a tyrant to interest himself in the fortunes of a brave man, who had nothing but his genius and his virtues to recommend him. Finding no other course open to him, Cervantes once more entered the army, and proceeded with his old regiment to the subjugation of the Portuguese. He again distinguished himself by land and sea; was present at the battle of Terceira, and excited in all who witnessed his career the strongest possible admiration of his enthusiasm and valour.

But he was not a grandee; and in the service of Spain, as well as of some other countries, he who has influence at court may easily eclipse the possessor of all the genius and virtues under heaven.

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The heroic captive and soldier by degrees despaired of rising to eminence through the profession of arms, and began to think of some other means by which to live comfortably in his own day, and to hand down his name with honour to posterity.

In the midst of these meditations, Cervantes proceeded to Lisbon on private business, and resided there for some time. During this period, he became acquainted with a Portuguese lady, by whom he had a daughter. Why this connection did not end in marriage, is nowhere explained. She seems to have been a highly respectable person, and to have made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of her lover. But there would appear to have existed some insurmountable obstacle to their union. Cervantes, therefore, returned to Spain, taking along with him his little daughter, Doña Isabella de Saavedra, who ever afterwards lived in his house. To despatch all his love-affairs at once, we may here state, that some years afterwards he married a Spanish lady, who shared with him all the calamity and poverty of his life. With this woman he resided successively at Esquivias and Valladolid.

We now arrive at that period in the life of Cervantes in which he made a complete transition from one of the opposite poles of social existence to the other. Arms and letters were in old times commonly enough associated, but in these latter ages of the world the pen and the sword, if not antagonistic, have generally eschewed all intimate association. Soldiers know little how to write; while the servant of the Muses is generally eager to escape from the noise, frivolity, and vices of the camp. But Cervantes, throughout his active career, while following the standard of Don Juan of Austria, in the prisons of Algiers, and in the fascinating society of Lisbon, never wholly lost sight of his original love of literature; for it will be remembered, that in the very opening scenes of his youth, the love of books absorbed him entirely. The cultivation of the intellect was carried on at that period in Spain after a very peculiar fashion. Barbarism, which still lingers in the Peninsula, was then irresistibly predominant; but predominant in conjunction with energy, enterprise, and the effervescence of original thought. The great classic authors exercised a powerful influence, and produced numerous imitations. The imitations, however, were not servile, but exhibited a freedom and a vivacity, united, no doubt, with extreme quaintness, which scarcely any literature of a later period has equalled. Cervantes, when he began to write, fell quite naturally into the taste of his age, which leaned towards pastoral poetry and romance; extravagant in conception, though often in execution extremely polished and refined. Most of these productions passed out of sight with the age which produced them. They were calculated to amuse their contemporaries, but were too local, and bore too completely the stamp of a particular period, to suit the relish of succeeding generations.

Unfortunately, no exact picture has been left us of the life led

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by the literary men of those days in Spain. Thomas Roscoe, in his Life of Cervantes, has done much towards throwing light on the manners and studies of the period, and it is to be hoped he may yet be induced to go again over the ground, and finish what he has so ably commenced. Meanwhile it is certain, that few of those who then wrote were mere recluse students. They mingled freely with the world, whose character and manners they desired to describe; they travelled; they fought by sea and land; they entered upon the career of political ambition; they rivalled the doctors of theology in the church; and when they sat down, therefore, to write, it was with minds filled by experience, and rendered capacious by an enlarged intercourse with mankind. Yet we must not exaggerate the advantages of such a state of things. What authors gained on one hand, they lost on the other. The art of writing is the most difficult which the intellect of man has ever attempted for the advantage of the human race. It asks the whole mind, the whole energy, and the entire love of those who cultivate it.

'Desire of fame the noble mind doth raise,
To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

The furnishing of the mind with ideas is a more difficult process than we are apt to believe. It is not men of the world who best understand the world; but men of study, who calmly look down upon it from the lofty heights of speculation. The others are actors, these are spectators; the others, consequently, are too busy to observe, while of the latter, observation is nearly the only business. Then comes the art itself—the translating of ideas into words, the grouping, the painting, the colouring of thought, with all those fascinating and marvellous contrivances by which the most fleeting of all essences is fixed, and invested with indestructible durability.

The contemporaries of Cervantes were comparatively ignorant of this art of arts; but he, through superior sagacity, gradually made the discovery, that an author is rendered immortal or otherwise by his style, which he fits like an impenetrable coat of armour about his ideas. He felt also, no doubt, how absurd it would be to put such a coat of mail on anything too weak to bear it, and laboured to develop his thoughts to the proportions which nature designed them to possess.

In the year 1585, Cervantes married at Esquivias a lady whose name was much more considerable than her fortune; but, with the generosity natural to all children of the Muses, he preferred beauty to gold, and elegance of manners to extent of domains. The lady rejoiced in the appellation of Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozniediano, and was descended, we are told, from two distinguished families, which, like many others, had tried to live upon their distinction till very little else was left them. Her uncle, however, bestowed upon Catalina one-tenth of his property, which proves him not to have been rich, since her portion

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amounted to no more than 100 ducats. But Cervantes was opulent in his feelings and affections. He loved the lady whom he had espoused, and with her, as with untold treasures, he removed to Madrid, where he doubted not he should speedily acquire both fame and riches. Experience by degrees had taught him that fame, even with men of the greatest merit, is often of slow growth. He became acquainted with the literary celebrities of his day, who were in the praiseworthy habit of augmenting each other's reputation by friendly sonnets and redondillas. The effect of these was like the circle made by throwing a stone into water—at first small and insignificant, but spreading continually, till it at length embraced the whole kingdom of Spain.

At that time it became the fashion in Italy to found academies for encouraging the cultivation of literature. Society had not then learned to dread the consequences of exciting the popular intellect. Nobles and grandees felt they derived honour from associating with the lords of thought, and were not ashamed to confess it, which proved them to be in possession of some elements at least of true greatness. But it may perhaps be doubted whether letters or the professors of them derived all the advantages which might have been made to flow from the institutions to which we have alluded. Still much good was certainly done, because a mental elegance was then infused into Italian society, which, after the lapse of 300 years, has not yet entirely disappeared. From Italy the passion for establishing academies passed into Spain, where an association of poets and learned men was formed in the latter portion of the sixteenth century, of which it is presumed Cervantes was a member. But as many heroes who flourished before Agamemnon were swallowed up remorselessly by oblivion, because they had no Homer to pour an immortal blaze of glory upon their names, so the deeds done, the suppers eaten, and the witty and elegant things uttered by the members of the Spanish academy, have perished utterly, because none undertook in time to chronicle them for the benefit of posterity. The authors of those days resembled in no respect the French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who have left us, embalmed in delightful memoirs, ten thousand things which would scarcely be thought worth remembering if they were not invested with brilliance by practised and polished pens. Literature in Spain, as in England, seems as a rule to have invariably led to poverty, and therefore the professors of it were little induced to dwell with anything like pleasure on the history of their own struggles. All their arts and energies were exhausted in the endeavour to live, especially when they happened, as they generally did, to depend for success on the caprices of the court.

Cervantes may almost be said to have commenced his career as a regular author with the pastoral romance of *Galatea*, in which he is supposed to have celebrated his own love for the lady of the

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long name, who is the heroine of the piece. Several of his literary friends figure among the other characters, and doubtless he himself is the principal hero. But this is not at all a peculiar circumstance. The *Galatea*, however, is so little known out of Spain, except by the pretty imitation of Florian, that it is quite unnecessary to enter into any detailed criticism of it. It may be more to the purpose to advert to his dramatic performances, which about this period of his life followed each other in rapid succession. Previous to his time, an extraordinary degree of barbarism prevailed upon the Spanish stage, which resembled neither that of the Greeks nor that of modern times. The pieces called eclogues, dialogues, or colloquies, were substituted for tragedies and comedies; and little art or ingenuity appears to have been displayed in the conduct of the story, for plot, properly speaking, there was none. Still, the writers persisted in spinning out these performances to the length of five acts, to their own great discomfort, and to the positive annoyance of the public. The author of *Don Quixote*, who makes so many just observations on the laws which should regulate the theatre, commenced his dramatic career in the character of a reformer. He determined to introduce greater vivacity and more poetic splendour into the plays of his age. In some respects, also, he may be said to have shewn superior regard for nature and probability; but while he was building up with one hand, he was in some sense pulling down with the other; because, by entering upon the field of morals and allegory, he communicated an inexpressibly insipid character to dramatic exhibitions. Authors sometimes are tempted to write against the bent of their natural genius, in obedience to the spirit of the times. They think more of what will suit the public, than of what will best harmonise with their own genius. Cervantes is an illustration of this truth. The idiosyncrasies of his mind were essentially undramatic, as he ran naturally into description, not into impersonation. He loved detail, with minute and graphic touches, and was inclined to indulge in luxuriant developments, while the drama is concentrated, condensed, and abounding in rapid energy. Yet as the pieces of Cervantes were an improvement on those of his predecessors, he was for awhile popular, until his example awakened the slumbering fire in the breast of a greater poet—Lope de Vega—whose plays were afterwards so familiar to Doña Inez, that if any actor missed his part, she could have served him for the prompter's copy. Besides, to say the truth, Cervantes was not naturally a poet. His mind was observing, discursive, full of humour, and inclined to luxury of illustration, but he could not convert his observations into living principles; his thoughts, when fused, did not run naturally into metaphors; he was wanting in that flashing power which, like lightning, pervades the whole world of ideas, and quickens them into life. Neither did he excel in the invention of dramatic characters or incidents. His persons of the drama declaim rather than act, and tell stories instead of giving efficacy

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to their own determinations and passions. When a true master of the stage, therefore, arose, Cervantes was almost ignominiously banished; and as authorship then, as now, seldom inclined or enabled men to practise economy with success, he soon found himself in debt and difficulties.

Now came a proof of the flexibility and vigour of Cervantes's character. He really loved literature for its own sake, and had fortune vouchsafed him the slightest independence, would have pursued it cheerfully in a garret. But even the garret could not be secured to him by his devotion at the shrine of the Muses; and as he sincerely loved his wife, with all those whom nature had made dependent upon him, he resolved to make the bitterest of all sacrifices to one thinking as he thought and felt, and gave up literature for a petty employment in the provinces. Some endeavours have been made to invest his new position with imaginary importance; but it was very much to him what the Excise office was to Burns—a misery and a degradation—although he bore up with superior manliness and dignity against the torrent of reflections which it must have inspired. The office he held it is somewhat difficult to describe. Antoine de Guevara, a man who would now be utterly unknown but for his connection with Cervantes, having been appointed commissary-general, shewed his respect for his distinguished countryman in the best way he could, by appointing him one of his four subordinates under the name of commissioner. The duties of the office consisted in receiving and laying out money in the purchase of stores and provisions for the fleets and armaments of the Indies. In the exercise of these functions, it was necessary for Cervantes to travel through Andalucia and the neighbouring provinces, which enabled him to observe frequently and at leisure the manners and customs of the inhabitants, which in those days were still more peculiar than they are now. During these excursions, he heard likewise innumerable anecdotes, stories, and legends, which he naturally treasured up in his capacious memory; witnessed striking traits of character, and prepared himself in other ways to produce, at a future period, the most original picture ever drawn of the idiosyncrasies of a semi-barbarous nation. Still, though he derived such advantages from his position, the position itself was by no means agreeable or flattering. It required unremitting attention, and appears to have absorbed entirely both his time and energies. In such occupations, opportunities may no doubt be found for amusement and personal enjoyment, for dissipation and frivolity, for cultivating ordinary friendships, and performing all the usual duties of domestic life. For the taste and intellect little can be done. There can be no continuous study, no profound meditation, no long solitary hours devoted to the mechanism of style, to the invention of plots, to the delineation of sentiments, or to the development of original theories. Accordingly, Cervantes was soon disgusted with his new manner of life, as may be certainly

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inferred from the project he formed about this time of emigrating to the Indies.

He drew up and presented to the king a memorial, stating his services, and claiming some promotion as a recompense. He ran over the whole story of his life, modestly recounted his achievements, described his sufferings and misfortunes, and petitioned to be allowed to devote the remainder of his days to the service of his country in some honourable post, which would enable him to live as became his birth and character. Kings, however, have something else to do than to think of rewarding merit or encouraging genius and virtue. Their patronage is usually exhausted upon those who do not need it—that is to say, rich nobles and powerful grandees, who crowd around them to intercept and turn to their own advantage the bounty which should be diffused among the deserving. Mandeville once wrote a book to prove that private vices are public benefits: he might have demonstrated with much greater certainty the fact, that the misfortunes of individuals often operate as blessings to the world. Many among the great founders of the English commonwealth were prevented from emigrating to the new world only by the tyranny of the court, which thus kept at home its own scourges and destroyers. Burke was on the point of removing to America just before the breaking forth of the war of independence; in which case he might have figured among the revolutionary leaders of the new world, and descended to posterity with the reputation of a patriot. Had the king of Spain listened to the petition of Cervantes, mankind would, in all likelihood, have lost one of the most mirth-inspiring productions which genius and humour have bequeathed to our race. But we are not entirely indebted for this to the ingratitude of the king or his courtiers, since Cervantes himself is admitted by his most friendly biographers to have been guilty of some imprudence, which on this occasion blasted his hopes. What the imprudence was, has nowhere, we believe, been stated; but this is immaterial, since the consequence was the frustration of his plans. He remained, therefore, in the service of the commissariat at Seville, and proceeded with his usual avocations—travelling, buying, selling, keeping accounts, and wearing away his life in a manner most unsuited to his abilities.

About this time an event happened in Spain which strikingly characterises the manners and sentiments of the period. A saint of great reputation, living in a monastery at the town of Ubeda, was attacked by a contagious fever, of which, after a short illness, he died, and, like the rich man in the parable, was buried. In ordinary cases, his career would now have been supposed to be terminated. But with saints the case is quite different, as many of their most remarkable achievements are often performed after death. This happened to the saint in question, Juan de la Cruz. A noble lady at Madrid, who, with her brother, would appear to

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have been a great admirer of the holy man, made application to the vicar-general of the Carmelites for leave to disinter his body, and convey it to the great convent at Segovia, of which she was an enthusiastic patron. The vicar-general consented, and a messenger was despatched to Ubeda with the necessary instructions, which he delivered to the abbot, who, expecting favours from court, immediately granted the desired permission. Understanding, however, the character of the monks of this establishment, and expecting a vigorous opposition from them, he stipulated with the alguazil that the disinterment should take place by night, when the brethren were all sound asleep. The saint had now been buried nine months, and therefore it was naturally expected that his body would have been found completely decomposed. To the surprise, however, of these pious resurrection-men, they found it not only entire, but emitting a delicious fragrance, as if it had been composed of spices and myrrh. Terrified by this phenomenon, which they regarded as a signal from Heaven, they desisted from their enterprise; and having piled a quantity of chalk over the sacred remains, that they might be able to recognise them another time, they departed secretly, and returned to Madrid.

But the piety of Doña Anna de Mercada was not to be satisfied with this abortive attempt. A second time she despatched the alguazil, who, experiencing the same good-will from the abbot, was on this occasion more fortunate. Juan de la Cruz was completely unearthed, and consigned, like a bale of valuable merchandise, to the alguazil's portmanteau. There is something comic in this part of the affair. Portmanteaus were obviously designed to carry cloaks, shirts, and trousers, and not the bodies of saints, whether fragrant or otherwise. But the alguazil had to perform the behests of a lady, whom to disobey would have been manifestly imprudent. The portmanteaus of those times, too, were certainly very different from such as we make use of in our degenerate days, into which it would be impossible to compress the dead body of a bishop or archdeacon; but Juan de la Cruz accommodated himself easily to the interior of the alguazil's valise. Having secured the precious treasure, the man in authority and his myrmidons departed by night, in the hope of thus escaping unpleasant interruptions on the road. They reckoned, nevertheless, without their host, for one supernatural messenger after another came from the region of saints, to question them respecting their proceedings. Still they would not relinquish their undertaking. The alguazil was a man of courage, who, despising monks, priests, and spectres, advanced steadily through the hours of darkness, and at length deposited his holy burden in the convent of Segovia. This adventure, it might have been hoped, would have ended here; but as the rage for dead bodies then possessed the minds of the worthy Spaniards, a loud cry was raised by the pious citizens of Ubeda, which alarmed half Europe. Those

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honest persons considered themselves robbed of the palladium of their city, and sent a deputation to his holiness at Rome, demanding the restitution of the inestimable treasure. The pope, to whom this strange rhapsody was addressed, was that same Clement VIII. to whom Machiavelli dedicated his history of Florence, in which so many examples and illustrations of superstition are related for the instruction of mankind. But popes, however philosophical may be their own belief, have generally had to do with an unreasoning multitude. The question was not what Clement VIII. might himself think rational, but what was likely to prove agreeable to the people of Spain. His holiness, therefore, imitated the wisdom of Solomon, and decided that the saint's body should be cut into halves, and that, while the honest folks of Segovia retained one moiety, the other should be sent back to solace the pious and enlightened corporation of Ubeda.

Such an incident as this was nuts to a genius like that of Cervantes. Like Hamlet, he set it down on his tables, and when the proper time came, related it, invested with all its grotesqueness, for the entertainment of Christendom. The reader who is familiar with the chronicle of *Don Quixote*, will remember the adventure of the Cuerpo Muerto in the first part of that marvellous narrative. We have given what may be called the historical original, which, although it abounds with the elements of comedy, requires the treatment of Cervantes to bring out its humour.

The next public employment of Cervantes was that of collector of customs in the kingdom of Granada, in which he acquitted himself with great industry and intelligence, moving about rapidly from place to place, sweeping into the government net both hard cash and bills, and giving by his vigilance great satisfaction to the public authorities. But the details of this part of his life, though instructive perhaps, are not very interesting, so we abandon them to the care of the literary antiquaries of Spain. By way of introducing some little variety into his monotonous existence, he determined to contend for the prize in a literary contest, which, in 1595, took place at Saragossa; the occasion was the canonisation of St Jacinto, whom, at the request of the Dominicans, to whose order he had belonged, his holiness consented to enroll in the numerous army of saints. The piece to be produced was a redondilla in praise of the holy man; and the prize, three silver spoons, two yards of dark taffeta, or a gold time-piece. Cervantes produced his poem, and recited it in the church of the Dominicans, who not only awarded him the prize, but crowned him with laurel, as the very Apollo of Aragon. The priests and monks of those days were often men of taste, who thought of something beyond their amas, their cellars, and their refectories. Yet their generosity scarcely kept pace with their literary admiration. Cervantes, however, took possession of his two yards of taffeta, and, as proud

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as if he had gained the sovereignty of Sancho's island of Barataria, returned to Seville.

It may appear to be a satire on friendship to maintain, that most men who are overtaken by calamity owe the circumstance, in part at least, to their friends. Sometimes they become security for them, and are left to pay instead of their principals; sometimes they are made the victims of the indiscretion of those in whom they placed confidence; and not unfrequently caprice and fickleness inflict on them the injuries which would appear to flow from malice alone. Through one of those whom he regarded as his friends, Cervantes fell into disgrace with the government, and lost his public employment; but as he could not be said in any sense to have forfeited his integrity or his honour, he went on at Seville as the agent of private persons, and gained in this way a scanty and precarious livelihood. But it was not in his nature to confine his attention entirely to the breeding of ducats or maravedis; he witnessed around him innumerable examples of folly, grotesqueness, and extravagance, and indulged his inclination to convert them into subjects of satire. This, we may be sure, rendered him the terror of his contemporaries, who often took their revenge on the satirist by obstructing his advancement in life. And it is perfectly intelligible, that what amuses posterity should have disgusted the persons of his own time, who each expected to become in turn the butt of ridicule. Through the influence, probably, of some of those whom he had offended, his pecuniary defalcations to the treasury were converted into a cause of imprisonment, and he was thrown into the common jail at Seville till he should be able to discharge his debt. Here his ingenuity and eloquence served him in lieu of friends. He forwarded a memorial to the capital, representing all the hardships of his case, and shewing that it would be impossible for him to comply with the demands of government unless he were set at liberty, and allowed to make personal exertions to raise the sum required. This pleading was not in vain. He was released from prison, and repairing to Madrid, immediately used his utmost exertions to free himself from his obligations to the Exchequer.

During the same year died Philip II. of Spain, after having embarrassed the finances of the kingdom, and, like Louis XIV. of France, after laying the foundations of innumerable calamities, troubles, and revolutions to come. The conquest of Portugal, the expedition against Terceira, the preparation for the grand Armada, and other wild undertakings, had exhausted the resources of the country. Yet now when death came to put an end to his ambitious extravagance, the inhabitants of Madrid forgot their own poverty in admiration of the splendour of his enterprises. They erected in one of the churches a grand catafalque, and prepared to celebrate his obsequies with unusual splendour and magnificence. The various orders of priests and monks vied with each other in enthusiasm; but soon gave indubitable proof that they were less

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actuated by admiration for the deceased monarch, than by the desire to distinguish and exalt themselves. The grand inquisitor, who acted on this occasion as president, having covered his seat with a piece of black cloth, the priests were so enraged at what they regarded as his presumption, that they excommunicated both him and all the other Dominicans connected with the Inquisition. This took place in November. The combat raged with great fury; accusations, denunciations, and recriminations, were lavished on both sides; and the whole peace of Spain was in danger of being disturbed for a few square feet of black cloth. The important subject was referred to the king and his council, and after more than a month passed in ludicrous quarrels, carried on with fierceness and indecency, the ban of excommunication was removed from the inquisitors, and the funeral ceremonies recommenced on the 30th and 31st of December. Even in his funeral Philip II. bore some resemblance to Louis XIV., the latter having been accompanied to his grave by the hootings and insults of the people, the former by the brawls and mutual revilings of priests. A short time after, Cervantes, who had now returned to Seville, composed on this subject a comic sonnet, in the dialect of Andalucia, which he himself always reckoned among the most successful of his works.

During his long residence at Seville, he became acquainted with the most distinguished authors and artists residing in that city, though little or nothing remains to throw a light on their intercourse, or to mark the degree of friendship in which they stood to each other. Pacheco, who still enjoys a reputation in Spain, painted his portrait as part of a gallery of illustrious men; but while time has delivered over the greater number of them to oblivion, it has only added fresh lustre to the name of Cervantes.

Cervantes's next removal was to the province of La Mancha. When at the town of Argamasilla, he was thrown into prison, for what reason is altogether unknown. Some have, consequently, doubted the fact, though there is the strongest probability that the tradition is well founded. He must have lived, however, several years in that part of Spain before this misfortune came upon him, since he had not only studied accurately the topography of the province, but had likewise rendered himself familiar with the manners and customs of its inhabitants. But whether in prison or out of it, nothing could damp the ardour of his mind, or repress the overflowings of his genius. It may even be suspected, that in more ways than one his imprisonment was an advantage to him, because it inspired him with the desire to satirise those who had treated him so harshly. Probably the Manchegans were the most original population in Spain, and supplied the most curious traits of character. They were proud and ignorant, barbarous and superstitious, and among them had lingered the most palpable vestiges of the times of chivalry. Probably Cervantes was

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acquainted with some one particular hidalgo, who suggested the idea of *Don Quixote*—lean and romantic, eaten up with ancestral pride, but without ancestral traditions; humane in the extreme by nature, yet capable of cruel excesses in the practical development of his favourite theory. If we could dive into the minds of great authors, we should probably find that they have always in their wildest inventions drawn more or less from experience. Falstaff and the Tartuffe, Hudibras and Sir Charles Grandison, are all portraits, distorted or exaggerated, to suit the purposes of their painters; and, in like manner, the knight of the rueful countenance had doubtless his prototype among the Manchegans.

It has often been remarked, that men of genius produce with the greatest facility in their sixth decade. Possibly the mind may then be supposed to have reached its maturity, while in vigorous and robust men the physical constitution has lost little or nothing of its original energy. In whatever way we may explain it, the fact, we believe, is indisputable. It was pre-eminently the case in the instance of Cervantes, who, having devoted his youth and early manhood to the writing of works very little if at all above mediocrity, suddenly, at the age of fifty-seven, dazzled Spain and the whole world by a creation of inimitable splendour and originality. It is perfectly intelligible, that just and philosophical remarks on life should proceed from no one who has not enjoyed numerous opportunities of observing it. Time necessarily ripens the head, as the sun ripens fruit; but while it gives maturity, it often, at the same time, excites indifference and inactivity. A man may become wise, but be deterred from giving utterance to his wisdom by indolence. He may be content with what Lord Bacon calls wisdom for a man's self, which exhausts itself in securing personal enjoyment, and inspires carelessness of the opinions and interests of the world. In men of real genius the effect is very different. As the sun declines from the zenith, he spreads a mantle of many-coloured light over the world, which becomes more glowing and gorgeous as he approaches the horizon, behind which he often sets amid a display of indescribable glory. So it is with the mind. Through long years of toil and study, it invests itself with power, enlarging and beautifying the wings of its fancy, brightening and kindling its imagination, and extending immensely the field of its ideas. When it desires to create, therefore, it does so in the plenitude of its capacity, and fulfils all the conditions required by a work of art.

When *Don Quixote* appeared, very few exhibited the power to appreciate its merits. The timid were afraid to express the admiration they felt; the learned, accustomed to other forms of composition, conceived that everything must be trivial which abounded with mirth and amusement; and they who possessed a mental sight sufficiently keen to discern the value of the romance, were too envious to point out to the public beauties

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which they secretly hoped it might be stupid enough to overlook.

It would be out of place to enter here into a critical examination of *Don Quixote;* but as it is unquestionably the greatest literary production of Spain, it may not be too much to take a brief view of its chief merits and defects. Never was there a more complete contrast imagined than that between the knight and his squire. The former is all disinterestedness, courtesy, urbanity, gentleness, and affection; the latter is gross, selfish, intemperate, but nevertheless has something about him which so thoroughly counterbalances his vices, that we love him notwithstanding. He exhibits occasionally traits of affection, first for his wife and children, then for his master. He is provident according to the measure of his capacity, and looks with one eye to the interests of Don Quixote, while the other is steadily fixed on the great wealth and distinction he is to acquire by following him. Out of the humours and contrarieties of these two individuals the whole zest of the composition is derived. Much has been said of the design of Cervantes to ridicule books of chivalry, and bring them into discredit. Our own opinion is, that he had no such intention; but that his object rather was to hit upon an excuse for talking perpetually on the subject and class of books of which he was fondest. The satire is much too good-natured to have proceeded from a hostile pen. He was himself Don Quixote, and really loved the order of things which he seemed desirous of covering with ridicule. That he never read the books of chivalry with any intention of treating them with contempt, must be obvious to every one acquainted with his famous work. He had spent much time in familiarising himself with their contents, he had taught himself to experience a deep interest in the adventures of knights-errant, and he manifestly enjoyed with peculiar relish the history of their fantastic loves. At the same time, he could not but be aware that the taste of his contemporaries had already run into another channel; and that although some retired gentlemen in remote parts of the country might still dream with pleasure of those days in which knights redressed the wrongs of distressed damsels, procured husbands for princesses, and restored monarchs to their thrones from which they had been expelled, and performed many other wonderful achievements, a great majority of the Spanish nation looked upon these things as quite obsolete, and could only be made to tolerate a picture of them when lavishly enriched with satire and ridicule.

It may be said in defence of his predilection, that whatever we may fancy, the books of chivalry are by no means so contemptible as many persons who probably have never read them pretend. In *Amadis de Gaul*, for example, there are descriptions of scenery which, for richness and beauty, have never, we suspect, been surpassed. At this moment, a lovely valley adorned with magnificent castles, and watered by a broad shining river meandering

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through fresh pastures, and overshadowed here and there by trees, presents itself to our mind's eye. No landscape in *Don Quixote*, however carefully or elaborately drawn, is more beautiful—not even that in which Dorothea, disguised as a peasant-boy, makes her appearance to the curate and barber. The adventures, also, in which the knights engage, though completely out of harmony with the spirit of these times, are often such as would not have appeared absurd to our simple and ignorant ancestors. It may also be possible, that the very things upon which we now so much pride ourselves may come in process of time to be regarded with no less scorn than the actions of knights-errant. With change of times comes change of manners, and even when civilisation has done its best, and seemed to elevate the accidents of social life above vulgarity, it is not at all unlikely that beings of a higher order look upon our affairs and proceedings as intensely farcical.

The Knight of La Mancha is one of a series of characters of extremely limited range which appear in fiction, and make it more like nature than the creations of nature herself: Falstaff, my Uncle Toby, Hamlet, and Sancho Panza. We never in the least doubt that these were real men, to whose authority in proverbs, humanity, or philosophy, we ought naturally to defer. Perhaps the Manchegan don is equal to any of his companions, both for originality and innate excellence. His heart is always overflowing with kindness, and rarely can stupidity, insolence, or even ingratitude sting him into indignation. His distinguishing attribute is forgiveness. He bears with injuries as if they were the natural fruits of life, which in some sort they are. It is only when his theory is attacked, when his beau-ideal is spoken of or treated contumeliously, that he forgets the equanimity of his Christian stoicism. With such a man one would willingly wander over half the world. He may be mad, he may at times be even dangerous, but the moment he comes within the range of our mental vision, we behold him through brilliant sunshine, and tremble at the bare idea of being compelled to part company with him. At times, indeed, he grows tedious, but it is only the tediousness of a friend whom we never love a bit the less on account of it. Nay, we hardly wish it were otherwise, because it constitutes his idiosyncrasy, making him what he is both to ourselves and others.

Among the imperfections of the work, is the character of several of the stories introduced, which in some cases are uninteresting, in others, absurd—that, for example, which is called the Curious Impertinent, is a horrid tragedy, inconsistent in many of its incidents with nature, and conducted on principles which are totally at variance with those of true art. We regard it as a blot upon the work. Cervantes probably picked up the incidents in Italy, or borrowed them from some Italian collection of novels in which nature is constantly outraged.

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Several of the other stories, especially those laid in Africa, are at once inartificial and tedious. Nothing is more difficult, even in these days of travelling and experience, than for a writer to throw himself into that strange system of ideas which prevailed among the professors of El Islam, and to paint their idiosyncrasies, religions, and morals, their characters, motives, passions, and pursuits. Cervantes, as will have been seen from the early portion of this tract, had always been placed in the relation of an enemy to the Moslems. He hated them too much, properly, to comprehend their peculiarities. This is, at least, one cause of the insipidity of his Moorish tales, which, in their invention and development, scarcely seem to belong to the biographer of *Don Quixote*. To some extent the same objection may be made to the pastoral tale of *Chrysostom*, who dies for love, while his tormentor comes in some sort to triumph over his death, at his very grave. This is unnatural: women have been guilty of strange things, but rather for than against love, though Cervantes puts into her mouth the best defence that could be made for so outrageous a proceeding.

One of the most beautiful parts of *Don Quixote* is that cycle of events which is connected with the fair Dorothea: this is all nature and tenderness. She herself is one of the most exquisite creations in modern fiction, and literally sheds a bloom and a freshness over all the pages in which her name occurs. It is in connection with this truly fascinating damsel that the chivalry of La Mancha's knight shines forth most conspicuously. Parts of the narrative remind us strongly of the forest scenes in *As You Like It*, to which they are scarcely inferior. In some respects they are more ingenious and surprising, because of the wonderful contrasts supplied by the various characters—the don, the curate, Sancho Panza, and the barber. Nowhere does a priest appear to so much advantage in Spanish fiction. He really entertains an affection for his crazy neighbour, and, in company with the romantic barber, places himself in very disagreeable situations, to reclaim and bring him home. All these adventurous Manchegans come together opportunely to save the lovely Dorothea, who wins every moment on the reader's feelings, until she comes in some sort to be the heroine of the whole work, and the first favourite with all its admirers. Still, when we leave the brown mountains, though the author be judicious in lingering there no longer, we feel as if awakened from a delightful dream, to turn to realities, agreeable enough in themselves, but far inferior in pomp, interest, and magnificence, to the wild creation from which we have emerged.

One of the peculiarities of Cervantes, of which we find traces throughout *Don Quixote*, is the fancy he entertained that he was a poet. No mistake could have been greater: he wrote prose with exquisite art, and often introduced into it a rich colouring, which we are in the habit of denominating poetical, but it is

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merely rhetoric. The moment he attempts verse, his happy genius forsakes him. He is witty, ingenious, sometimes graphic, but never inspired. This we may concede without regret, because the other parts of the work are sufficient, without the verses, to delight us with the author's powers, and carry us away by his marvellous inventions. Still, several of the poetical pieces are, in themselves, pleasing enough, though they never could have earned for their author anything beyond a short-lived reputation.

When the first part made its appearance, the Spanish public, as we have said, was little prepared to receive it with approbation. But the few acted as pioneers to the many, and its fame, which spread slowly at first, afterwards diffused itself with an accelerated movement, until it became co-extensive with the area of the Peninsula. It then passed the sea, and in the course of a few years embraced the whole of Europe. Cervantes, even in his lifetime, obtained the glory of having his work receive a royal approbation. As Philip III. was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, viewing the country, he observed a student on the banks of the river Manzanares reading in a book, and from time to time breaking off, and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleasure and delight; upon which the king remarked to those about him: 'That scholar is either mad or is reading *Don Quixote*.' The latter proved to be the case. Profit, however, did not keep pace with reputation; Cervantes found himself a great man with very little means; and in this world, though remote ages may idolise a name or abstract celebrity, it is generally found that contemporaries are swayed by more solid considerations. If they do not actually despise a poor author for his poverty—which is perhaps giving them too much credit for generosity—they certainly admire the rich man for his wealth, for the parties or dinners he can give, for the capaciousness of his house, for the magnificence of his furniture, for the extent, and beauty, and variety of his grounds. Cervantes, even after he had written *Don Quixote*, had none of these adventitious helps to reputation. He was still poor while kings, and courtiers, and archbishops, and abbots, regaled themselves, and shook their fat sides over his humour, his grotesque incidents, and his wit. It was of course observed that the work remained imperfect, and that the author evidently meditated taking out his hero on another series of adventures. The people, therefore, while enjoying the present, looked forward with hope and expectation to the future. But as year after year passed away, and the second cycle of comic and extravagant effects did not make its appearance, the notion at length gained ground, that the author had exhausted himself in the first part, and that he was capable of producing nothing further. Under these circumstances, a man named Avellaneda undertook to complete the history of La Mancha's renowned knight. As the original author was still living, this cannot be regarded otherwise than as an act of impertinent

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dishonesty, and the offence was much enhanced by the insolent and ungrateful manner in which he spoke of his great original. In other respects, the book must have possessed considerable merit, since it amused the whole population of Spain and disquieted Cervantes for his own reputation. It, consequently, roused him to exertion, and compelled him to finish the second part, which he might otherwise never have completed. He affected to despise his rival, but his contempt was only simulated; for although he may have been conscious of his own great superiority, he had not quite so much confidence in the superior discernment of his countrymen, who, accustomed to works of a much coarser texture, were scarcely able to appreciate his original invention, his extraordinary character and ideas on a level as they were with the artificial platform on which his object was to place them.

When the second part of *Don Quixote* came before the world, it was universally felt that in nearly every respect it betrayed a great falling off. The fire of imagination which had sustained him throughout the earlier cycle of adventures now began to burn low; there was less wit in the speeches, less vivacity in the conversations, less humour and pathos in the situations and incidents. He perceived that he had a great rival to contend with, and that rival was himself. He had, properly speaking, exhausted his originality in the first part, together with his store of situations, his brilliancy of wit, his freshness of imagery, his peculiar power of delineating singular characters, and placing them in singular circumstances. There is wit in the second part, but it is pale; comedy, but it is forced; vivacity, but it is artificial. You discover nearly everywhere comparative poverty of invention by a perpetual tendency to imitate himself. On the other hand, the literary merit is probably augmented—the style is more various, the diction more eloquent, and the words, through a more artistic arrangement, run more trippingly on the tongue. He had made progress, moreover, in didactic wisdom, and talks of life and its concerns as from a higher elevation. But Sancho Panza is no longer the same rich, racy, gluttonous dealer in proverbs he was in the first part. He has recourse, indeed, to the same great storehouse of popular sayings, and often with extraordinary effect; but in many cases he becomes tiresome, while his master runs into extravagances not perfectly in harmony with the prevailing law of his mind at the time.

The truth, perhaps, is, that the real quantity of comic materials possessed by one individual is always exceedingly limited, and that nothing so soon tires as comedy, when it exhibits the slightest show of repetition. If wit be not spontaneous, it is mechanical, and felt to be so. You perceive the process by which it is distilled, not so much from the brain as from the obvious resources of language. Don Quixote often amuses us by his small misfortunes. He is buffeted about like the Clown in the pantomime, and the more hard knocks he receives, the more

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people laugh. But pity, sometimes, with persons of sensibility, steps in to interfere with the merriment; we feel the blows given as if they descended on our own shoulders, we regret his mistakes, we commiserate his sufferings, and at length make the discovery that we love the man. It is in this nice management that the great art of Cervantes consists. Had Don Quixote been simply ludicrous, we should have regarded him as a buffoon; had he been a man of grief and sorrow only, we should have viewed him as a tragic hero; but alternating, as he does, between folly and calamity, between fantastic tricks, which almost appear to justify the buffetings they bring upon him, and those serious accidents which are every now and then his portion, we find a singular variety in his single character, and rank him among the most original creations of the human mind. Sancho, likewise, is a man full of moral contrasts. Sometimes we find him literally wallowing in the sty of Circe, worshipping his animal appetites, regarding life simply as an opportunity to eat and drink. Just as we are on the point of overwhelming him with contempt for this base epicureanism, our feelings are checked, or hurried into a totally different channel, by some striking proof of affection or fidelity to his master. Occasionally, too, he displays a shrewdness and sagacity, a fund of good sense, and even an aptitude for homely logic, which, though they astonish us, we never once suspect to be inconsistent with his stupidity in other respects.

There is a beauty in *Don Quixote* which can scarcely be said to be found in any other work of fiction, at least in the same degree; it abounds with pictures of rural nature of a novel and strange description, which are most artistically introduced in contrast with many of the characters. Few of the adventures take place in cities; almost everything occurs at small roadside inns, or remote villages, or little country towns, or in the solitudes of the brown mountains, where, by a series of poetical pictures, Cervantes contrives to conjure up an image of the golden age.

The history of this work since the author's death is tolerably well known to most persons. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and in every country the version into the vernacular is reckoned a portion of its popular literature. Here, in England, we have five or six translations, each remarkable for some peculiar excellence, yet none faithfully representing the original. But this is perhaps unavoidable. The Spanish idioms and proverbs, the provincialisms of Sancho, the chivalrous idiosyncrasies of the knight, the allusions to local institutions, render it almost unintelligible to a foreigner without the aid of a commentary, or of a translation adapted to his knowledge.

In spite of the success of his work, Cervantes did not the less remain a prey to poverty. The shadow of death too soon became visible in the distance, and he began, after the manner of literary men, to put his house in order, and prepare for his long journey.

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Such of his works as had remained unpublished, he finished and corrected for the press; and such as the booksellers would take, he laid before the world. The friends of old age, even of the old age of genius, are few, unless when wealth and rank and power accompany intellectual greatness. In the case of Cervantes, there was an additional cause of repulsion; for though the world delights in satire, it dreads and therefore dislikes the satirist, though he could with Shakspeare have exclaimed: 'Our censure, like a wild goose, flies unclaimed of any man.' In conformity with the manners of his age, he was to the last compelled to have recourse to court patronage, and applied to the Conde de Lemos for his aid and protection against

> 'The whips and scorns of the time,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

The other works which he published towards the close of his life can hardly be said, in a literary sense, to have passed the Pyrenees or the sea. Neither is their merit such as to excite very great admiration. Still they are curious, and would well enough repay perusal. They produced him, however, but a very slender reward, though it seems highly probable that, had his life been much more prolonged, fortune would have exhibited her usual caprice, and overwhelmed him with her favours.

The way in which he supported illness as well as poverty, proves him to have been no mean proficient in philosophy, though he probably owed it more to his constitution than to study. Such, observes Mr Thomas Roscoe, was his situation on Holy Saturday, the 2d of April, that not being able to go out of his house, he made his profession of the venerable order of St Francis, whose habit he had taken in Alcalá on the 2d of January 1613; but as the nature of his protracted complaint allowed him some interval of alleviation, he thought he might possibly recruit his strength by a change of air and diet, and in the next week of Easter he removed to the village of Esquivias, where the relations of his wife resided. But becoming worse in the course of a few days, and being desirous of dying under his own roof, he returned to Madrid, with two of his friends to attend and assist him on the way. On this journey, an incident occurred which he narrates in his prologue, and which affords us the only circumstantial account we possess of his illness.

Cervantes and his friends had just quitted the village of Esquivias, and taken the road to Madrid, on his return home, when they heard some one following them in haste, and calling on them to stop. They accordingly drew in their reins, and in a few minutes there came up a student on a she-ass, complaining that they travelled so fast he could not keep up with them. 'We must lay the blame,' said one of them, 'on Señor Miguel de Cervantes, whose horse is rather mettlesome.' Scarcely had the

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student heard the name of Cervantes, of whom he was a passionate admirer, though he did not know him personally, than he threw himself from his ass, and embracing Cervantes, and taking him by the hand, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'this is the sound cripple, the renowned, the merry writer—in a word, the darling of the Muses.' Cervantes, who thus saw himself suddenly overwhelmed with praises, replied with his accustomed modesty and courtesy, and, embracing the scholar, desired him to mount his ass again, and accompany them, that they might enjoy his friendly conversation for the remaining part of the journey. The student complied, and there ensued between him and Cervantes a dialogue, which affords us some information on the subject of Cervantes's complaint, and which he himself relates in the following terms: 'We drew in our reins,' he says, 'and proceeded at a more moderate pace, during which the conversation turned on my complaint, and the good student decided my fate in a moment, saying: "This thirst of yours arises from a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, if it were fresh, could never quench. Therefore, Señor Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from drink, but do not neglect to eat heartily, and this regimen will effect your recovery without physic." "I have received the same advice from other people," answered I; "but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life, indeed, is drawing to a close; and I find by the daily journal of my pulse, that it will have finished its course by next Sunday at furthest; and I also shall then have finished my career; so that you are come just in time to make my acquaintance, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much obliged I am to you for your good-will." By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge, by which I entered the city, while the good student passed over that of Segovia.'

The last act of Cervantes's life was to write a dedication to his patron, the Count of Lemos. He says: 'There is an old ballad, which in its day was much in vogue, and it began thus: "And now with one foot in the stirrup," &c. I could wish this did not fall so pat to my epistle, for I can almost say in the same words:

> "And now with one foot in the stirrup,
> Setting out for the regions of death,
> To write this epistle I cheer up,
> And salute my lord with my last breath."

'Yesterday they gave me the extreme unction, and to-day I write this. Time is short, pains increase, hopes diminish, and yet, for all this, I would live a little longer, methinks, not for the sake of living, but that I might kiss your excellency's feet; and it is not impossible but the pleasure of seeing your excellency safe and well in Spain might make me well too. But, if I am decreed to die, Heaven's will be done. Your excellency will at least give me leave to inform you of this my desire, and likewise that you had in me so zealous and well-affected a servant as was willing to go

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even beyond death to serve you, if it had been possible for his abilities to equal his sincerity. However, I prophetically rejoice at your excellency's arrival again in Spain; my heart leaps within me to fancy you shewn to one another by the people, "There goes the Comte de Lemos!" And it revives my spirits to see the accomplishment of those hopes which I have so long conceived of your excellency's perfections. There are still remaining in my soul certain glimmerings of "The Weeks of Garden," and of the famous Bernardo. If by good-luck, or rather by a miracle, Heaven spares my life, your excellency shall see them both, and with them the "second part" of *Galatea*, which I know your excellency would not be ill-pleased to see. And so I conclude with my ardent wishes that the Almighty will preserve your excellency. Your excellency's servant, MICHAEL DE CERVANTES.'

The life of Cervantes, which had been nothing but a protracted series of trials and sufferings, now drew rapidly towards a close. He had foreseen his fate with only too much accuracy. The physicians were unable to arrest the progress of his disease; his strength failed; his spirits gave way; and on Saturday, the 23d of April 1616—the day on which Shakspeare died—the greatest ornament of Spanish literature took his leave of this world. Over the concluding scene of his unhappy but eventful career, history throws no light. The admiration excited by his genius drew no memoir writer to his bedside, his family were all incapable of chronicling his last words and giving them to fame. Affection paralysed some, ignorance or indifference others; and for this reason it has happened, that the circumstances of his death, like those of his birth, are involved in extreme obscurity. The people of antiquity behaved very differently towards their great men; for among them numerous friends were generally found to attend the last moments of the dying, and receive the parting soul as it fluttered tremblingly from their lips. Something, perhaps, may be attributed to the different forms of belief which prevailed in the old world, and necessarily developed themselves in different practices; but in addition to this, it is not to be denied that friendship is less common among modern than among ancient nations. Men now attend more to their interests and less to their affections; though, if the experience of the soul up to its last moment of earthly existence could be made known, it might be found that we had made, after all, a very poor exchange. One tender word, one kind look, one affectionate pressure of the hand, might go further towards soothing the pangs of death, than the consciousness of having amassed heaps of treasure. Money is good, but friendship and affection are still better. Cervantes was unfortunate, poor, old, and afflicted with dropsy. The authors of Madrid, accordingly, kept aloof from him, to attend the levees of princes or grandees, and accumulate reminiscences of meanness and selfishness for their own last hours.

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It is stated that Cervantes, before his death, composed his will, though what he had to bequeath, except his poverty and his fame, we are nowhere informed. His executors were his wife Catalina, and the licentiate Francisco Nūnez, whose acquaintance he had probably made from the accidental circumstance of living in the same house with him. If Nūnez had possessed literary abilities, he might have done the world good service by becoming, even at the eleventh hour, the Boswell of our ingenious hidalgo. All we know, however, is, that he desired his remains should be interred in a church belonging to the monks of the Holy Trinity, the habit of whose order he had himself put on, while his daughter Doña Isabella de Saavedra had taken the veil among the corresponding order of nuns. Here at length his ashes might be supposed to have been at rest. But vicissitude attended him even in the grave, for the church a few years afterwards was pulled down, and the bones of the old warrior of Lepanto had to be removed, with those of many other persons, to a new domicile.

The Spanish nation affects still to be proud of Cervantes, but its admiration is probably confined to the students and professors of literature, who engaged, however humbly, in the same career, naturally experience some degree of sympathy for the most distinguished of their countrymen. These have published new editions of *Don Quixote*, with engravings, notes, commentaries, and biographies, which the opulent have sometimes purchased, but more frequently left on the hands of their enterprising publishers, to be transmitted, as slowly-consuming property, from generation to generation. When the man himself died, not an inscribed stone was placed over him to tell where he lay. His contemporaries and immediate successors neglected the spot, and now it is unknown. All this while the princes and nobles of the land, though gorged with wealth, and spending daily whole fortunes on frivolous amusements, or amusements worse than frivolous, have never thought of appropriating one small sum to commemorate, by a suitable mausoleum, the genius and personal virtues of Cervantes. The heroes who fell before Troy have their mighty barrows, to which fame attaches indissolubly the names of those whom they cover; and the stranger and mariner as they glide along the Troad can recall their favourite chief, and point distinctly to the spot, 'where, far by the solitary shore, he sleeps.' But the princes of literature and lords of thought are frequently dismissed from the earth without the slightest token from their countrymen of gratitude or recognition. Yet 'after life's fitful fever they sleep well,' whether with or without a monument, though mankind are obviously unmindful of their own interest when they consign their instructors to an obscure grave, and content themselves with pronouncing barren eulogiums on their writings. It is not even now too late for Spain to do herself justice by enlisting the arts in the service of literature. A statue

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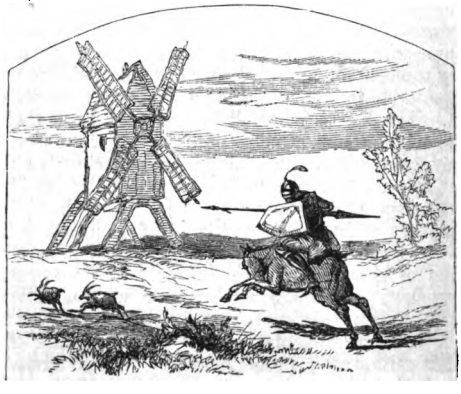
to Cervantes would be the most admired object in Madrid. Spaniards of taste would flock to behold it from all parts of the Peninsula; and France, and Germany, and Great Britain, would send pilgrims to the old cradle of the Goths, to gaze upon the effigies of one of the greatest masters of humour.

But the neglect of the Spaniards does not end here. Two portraits were taken of Cervantes during his lifetime, by known artists; but both have been suffered to perish, so that, as Mr Roscoe observes, a copy only has survived to our days, which is undoubtedly of the reign of Philip IV., and is attributed by some to Alonso del Arco, while others pretend to trace in it the style of the schools of Vicencio Carducho, or of Eugenio Caxes. But whoever painted this picture, it is certain that it agrees in every respect with the portrait Cervantes drew of himself in the prologue to his novels, when he says: 'He whom you see here with a sharp countenance, chestnut hair, a smooth and cheerful forehead, lively eyes, a nose aquiline, though well-proportioned, a beard silver, though, some twenty years ago, it was yellow as gold, large mustaches, small mouth, teeth now few in number, as he has only six left, in height of a middle size, neither tall nor low, of a good complexion, rather fair than brown, somewhat heavy in the shoulders, and not very active: this, I say, is the portrait of the author of the *Galatea*, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and of him that wrote the *Viage al Parnaso* in imitation of César Caporali of Perugia, and numberless other works, known by the name of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.'



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SPIRIT OF THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

VOLTAIRE, in his essay on Epic Poetry, says: 'There is no monument of antiquity in Italy that more deserves the attention of the traveller than the *Jerusalem* of Tasso. Time, which subverts the reputation of common performances, has rendered that of the *Jerusalem* more stable and permanent: this poem is now sung in many parts of Italy, as the *Iliad* was in Greece; and Tasso, notwithstanding his defects, is placed without scruple by the side of Homer and Virgil.'

That which constitutes the distinguishing character of the work now before us, is the blending of the romantic school of poetry with the classic. Each of the two great eras of European civilisation was preceded by a heroic age, which formed the ideal of succeeding times; the achievements of Hercules and his compeers were the themes of the ancient Greek and Roman

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poets; the chivalry of the middle ages supplied those of Western Europe after the revival of letters. The poems of the former which have been handed down to us as classic epics, are characterised by unity of design, all the parts of the narrative contributing to bring about one great event. But in the chivalrous fictions of the latter, this was not dreamed of. Strength of colouring in the portraits of the heroes, fertility in the invention of adventures to be ascribed to them, vivacity of narration, and truthfulness of detail as to the manners of the times referred to—these were the only requisites. A construction including necessary beginning, a decided progress, and an end which might be termed a satisfactory winding-up of the story, was never attempted.

In the age of Tasso, Italy was inundated with these wild and incoherent productions; scarcely a single paladin of Charlemagne, or knight of King Arthur's round table, but had his poet in the sixteenth century. Tasso himself wrote in this style in his youth; and at seventeen years of age produced a poem called *Rinaldo*, which was received by his countrymen with passionate admiration. But in his maturer years he conceived the design of embodying the best of the fictions of chivalry in a classic form, taking the materials of his poem from the heroic ages of Christendom, but assimilating it in design and execution to the works of Homer and Virgil. The result was the production of an epic which exhibited the beauty arising from unity of design, combined with that kind of romance which fell in with the feelings, the recollections, and the prejudices of Europeans. It was first called *Godfrey*, after the hero to whom even *Rinaldo* was to give place, but afterwards *Gerusalemme Liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered).

The poem comprises part of the history of the first Crusade—that is, the campaign of 1099—so that it is brought within a space, which, according to history, does not exceed forty days. It is easy to see that Tasso was particularly happy in choosing a subject, than which we cannot imagine one more calculated to inspire a poet of his age. Here are the Saracens, believing it to be their vocation to subjugate the whole world to the religion of the Prophet; and the Christians, persuaded that it is their duty to enfranchise the sacred spot where the mysteries of redemption had been accomplished, and where all those great facts had taken place which constituted the foundations of their faith.

The religion of that age, Christian as well as Mohammedan, was intimately connected with all that was chivalrous and warlike; and nothing could be more poetical than the mixture of self-devoting piety with martial valour and confidence in Heaven, which formed the mediæval hero. Divine assistance was invoked before every conflict: if his own side prevailed, it was by the approving favour of the Eternal; if it suffered loss, it was his chastening rod upon his people; and if the enemy performed prodigies of valour, it was through the powerful alliance of evil spirits. God, therefore, and his angels, on the one side,

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devils and magicians on the other, constitute the supernatural machinery by which the course of events is directed.

The tender passions are throughout combined with the main action. In this respect Tasso enjoyed a great advantage over Homer and Virgil. In a Greek or Roman hero, love must have been treated as weakness; but in a Christian knight it was a flame ennobled by religion, giving elevation to the character, and prompting to the noblest deeds of valour.

The materials of the poem thus considered, are the most suitable that can be imagined for a modern epic; and the execution has rendered it not less interesting than elevated. It is admitted at the same time that Tasso could scarcely divest himself of his early habits of thought and feeling; and that, in spite of the more correct notions which he had acquired of the true epopee, he has not always avoided the anomalies inseparable from the romances of chivalry.

CANTO I.

I sing the illustrious chief, whose righteous hands
Redeemed the tomb of Christ from impious bands;
Who much in counsel, much in field sustained,
Till just success his glorious labours gained.
In vain did hell in hateful league combine
With rebel man, to thwart the great design;
In vain the mingled force from Libya's coasts
Joined their proud arms with Asia's warlike hosts;
High Heaven approved, and made the roving bands
His standard seek, and wait his high commands.

Five years had passed since the commencement of the war; and the Christian forces having taken Nice, Antioch, and Tortosa, had rested for the winter months. It was now spring. The great Searcher of Hearts, having perceived in Godfrey of Boulogne the pious valour necessary to constitute him the leader of the host, despatched Gabriel to intimate to him his high behest. Gabriel prepares to obey:

He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,
And makes it visible to human sight;
In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,
But brightly shining with celestial grace;
A youth he seemed, in manhood's ripening years,
On the smooth cheek when first the down appears;
Refulgent rays his beauteous locks unfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edged with gold; ....
Thus stood the angelic power, prepared for flight,
Then instant darted from the empyreal height.

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Finding Godfrey at his morning devotions, the angelic messenger directed him to summon a council of the chiefs and stimulate them to prosecute the war. In the council thus assembled, Peter the Hermit proposed that Godfrey should be appointed general-in-chief of the whole force, which was unanimously approved of.

His equals once, to his dominion yield,
Supreme in council, and supreme in field.

On the morrow, he marshalled the forces, and passed them in review before him. Here was Tancred, second only to Rinaldo in martial fame; and spotless, unless his love for a fair infidel could be deemed a fault. It was said that in the last campaign, when the Persians fled before the Franks, Tancred, exhausted with the fatigue of the pursuit, rested himself in a shady bower, beside a crystal stream; when suddenly a Saracen female, clothed in dazzling armour, sought the same retreat. Her unlaced helmet displayed her surpassing beauty, and the Christian warrior kindled at the sight.

O wondrous force of love's resistless dart,
That pierced at once and rooted in his heart!
Her helm she closed, prepared to assault the knight,
But numbers, drawing nigh, constrained her flight;
The lofty virgin fled, but left behind
Her lovely form deep imaged in his mind;
Still, in his thought, he views the conscious grove,
Eternal fuel to the flames of love!

Another and another leader with his followers passed in review:

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest,
The young Rinaldo towered above the rest:
With martial grace his looks around he cast,
And gazing crowds admired him as he passed.
Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
As mixed with blossoms grows the budding fruit.
When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move;
His face disclosed, he looks the god of Love!

On the following morning, the sound of drums and trumpets bade the warriors prepare for the march, and the banners unfurled displayed the sign of the cross.

Meantime the sun, above th' horizon gains
The rising circuit of th' ethereal plains:
The polished steel reflects the dazzling light,
And strikes with flashing rays the aching sight.
Thick and more thick the sparkling gleams aspire,
Till all the champaign seems to glow with fire;
While mingled clamours echo through the meads,
The clash of arms, the neigh of trampling steeds!

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But Fame (the messenger alike of truth and falsehood) flies before them, and represents to the enemy the number, the prowess, and the unanimity of the Christian bands, so that Aladin, king of Jerusalem, revolves in his mind a thousand direful fancies.

> These thoughts inflamed and roused his native rage
> (Now chilled and tardy with the frost of age):
> So turns in summer's heat the venomed snake,
> That slept the winter harmless in the brake;
> So the tame lion, urged to wrath again,
> Resumes his fury, and erects his mane.

Laying aside his first purpose of destroying his own Christian subjects, he devastates the surrounding country, levels the dwellings, poisons the streams, puts his capital in a state of defence, and summons his allies.

CANTO II.

In the midst of Aladin's warlike preparations, Ismeno the sorcerer appears, advises him that the arts of magic should also be used, and promises to bring the powers of darkness to his assistance. He induces Aladin to seize and place in his mosque a statue of the Virgin Mary from its subterranean temple, and he proposes by it to form a spell which shall secure the city. But during the night the stolen image disappears from the mosque; the wrathful king searches for it in every direction, and offers large rewards for its restoration; the wily sorcerer also applies his arts to discover what has become of it, but in vain. Again Aladin determines to destroy his Christian subjects, that the thief may perish in the general slaughter, when, lo! a beautiful maid of Christian race comes forward to save her people by accusing herself of the theft. Entering the presence of the king, she avers that she alone, without counsel or accomplice, had stolen and burned the sacred image, and Aladin immediately doomed her to the flames.

Among those that crowded to the tragic scene was Olindo, who had long but secretly loved the beautiful Sophronia. As soon as he recognised the victim, he sped through the crowd to the king, and assured him that it was not, indeed could not be a woman's feeble hands that performed the deed; that it was himself had stolen the statue. The lovers continued contending for the right to suffer; and the monarch, doubly provoked that his fury should be thus braved, ordered that both should obtain their desire. The youth was bound to the same stake, and the fire kindled around them, when thus the lover:

> 'Are these the bands with which I hoped to join,
> In happier times, my future days to thine?
> And are we doomed, alas! this fire to prove,
> Instead of kindly flames of mutual love?

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Love promised gentler flames and softer ties,
But cruel fate far other now supplies!
Too long from thee I mourned my life disjoined,
And now in death a hapless meeting find.
Yet I am blest, since thou the pains must bear,
If not thy bed, at least thy pile to share.'

As thus they stand, there advances on horseback one who at first appears to be a foreign knight, of fierce and noble aspect, but who proves to be the warrior-maid Clorinda, displaying on her helmet the well-known crest of a sculptured tigress. She spurs her steed to observe the victims, and learn the cause of their punishment.

One mourned aloud, and one in silence stood;
The weaker sex the greater firmness shewed:
Yet seemed Olindo like a man to moan
Who wept another's sufferings, not his own;
While silent she, and fixed on heaven her eyes,
Already seemed to claim her kindred skies.

Having learned their story, Clorinda stops the proceedings, and hastens to the king, to whom she offers her services against the Christian foe, and makes request for the pardon of the lovers. The monarch gladly accepts the one, and concedes the other.

Meanwhile, Godfrey, with his army, reaches Emmaus, where he receives Alethes and Argantes, ambassadors from Egypt: Alethes, a man of ignoble birth,

Whose subtle genius every taste could meet—
In fiction prompt, and skilful in deceit.

And Argantes—

Exalted 'mid the princes of the land,
And first in rank of all the martial band:
Impatient, sudden, and by fury steeled—
In arms unconquered, matchless in the field;
Who owned no heaven above, but onward strode,
His sword his law, his own right hand his god!

Alethes, in a flattering and artful harangue, endeavours to dissuade Godfrey from attacking Jerusalem. His proposals are rejected; and Argantes demands that Godfrey shall instantly decide between peace and war. The Christian chiefs at once cried aloud for war.

At this the pagan shook his vest afar—
'Then take defiance, death, and mortal war!'
So fierce he spoke, he seemed to burst the gates
Of Janus' temple, and disclose the fates:
While from his mantle, which aside he threw,
Insensate rage and horrid discord flew:
Alecto's torch supplied her hellish flame,
And from his eyes the flashing sparkles came.

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Godfrey desires them to inform their master that he accepts the declaration of war; and then dismisses the ambassadors with costly gifts.

CANTO III.

Now from the golden east the zephyrs borne,
Proclaimed with balmy gales th' approach of morn;
And fair Aurora decked her radiant head
With roses cropt from Eden's flowery bed;

—when the Christian army marched towards Jerusalem

With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their winged footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the sun ascends th' ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray.
Behold Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim.
To sailors thus, who, wandering o'er the main,
Have long explored some distant coast in vain,
In seas unknown and foreign regions lost,
By stormy winds and faithless billows tost,
If the expected land at length looms out,
They hail it from afar with joyous shout;
They point with rapture to the wished-for shore,
And dream of perils, toils, and fears no more.
At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glowed with full delight;
But deep contrition soon their joy suppressed,
And holy sorrow saddened every breast:
* * * *
Each took th' example as their chieftains led,
With naked feet the hallowed soil they tread:
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
The crested helmets, with their plumy pride:
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend.

The Saracens receive from the watch-tower the alarm of the enemy's approach, and fly to arms; while Aladin, accompanied by Erminia, the orphan daughter of the sultan of Antioch, ascends a tower to see the armies defile. Clorinda makes the first sally, puts the Franks to the rout, and drives them to the hill. Tancred, at the signal of Godfrey, now advances, and Clorinda hastens to encounter him. In the first shock, her helmet is struck off with a blow of his spear:

The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;
Hurled from her head, it bounded on the plain;

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Loose in the wind her golden tresses flowed,
And now a maid confessed to all she stood.
Flashed her bright eyes with anger stern and wild,
Beauteous in rage—how beauteous had she smiled!

Tancred, on recognising her, no longer attempted to defend himself; he turned to engage other foes; but she persisted in fighting him. At length, resolved to make himself known, he challenged her to combat hand-to-hand, apart from the general strife. She consented, and had already aimed a stroke, when he bade her stay to fix the conditions:

Awhile her lifted arm the virgin stayed,
And thus the youth, by love emboldened, said:
'Ah! since on terms of peace thou wilt not join,
Transfix this heart, this heart no longer mine;
For thee with pleasure I resign my breath;
Receive my life, and triumph in my death.
See, unresisting in thy sight I stand;
Then say what cause withholds thy lingering hand?
Or shall I from my breast the corselet tear,
And to the stroke my naked bosom bare?'

He would have said more, but they were separated by a band of routed Saracens, flying in confusion before the Christian squadrons. The action now became general—Argantes rallying the pagan forces, and Rinaldo and Tancred withstanding them. Dudon, the leader of a body called the Adventurous Band, was slain; but the Christian arms prevailed, and the Saracens, closely pressed, were compelled to retire into the city.

CANTO IV.

Meanwhile, the great enemy of God and man summons a council of the infernal powers, to deliberate on the best means of resisting the Christian arms. At the awful signal of the hoarse-sounding trumpet, the demons throng around their grisly king. Some of them wear human faces, with cloven feet, their hair composed of snakes, while behind appears a serpent's tail in immense volumes. A thousand Harpies and Centaurs, Gorgons and Sphinxes, appear, and the air is rent by barking Scyllas, hissing Pythons; here glare the Hydras, and there the Chimeras are seen ejecting flame—

And many more of mingled kind were seen,
All monstrous forms unknown to mortal men.

* * * *

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Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate;
His arm sustained the massy sceptre's weight.
Nor rock nor mountain lifts its head so high;
E'en towering Atlas that supports the sky,
A hillock, if compared with him, appears,
When his large front and ample horns he rears.
A horrid majesty his looks expressed,
Which scattered terror o'er that throng unblest;
His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,
And, like a comet, cast a dismal glare;
A length of beard, descending o'er his breast,
In rugged curls conceals his hairy chest;
And, like a whirlpool in the roaring flood,
Wide gapes his mouth obscene with clotted blood.
As smoking fires from burning Etna rise,
And steaming sulphur that infects the skies;
So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came
With pestilential breath and ruddy flame;
And while he spoke, fierce Cerberus forebore
His triple bark, and Hydra ceased to roar;
Cocytus stayed his course; the abysses shook
When from his lips these thundering accents broke.

He addresses his compeers as Tartarean powers, worthy of a place above the sun, reminds them of the bliss they lost in heaven, and stimulates their resentment by representing the Almighty as now ruling unopposed, and having elected man, a creature of abject birth, to fill their places: nor this only, but having sent his Son to oppress them yet more by entering their dark domain, conquering them a second time, and carrying off their lawful captives of human kind. He appeals to them if they will tamely submit to see him worshipped in every land, while Pluto sways an empty kingdom:—

'Ah! no—our former courage still we boast;
That dauntless spirit which inspired our host,
When, girt with flames and steel, in dire alarms
We durst oppose the King of Heaven in arms!
'Tis true we lost the day (so fate ordained),
But still the glory of the attempt remained:
To him was given the conquest of the field;
To us, superior minds that scorned to yield.'*

* The employment of Satanic agency in a heroic poem presented difficulties which can scarcely be appreciated by modern readers. The superstition of the middle ages had invested the devil with a mean and somewhat ludicrous character, and it is doubtful whether the arch-fiend had ever appeared in the loftiness necessary to the part which he has to sustain in this poem. Tasso has grappled with the difficulty, and endeavoured, though not with complete success, to describe him as an object of terror rather than disgust. It was reserved for Milton, following in the path thus opened, to complete the splendours of Satanic majesty, and improve on the model of gloomy eloquence which he found in Tasso.

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He bids them hasten now to crush the rising power of Christendom :—

'Let what I will be fate ; let some be slain,
Some wander exiles from their social train ;
Some, sunk the slaves of Love's lascivious will,
An amorous eye adore or dimpled smile.
Against its master turn the sabre fell,
And teach discordant legions to rebel.
Perish the camp, in final ruin lost,
And perish all remembrance of the host !'

The fiends, obedient to the voice of their chief, rushed from the shades of night, dispersed, and taking their flight to different regions of the earth, air, and water, began to exercise against the Christian army all the power which they possessed over the elements, and which they had acquired over those human beings who devoted themselves to their worship. One of them instigated Hidraotes, the sultan of Damascus, to undertake the seduction of the Christian knights by the charms of Armida, his niece, who, besides being a sorceress, was the most beautiful woman of the East. Confident in her personal charms, she ventures alone into the Christian camp, and frames a story to excite compassion :—

Few days were past, when near the damsel drew
To where the Christian tents appeared in view ;
Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,
Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.
So mortals through the aërial fields afar
Observe the blaze of some unusual star.
Sudden they throng to view th' approaching dame,
Eager to learn her message and her name ;
Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast,
Could e'er a form or mien so lovely boast.
Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight,
Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light ;
And now unveiled in open view they flowed ;
So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,
So from the cloud again redeems his ray,
And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.
In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,
That catch new graces from the sportive air ;
Declined on earth, her modest look denies
To shew the starry lustre of her eyes :
O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red ;
Soft breathing sweets her opening lips disclose,
The native odours of the budding rose !
Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms,
Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms :

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Her smooth and swelling breasts are part revealed,
And part beneath her envious vest concealed;
Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,
No robes opposed can amorous thoughts restrain:
The gazer, fired with charms already shewn,
Explores the wonders of the charms unknown,
As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,
The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light;
So through her vest can daring fancy glide,
And view what maiden modesty would hide;
Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,
And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires!

Seeking for some one to conduct her to Godfrey, she meets his brother Eustace, who is captivated with her beauty, and eager to serve her interests. Throwing herself at the feet of Godfrey, the artful beauty implores his protection. She represents herself as the rightful heir of the throne of Damascus, of which she has been deprived by her uncle, who has even attempted her life. She is a fugitive, an outlaw, an unprotected orphan; but if a small band of warriors be granted to protect her back to Damascus, her partisans there have promised to open one of the gates to her; and having recovered her crown, she will cheerfully transfer it to the Christian chief in gratitude for the preservation of her life. After a moment's hesitation, Godfrey courteously declines; alleging that he cannot with propriety divert the army from the service of God for an object of mere human interest. But his companions, smitten by the beauty, and softened by the tears of Armida, condemn his cold prudence, and his brother Eustace expostulates with warmth:—

'Forbid it, Heaven, that ever France should hear,
Or any land where courtesy is dear,
That dangers or fatigues our souls dismayed,
When such a cause as this required our aid.
For me, with shame and grief I cast aside
My glittering corselet and my helmet's pride;
No longer will I wield my trusty sword,
No more shall arms to me delight afford:
Farewell, my steed! our proud career is o'er:
Knighthood, thy honours I usurp no more.'

Godfrey relents, and allows that ten knights shall accompany Armida; but she seizes the opportunity afforded by the impression she has made, and determines to prove the power of her beauty in the seduction of a much larger number:—

Each varied art to win the soul she tries—
To this, to that, a different mien applies;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance.

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These she repels, and those incites to love,
As various passions various bosoms move.

* * * *

While thus she gives alternate frost and fires,
And joy and grief, and hope and fear inspires,
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
Exulting in those ills her power could raise.
Oft when some lover trembling woos the fair,
She seems to listen with unconscious air;
Or, while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
With coyness feigned, she downwards bends her eyes;
While shame and wrath, with mingled grace, adorn
Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn!
But when she sees a youth prepare to tell
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell,
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies;
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs!
Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
Then slips, delusive, from his hope away;
And leaves him like a hunter in the chase
When night conceals the quarry's devious trace!
With arms like these she made a thousand yield,
A thousand chiefs unconquered in the field.

CANTO V.

Godfrey, perceiving the necessity of appointing a leader of the band of adventurers in the place of Dudon, desires them to choose one from among themselves, and Eustace points out Rinaldo as the most deserving of this honour, being secretly desirous of preventing him from attending Armida. However, Gernando, son of the king of Norway, thinks he has a better right to it, and he spreads false accusations against Rinaldo, who hears his contumelious language, flies to vengeance, encounters, and slays him. Well knowing, however, that all dissensions among the Crusaders ought to have been suspended till the conclusion of the campaign, and anticipating that the result of a military trial might be the degradation of committal to a common prison, he forsook the camp, and bent his way to Egypt.

Meanwhile, Armida pressed for her escort, and ten knights were chosen for her by lot. Many others, however, and first among them Eustace, secretly deserted the camp during the night, to follow her; and—

Though each concealing what his thoughts designed,
Now jealous scowled his rivals there to find,
She seemed on all a gracious eye to cast,
And each new comer welcomed like the last.

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At this juncture, while the Christian army was enfeebled by the absence of so many warriors, it was thrown into alarm by the loss of its convoys with supplies, and by the reported approach of the Egyptian fleet. Godfrey endeavoured to calm the fears of his followers, yet scarcely succeeded in stifling his own.

CANTO VI.

On the other side, Argantes, impatient of remaining inactive within the walls of Jerusalem, obtained leave from the king to challenge the Franks to single combat; but Clorinda was ordered secretly to follow him with a thousand men. Tancred was the Christian hero selected to meet the pagan, but ere he reached the spot appointed for the combat, he perceived Clorinda on a neighbouring height—

> The lover to a lifeless statue turns;
> With cold he freezes, and with heat he burns:
> Fixed in a stupid gaze, unmoved he stands,
> And now no more the promised fight demands.

While Tancred thus tarries, Otho speeds forward, takes his place, and refuses to resign it again; Argantes, in his fury, transgresses the laws of knightly combat, and Otho is worsted. Tancred takes his place, and the combat is sustained with fearful violence till night falls, and the heralds proclaim a cessation of arms for six days.

Both warriors had been severely wounded; and it was the part of Erminia, who was skilled as other kings' daughters in the arts of healing, to administer relief to Argantes. But the maid had once been a prisoner to the Christians, and the courteous behaviour of Tancred on that occasion had won her heart: she could not bear to nurse his rival, and therefore devised a plan for transferring her cares to him she loved. Being the intimate friend of Clorinda, she obtained access to her chamber in her absence, arrayed herself in her martial vestments, and prepared to sally forth in her name.

> In stubborn steel her tender limbs she dressed,
> The massive helm her golden ringlets pressed:
> Next in her feeble hand she grasped the shield,
> A weight too mighty for her strength to wield.
> Thus dart a radiant light her maiden charms,
> In all the dire magnificence of arms!
> Love present laughed, as when he viewed of old
> The female weeds Alcides' bulk infold.
> Heavy and slow, she moves along with pain;
> And scarce her feet the unwonted load sustain;
> The faithful damsel by her side attends,
> And with assisting arm her step befriends.

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But love her spirits and her hopes renews,
And every trembling limb with strength indues,
Till, having reached the squire, without delay
They mount their ready steeds, and take their way.

As soon as she had escaped from the city, she despatched her squire to inform Tancred that a friendly maiden, skilled in the art of healing, was waiting to cast herself on his honour and afford him her assistance. Tancred joyfully consented to receive her; but while the messenger was on the way, she advanced to a rising-ground to survey the tents she so much longed after:

Now was the night in starry lustre seen,
And not a cloud obscured the blue serene:
The rising moon her silver beams displayed,
And decked with pearly dew the dusky glade.
With anxious soul th' enamoured virgin strays
From thought to thought, in love's perplexing maze;
And vents her tender plaints, and breathes her sighs
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.
Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said:
'Ye Latin tents, by me with joy surveyed!
From you, methinks, the gales more gently blow,
And seem already to relieve my wo!
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state
To this unhappy life, the sport of fate!
From you alone I seek from care release,
And hope to find 'mid martial terrors peace!
Receive me then!—and may my wishes find
That bliss which love has promised to my mind;
Which ev'n my worst of fortune could afford,
When made the captive of my dearest lord!
I seek not now, inspired with fancies vain,
By you my regal honours to regain:
Ah no!—Be this my happiness and pride,
Within your shelter humbly to reside!'

As she thus stood pensive on the hill, the moon shone full upon her—

Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam;
Her polished arms returned a trembling gleam;
And on her lofty crest, the tigress raised,
With all the terrors of Clorinda blazed.

And now a band of Christian scouts, mistaking her for the Amazon, rushed forward to attack her; she fled, but was still pursued. The leader of the band, sending tidings of this adventure to the camp, Tancred concluded that Clorinda had thus exposed herself for him, and that she had been the author of the

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message he had received. Wounded though he was, he followed in the pursuit to watch over her safety.

CANTO VII.

Erminia escaped into a wood, and after flying the whole day, reached a solitary and peaceful valley, where she was received by an aged shepherd, and resolved to wait for happier days.

Tancred, guided by her track, had reached the wood, but missing his way, he relinquished the pursuit, and sought to return to the camp. Misled by the treachery of one whom he asked to direct him, he was made prisoner in the castle of Armida, the sorceress. And now the day arrived on which his combat with Argantes should have been renewed. Argantes is ready, and the herald summons his rival. But Tancred cannot be heard of; and the venerable Raymond is chosen by lot to fill his place. Argantes bitterly taunts the Christian host for their tardiness; and Raymond devoutly invokes the aid of Him who gave victory to the youthful David over Goliath. Heaven heard, and sent a guardian angel to shield the Christian hero. Thus defended, he remains invincible; but an arrow is sped against him from the walls of the city; and this breach of the laws of single combat leads to a general battle, the result of which is, that the Christians are obliged to retreat.

CANTO VIII.

A Danish knight arriving at the Christian camp, informed Godfrey that Sweno, the son of the king of Denmark, fired with ambition to rival the deeds of Rinaldo, had marched with his followers to the neighbourhood of Palestine, and was there surprised by the enemy, defeated, and slain; that he alone had escaped the general slaughter, and had brought Sweno's sword, which he was to present to Rinaldo. The most affectionate regrets for Rinaldo are awakened throughout the camp, and threaten a mutiny against Godfrey. Argillan, the leader of the tumult, is arrested and confined, and order restored by Godfrey's firmness.

CANTO IX.

Alecto, still burning with rancour against the Christian host, incites Solyman to fall on their camp by night.

> Now had the night her sable curtain spread,
> And o'er the earth unwholesome vapours shed;

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The noisome ground no cooling moisture knew,
But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew:
Monsters and prodigies in heaven were seen;
Dire spectres, shrieking, skimmed along the green:
A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
With added terrors from th' infernal shade.

Through this fearful darkness Solyman with his Arab followers made their way to the Christian camp. But the sentinels give the alarm on his approach; the soldiers snatch their arms and fight; a dreadful slaughter ensues on both sides. As the combat deepens, Argantes and Clorinda advance to join Solyman, and Godfrey awakes to lead the Christian forces. Clorinda strews the field with mangled heaps; and the number of the combatants is continually swelled by the arrival of new companies. In the morning, Argillan rushes from prison to efface his former disgrace by deeds of glory in the field.

As when, to battle bred, the courser, freed
From plenteous stalls, regains the wonted mead,
There unrestrained amid the herds he roves,
Bathes in the stream, and wantons in the groves;
His mane dishevelled o'er his shoulders spread,
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head:
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.
So Argillan appears! so fierce he shews,
While in his look undaunted courage glows:
He bounds with headlong speed the war to meet,
And scarcely prints the dust beneath his feet.

In the train of Solyman was a beautiful boy on a white courser, pleasing himself with the din of arms, and mingling in the shock. Argillan, advancing towards him, hewed him down without mercy, and Solyman came all too late to the rescue of his favourite.

Untouched before, now melts the marble heart,
And 'midst his wrath the gushing sorrows start.
And weep'st thou, Solyman! at pity's call,
Who, tearless, saw thy mighty kingdom's fall!

But now, his grief turning to fury and revenge, he falls upon Argillan,

And cleaves his head beneath the weighty blow—
A wound well worthy of so great a foe!

The Christian arms prevail; and Aladin, perceiving this from his post of observation, orders a retreat to be sounded. Clorinda and Argantes obey with great reluctance; while Solyman, severely wounded, hesitates whether to end his own life or quit the field to save it.

'Fate has subdued,' at length the leader cried;
'My shame shall swell the haughty victor's pride:

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Again th' insulting foe my flight shall view,
Again my exile with their scorn pursue;
But soon behold me turn in arms again,
To blast their peace, and shake their tottering reign.
Nor yield I now—my rage shall burn the same;
Eternal wrongs, eternal vengeance claim:
Still will I rise a more inveterate foe,
And, dead, pursue them from the shades below!'

CANTO X.

As he thus spoke, he perceived a vacant steed, which he gladly mounted; and bent his way towards Gaza, with the view of joining the king of Egypt. Presently, he was met by Ismeno, the magician, who dissuaded him from this journey, healed his wounds, and conveyed him to Jerusalem in a chariot, which dissolved in air on their arrival. The magician prepared to conduct him through a subterranean passage into the city.

Then thus the soldan: 'Through what darksome way
Must here my steps by stealth inglorious stray!
O rather grant that, with this trusty blade,
Through scattered foes a nobler path be made.'

Ismeno overruled his objections, and led him by this cavern to the council-hall, where, himself under the concealment of a cloud, he witnessed the deliberations of Aladin and his advisers. When he heard them speak of himself as probably dead, or in prison, or exile, and advise Aladin to sue for peace, even while they spoke he shewed himself among them, and fiercely threatened the advocates of compromise.

'First in one fold shall wolves and lambs remain,
One nest the serpent and the dove contain,
Ere with the Franks one land behold our state
On any terms but everlasting hate!'

Meanwhile, Godfrey discovers that the squadron which turned the scale of victory was composed of the knights that had deserted to Armida, and learns from one of them how the deceitful beauty had endeavoured by magic arts to terrify them into serving against Godfrey: and then was sending them with Tancred prisoners to Damascus, when they were met and delivered by Rinaldo.

When the knight ceased, Peter the Hermit turned his eyes devoutly towards heaven:

And now his colour changed; a nobler grace
Shone in his mien, and kindled in his face;
Full of the Deity, his raptured mind
With angels seemed in hallowed converse joined.

Under this inspiration, he announced that Rinaldo still lived; and prophesied of his future glory and that of his posterity.

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CANTO XI.

The preparations for the assault of the city being now nearly completed, the Christian host advanced towards the Mount of Olives in religious procession, with the voice of holy hymns, instead of the clang of arms or blast of trumpet.

Meantime in wonder fixed, the pagan band
All hushed and silent on the ramparts stand;
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceased, the ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw;
With barbarous shouts they shake the bulwarks round;
The hills and valleys to the noise resound.
But not their course the Christian powers refrain,
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain;
Fearless they march, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

The next morning, a general assault was given, in which Godfrey was wounded, and numbers were slain on both sides. A breach was made in the walls, and the conflict continued all day—

But night, to check their rage, her veil displayed,
And wrapped the warring world in peaceful shade.

CANTO XII.

During the night, Clorinda sought Argantes, and opened her mind to him:

'Long has my soul unusual ardour proved,
And various thoughts this restless bosom moved;
I know not whether God the attempt inspires,
Or man can form a god of his desires.
See! from yon vale the Christians' glimmering light,
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,
To burn their tower: at least the deed be tried,
And for the event let Heaven alone provide.'

The wondering chief caught the flame, and desired not to be left behind:

'No; if in arms I ever graced thy side,
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide;
I, too, can boast a heart despising death,
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath.'

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In vain the Amazon would have dissuaded him; and it was agreed between them, and sanctioned by Aladin, that they should go together, while Ismeno undertook to frame such mixtures as should produce a sudden and rapid conflagration. Arsetes, an aged eunuch, who has attended Clorinda from infancy, implores her to desist; and, when no tears or entreaties will avail, he thus reveals to her a history as yet concealed:—

'In Ethiopia there once reigned, perhaps still reigns, a Christian king; and I, a Mohammedan, was one of the attendants of his beautiful but swarthy queen. In her room was a sacred picture of a beautiful maiden, white as snow, and a dragon, pierced with the javelin of her heroic deliverer. Here the queen was wont to address her vows and prayers to Heaven. When thou wast born, the fairness of thy skin alarmed the virtuous matron, lest jealous fears should be excited in her husband's mind; she therefore consigned thee unbaptised to my care, and displayed as her own an infant of her own colour. With many a tender kiss, and streaming tear, and heavy sigh, she bade thee farewell.

> At length, with lifted eyes—"O God," she cried,
> "By whom the secrets of my breast are tried,
> If still my thoughts have undefiled remained,
> And still my heart its constancy maintained
> (Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace—
> A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!),
> Oh, keep this harmless babe, to whom, distressed,
> A mother thus denies her kindly breast;
> Give her from me her spotless life to frame,
> But copy in her fate some happier name!"

With tears I bore thee away, and wandered in a thick and lonely forest, when, lo! an enraged tigress drew near, and, wild with terror, I climbed a tree, and left thee on the ground. The furious animal became softened as she gazed upon thee; she licked thy infant limbs, and offered thee her milk. Willingly didst thou thus appease thy hunger, and the creature departed. Hastening down from the tree, I resumed my charge and my journey, till I found a village, where I nursed thee in secret for sixteen months, and then I bore thee with me to Egypt, my native country. Then I saw in a vision a warrior with a naked sword, reminding me of the charge I had received to have thee baptised with Christian rites. But I heeded not; I was wedded to my own faith, and bred thee in it; in this alone unfaithful: in all besides thou hast found in me the duty of a servant and the care of a parent. Yestermorn, the phantom came again, with fiercer look, and in louder accents upbraided me. He said, too, that thine hour was at hand. Then, O forbear!' still pleaded the aged guardian—

> 'Consent no longer now these arms to wear;
> Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care.'

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He ceased and wept. She remained in suspense a moment, for similar visions had troubled her own spirit; but brightening up at length, she strove to calm his fears, while she declared her own purpose was unshaken.

Meeting with Argantes, and receiving two sulphurous balls from Ismeno, she departed from the city, disguised in black armour. Being perceived by the guard, the two warriors had to fight their way, but succeeded in firing the tower, and making good their retreat. The gates were opened to receive them; but Clorinda, in her eagerness to avenge a wound she had received, turned to pursue and slay her antagonist, and found on her return that the gates had been hastily shut, and she excluded. Favoured by the night, she threw herself among the ranks of the enemy, till, finding convenient opportunity, she withdrew. Tancred, however, had observed without recognising her, and now pursued and challenged.

Then turning swift—'What bring'st thou here?' she cried.
'Lo! war and death I bring!' the chief replied.
'Then war and death,' the virgin said, 'I give:
What thou to me wouldst bring, from me receive!'

Perceiving that his foe was on foot, Tancred dismounted, that they might meet in equal combat.

Thou night, whose envious veil with dark disguise
Concealed the warriors' acts from human eyes,
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,
And give to future times each mighty name:
So shall they shine, from age to age displayed,
For glories won beneath thy sable shade!

The darkness precluded all display of skill in the combat, and fury supplied its place.

No pause, no rest th' impatient warriors know,
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow:
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice;
Till, grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.

As the day dawned, they gazed on each other and paused. The gallant Tancred at length broke silence, and begged to know the name and lineage of the enemy whose prowess was to give renown either to his death or his victory. She haughtily refused to reveal herself, but told him she was one of those who fired the tower. Burning with renewed rage, Tancred challenged his foe again.

What dreadful wounds on either side are given!
Through steel and flesh their ruthless swords are driven.
Though faint with blood effused from every vein,
Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sustain;

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Yet still they live, and still maintain the strife,
Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.

But now Clorinda's fated hour was come—

Full at her bosom Tancred aimed the sword—
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gored;
The sanguine current stained with blushing red
The embroidered robe that o'er her form was spread.
She feels approaching death in every vein;
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain;
But still the Christian knight renews the blow,
And threatening, presses close his vanquished foe;
She, as she fell, with moving voice addressed
The chief, and thus preferred her last request
(Some pitying angel formed her last desire,
In which faith, hope, and charity conspire).
To the fair infidel such grace was given,
That though in life she spurned the laws of Heaven,
Yet now submitting in her dying hour,
Her humbled spirit owned a Saviour's power.
'Friend, thou hast conquered! I forgive the stroke;
O let me pardon, too, from thee invoke!
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
For this I know no fear, and ask no care;
'Tis for my sinful soul I pity crave:
O wash my guilt in the baptismal wave!'

The wrath of the victor subsides at the touching request preferred in feeble accents; he recollects a scanty rill which murmurs at no great distance—

Hither the chieftain hied without delay,
Here filled his casque, then took his pensive way
Back to fulfil the strange and sad demand;
But some portentous instinct shakes his hand,
As from her face the glittering helm he draws;
The features now appear—he sees, he knows—
O knowledge best unknown! distracting sight!
Scarcely she lives, and speechless stands the knight.
Yet rousing all his strength, with holy zeal
Prepares the sacred office to fulfil.*
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A smile of transport brightened in her face;
Happy in death, she seemed her joy to tell;
And bade, for heaven, an empty world farewell.
O'er her fair face death's livid hue arose,
So mixed with violets the lily shews.

* According to the canons of the church, any man, woman, or child may administer baptism in a case of emergency.

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Her eyes to heaven the dying virgin raised;
The sun, the sky, with kindly pity gazed;
And since the power of speech her lips denied,
Her clay-cold hand the pledge of peace supplied.
So fled the spirit from her peaceful breast,
So seemed she but as lulled in quiet rest.

Tancred's firmness now forsook him; a mortal coldness seized his frame, and he lay pale and speechless like his victim—

Then had his soul pursued the fleeting fair,
Whose gentle spirit hovered yet in air—

But a band of Christians chanced to pass in search of water, and recognised the Latian hero. Nor would they leave the beautiful form of Clorinda to the wolves, but carried both to the tent of Tancred.

On recovering his recollection, Tancred abandoned himself to frantic grief, tore the bandages from his wounds, and desired to die. The other Christian chiefs strove now to console and now to reprove him; and Godfrey, with the venerable Peter, in part succeeded in calming his passion, by reminding him of the second death, which might justly punish his impiety. The consolation came, however, when Clorinda appeared to him in a dream, told him of her heavenly happiness, and encouraged him to hope to share it.

'Then live,' she said—
'Then live—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move.'

CANTO XIII.

To prevent the Christians from constructing new works, Ismeno invoked a band of demons to occupy the only spot where wood could be obtained. Tancred alone disdained to fear. He entered the enchanted forest; the earthquakes rocked, and the thunders rolled in vain to terrify him. The burning walls and flaming ramparts which had appeared to others rose on his sight; he resolved to defy them and walk through; the flames disappeared as he entered them; a cloudy tempest rose, but as he walked on, the storm vanished and the clouds withdrew. Now nothing impeded his passage but the tangled boughs of the trees, and he came at last on a spacious sylvan theatre, having only a stately cypress in the midst. The trunk was covered with hieroglyphics, and among these, which he could not decipher, were conspicuous and intelligible words, beseeching him not to violate this grove, the residence of departed spirits. He heard the murmur of human voices, prompting him alike to awe and pity; yet, nothing moved, he drew his shining steel and struck the cypress, intending to hew it down. The tree

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ran blood, and stained the grassy turf. Filled with horror, yet resolved to persevere, the hero struck again, and Clorinda's voice was heard from the stem in plaintive tones reproaching him for violating her repose. She informs him that these trees are for a time inhabited by the souls of those warriors who have fallen under the walls of Jerusalem, and he has struck that which she occupies. Tancred cannot brave this; he departs, and confesses himself worsted.*

CANTO XIV.

Now from her mother's ancient lap arose
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose;
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew;
The fluttering zephyrs breathed a grateful wind,
And soothed the balmy slumbers of mankind.

As the Christian host slept peacefully under the Almighty's watchful care, a dream was sent to Godfrey.

Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray,
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold,
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.
From thence the dreams arise, which heavenly power
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour.

And thence the vision sped its way to Godfrey's tent. He seemed upraised to the realms of glory; he heard the sacred choir chanting their hymns of praise, and presently he was addressed by a warrior clothed in lambent flames, who announced himself as his deceased friend Hugo. By him he was encouraged to prosecute his enterprise, and counselled to recall Rinaldo, whom alone Heaven will empower to destroy the enchantment of the forest, and who is divinely appointed to bear the honours of the war second only to himself.

In the council held in the morning, Guelpho interceded for Rinaldo, the other chiefs murmuring their approval; and Ubald, with Charles the Dane, was commissioned to seek out the warrior. Proceeding towards Ascalon, according to the directions of Peter, they are met and entertained by a friendly magician.

* Some critics have condemned the prominent place allotted to enchantments in this epic machinery, but there is no doubt whatever that they were believed in by the brave and the fair of the twelfth century. The scepticism of modern days would have seemed quite as shocking to these valiant knights, as their superstition does to our philosophy; and all that poetry does in gratifying the natural love of the marvellous, is to avail itself of the current belief of the times which it describes. To render fiction poetically true, it is only necessary that he who relates it should have grounds for appearing persuaded of its truth.

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An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows,
In lengthened folds his snowy vesture flows,
A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,
And, with his feet unbathed, the torrent braves.

He shews them many wonders connected with the secret origin of springs and rivers—of vapours, rains, and dews—of winds, lightnings, meteors, and comets; while he explains that he obtained all this knowledge in his unconverted state, but now submits to Divine authority, and retaining his arts, employs them in the Christian service.

He then gives them a particular account of the snares that Armida had laid for Rinaldo, and how she has led him to an enchanted island, seduced him with siren songs, and lulled him into fatal repose. He warns them of the allurements they must shun, and the way in which they must awaken the knight to a sense of shame and duty.

CANTO XV.

In the morning, the two knights resumed their journey, and presently reached a stream in which was a little bark conducted by a lady, whom they had been instructed to recognise by the ringlets on her forehead, and her vestments of changing colours. In this vessel they reached the open sea, sailed along the African coast, passed the Pillars of Hercules, and steering to the south and west, found themselves among the islands which poets call the Fortunate. Amidst these islands they found a spacious lonely bay, which they entered, and were landed by the virgin pilot, who pointed out to them the enchanted castle of Armida. As they attempted to gain the ascent, a hideous serpent, and afterwards a ferocious lion, intercepted their passage; but these and numerous other monsters were quelled by the shaking of the golden wand. Having reached the summit, they came upon a spacious level of surpassing beauty.

There youthful spring salutes the enraptured eye,
Unfading verdure and a gladsome sky;
Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in every balmy gale.
No irksome change the unvaried climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows;
A genial power the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with every sweet the smiling meads;
Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,
And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower;
There reared aloft a stately palace stands,
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

In vain a copious stream and a shady bower invited the knights to repose; warned of the dangers of the place, they refused to

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taste any of its pleasures. They advanced till they reached a lake, on whose banks a sumptuous banquet was spread. Two beautiful damsels were sporting in the water, and one, half rising from it, revealed in part her beauties.

Till on the approaching chiefs she turned her eyes,
Then feigned, with mimic fear, a coy surprise;
Swift from her head she loosed, with eager haste,
The yellow curls in artful fillets laced;
The falling tresses, o'er her limbs displayed,
Wrapped all her beauties in a golden shade;
Thus hid in locks and circled by the flood,
With sidelong glance, o'erjoyed, the knights she viewed.
Her smiles, amid her blushes, lovelier shew;
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow.

Now raising her voice, in witching strains she invited them to lay aside their armour, and refresh themselves by bathing and partaking of the viands prepared. But their hearts were firmly steeled against every soothing art, and they pursued their way to the palace.

CANTO XVI.

The palace rose in the midst of a sumptuous garden—

There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play;
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottos strike the eyes.
Art shewed her utmost power; but art concealed,
With greater charms the pleased attention held.
It seemed as nature played a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of art.

In the midst of the feathered choir, the Phœnix sang with human voice, inviting to the voluptuous pleasures with which the place abounded; but the virtuous warriors, passing through these alluring scenes, suffered nothing to detain them till they perceived Rinaldo and his mistress—

One proud to rule, one prouder to obey,
He blest in her, and she in beauty's sway.

They watched awhile her guileful arts: the binding and loosing and smoothing of her hair; the sweet repulse, the tender scorn, the engaging smile, the tear of transport—till she rose and left him for a time. They then approached Rinaldo; and Ubald held up his shield before him, that he might view in it his own image:—

His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair
With odours breathing, his luxurious air;

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His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,
Estranged from fight, hung idly at his side;
And wreathed with flowers, seemed worn for empty show,
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe.

Thus beholding himself, and sickening at the sight, Rinaldo awakes from his trance—

And wishes opening earth his shame would hide,
Or ocean veil him in its 'whelming tide.

The knights invite him again to join the ranks of the brave; and shame giving way to anger, he hastens with them from the alluring bower. Armida perceiving his departure, follows him in the wildest anguish and with the tenderest entreaties:

She who so late the laws of love despised,
Who scorned the lover though the love she prized;
Whose conquering eyes could every heart subdue—
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue!

Rinaldo stops but a moment, at Ubald's suggestion, to hear what she has to say.

Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air;
Yet sweet in wo, and beauteous in despair;
Silent on him her eager look she bent;
Disdain, and fear, and shame, her speech prevent,
While from her eyes, the knight, abashed, withdrew;
Or snatched, with wary glance, a transient view.

She bade him not suppose she addressed him as a lover, since he now scorns that relation, but as an enemy. She confesses that, through hatred to his religion, she had pursued, deceived, and detained him; but confeses that she in turn has been vanquished and enslaved. She declares herself content to attend him as his captive, to be exhibited to all the camp as his once proud betrayer:

'These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread;
Thee will I follow 'mid surrounding foes,
When all the fury of the battle glows;
I want not soul, so far at least, to dare
To lead thy courser, or thy javelin bear.
Let me sustain, or be myself, thy shield;
Still will I guard thee in the dangerous field;
No hostile hand so savage would be found
Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound.'

Repressing his starting tears, Rinaldo assures her she is not his foe, and cannot be his slave; that he bears her no hatred, nor harbours scorn against her; that her love and her anger have

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alike deceived her in this matter. He expresses his shame and sorrow for the weakness of which he has been guilty, and avows himself still her champion so far as Christian faith permits, while he refuses to take her with him.

Now eyeing him with scorn, she broke out in accents of rage:

'Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood!
Thou sprung'st, relentless, from the stormy flood:
Thy infant years th' Hyrcanian tigress fed;
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred!—
See if he deigns one tender tear bestow,
Or pay one sigh in pity to my wo!
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?
He calls me his—yet leaves me here in scorn!
See how his foe the generous victor leaves,
Forgets her error, and her crime forgives!
Hear how sedate, how cool his counsels prove!
This rigid Zeno in the school of love.
* * * *
Go, wretch!—such peace attend thy tortured mind
As I, forsaken here, am doomed to find!
Fly hence!—begone!—but soon expect to view
My vengeful ghost thy trait'rous flight pursue:
A fury armed with snakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrors equal to my former love!'

Rinaldo leaves her fainting on the shore, and sets sail with his companions. When she recovers, she destroys the enchanted palace and gardens, and, consenting to live only for revenge, returns to Gaza to join the army of the caliph of Egypt.

CANTO XVII.

Arriving at Gaza, which was then held by the Egyptian monarch, Armida makes her appearance in the character of a female archer seated on a stately car, drawn by four unicorns, and attended by a hundred maids, and a hundred pages on milk-white steeds; while behind is her troop of soldiers, commanded by Aradine. While the gazing hosts admire her beauty, she proposes herself and her domains as the reward of him who shall bring her the head of Rinaldo. All are eager to proffer their aid, Adrastus and Tissaphernes especially appearing as rivals for the honour of avenging her.

CANTO XVIII.

Meanwhile Rinaldo, arriving at the camp, confesses his errors, implores and finds forgiveness, and is immediately despatched to the enchanted forest. It does not present monsters and objects

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of terror to him, as it did to the other warriors, but offers all the charms of an earthly paradise.

> Then new desires incite his feet to rove
> Through all the deep recesses of the grove.
> As searching round, from shade to shade he strays,
> New scenes at once invite him, and amaze.
> Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
> In gushing springs, or voluntary flowers:
> Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant rose;
> Here spouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:
> From every spray the liquid manna trills;
> And honey from the softening bark distils.
> Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears
> Of plaints and music mingling in his ears:
> Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
> Nor harp, nor timbrel, whence the music came.

A stately myrtle attracts his attention. And now a hundred trees display each a cleft from which issues a woodland nymph, and these forming a circle, dance around the knight and the myrtle, with songs of welcome and the music of timbrel and harp. Presently a low sound was heard from the myrtle, and Armida's self issued from the trunk. Blushing, and rolling her mournful eyes, she seeks a renewal of their affectionate intercourse—

> Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,
> Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm.

But Rinaldo, remembering his instructions, drew his sword to cut down the myrtle. In vain she throws herself between the weapon and her tree; in vain she becomes transformed into a huge giant figure, an armed Briareus with fifty pair of hands wielding many swords and shields, while the surrounding nymphs were changed to Cyclops. The hero, unmoved, pursued his task, amidst the groans of the myrtle, and the infernal gloom of the scene, the stormy winds, the hoarse thunder, the flashing lightning, and the rocking earthquakes. As soon as the myrtle fell, the phantoms fled; the enchantment was dissolved. The forest, now restored to its natural state, supplied wood for new machines of war, superior to those used in the former assault, and Godfrey disposed everything for a new attack.

During the struggle, the Christian cause was favoured by signal interpositions of Heaven: the fires of the Saracens were driven back on themselves, and a falling rock crushed Ismeno to death at the moment he is preparing new enchantments. Rinaldo performed prodigies of valour, and the sacred banner was at length placed on the ramparts, while the assailants poured in on every hand. The souls of all the warriors that had fallen in the conflict assembled in mid-air to share the triumph of the Crusaders.

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CANTO XIX.

Argantes remained one of the last of the infidels on the walls, where, being met and defied by Tancred, he taunted him with having come so late to finish his duel; and now not as a hero to dare a hero, but as a base artificer of war, defended by troops and engines. Tancred indignantly invited him to retire with him, and prove his boasted might in single combat.

Then to his troops: 'Withhold your wrathful hands;
This warrior now my sword alone demands:
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;
By former promise mine, and mine by fame.'

* * * *

Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,
And burns with zeal to take the pagan's life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies e'en a drop to vulgar hands.
He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow,
And guards from darts and spears the mighty foe.

Reaching a secluded valley, the warriors stopped, and Argantes turned a thoughtful mournful gaze upon the conquered town. Tancred, perceiving that his adversary had no shield, generously threw away his own, and asked the meaning of this sudden gloom.

'On yon fair town,' the infidel replied,
'Judea's sceptred queen and Asia's pride,
That bows her vanquished head, I think with pain,
While I, to stay her downfall, strive in vain.
Too small a vengeance will thy life afford,
Though Heaven adjudge it to my conquering sword!'

They advanced to combat, each well knowing the valour of his foe. Argantes excelled in size and strength; Tancred, in lightness and dexterity. Twice did Tancred, having obtained the advantage, offer to stay his hand and spare life and liberty to the fierce Circassian. Disdaining his clemency, Argantes rose and renewed the combat:—

Again his hand the courteous victor stayed;
'Submit, O chief, preserve thy life,' he said;
But while he paused, the fierce insidious foe
Full at his heels directs a treacherous blow,
And threats aloud. Then flash from Tancred's eyes
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries:
'And dost thou, wretch! such base return afford
For life so long preserved from Tancred's sword?'
He said; and as he spoke, no more delayed,
But through his visor plunged the avenging blade.

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Thus fell Argantes: as he lived, he died;
Untamed his soul, unconquered was his pride;
Nor drooped his spirit at the approach of death,
But threats and rage employed his latest breath.

Tancred now vainly endeavoured to return to the camp: exhausted from loss of blood, he swooned away on the plain.

Meanwhile, the victors had made a dreadful slaughter within the city; and Solyman had induced Aladin, with the remnant of the troops, to retire within the tower of David, in the hope that the succours from Egypt might arrive in time to save them. This army was, indeed, on its march; and Godfrey had despatched Vafrino, a squire of Tancred's, familiar with Eastern languages, to watch its movements. Vafrino, mingling freely with the warriors, is recognised by Erminia, who reveals herself to him, discloses the plans of the enemy, and accompanies him on his return to the Christian host. On the way, they find Tancred, and get him brought into the holy city. While Erminia remains with him, Vafrino reports to Godfrey the state of the Egyptian army, and the danger especially menacing his life and Rinaldo's. Precautions are taken accordingly, and the Christians prepare to meet this new enemy.

CANTO XX.

At sunrise on the following morning, the Egyptian army appeared in sight; and the Christian host went out to meet it, and offered battle,* leaving Raymond in command of a body of Syrian auxiliaries and Gascons, to keep the Saracens beleaguered in the tower of David. Godfrey flew from rank to rank, encouraging and stimulating the troops, while Rinaldo headed the onset. The Christian arms prevail, and the ranks of the foe are yielding, when Rinaldo meets the car of Armida. Conflicting passions rise within her: she prepares her bow against him, and fits the shaft, but love withholds it for awhile.

Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries,
And thrice her faltering hand its strength denies.
At length her wrath prevails—she twangs the string,
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing:
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her prayer,
That all its fury may be spent in air!
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky.

* All the epic poets have described battles, and have lavished their most brilliant poetry upon these scenes; yet, perhaps, few passages in their works have afforded less pleasure to their readers. It is for this reason, and not because Tasso is inferior in this kind of description, that we have quoted few such passages.

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The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
Against the warrior's stubborn corselet came.
Harmless it fell; aside the hero turned:
She deemed her power despised, her anger scorned.
Again she bent her bow, but failed to wound,
While love, with surer darts, her bosom found.

While the combat raged on the plain, the proud Solyman, viewing it, disdained to remain in the tower, and burned to join the fray. Aladin and the rest of the garrison partook of his martial rage, and a desperate sally was made. Solyman cut his way through, and hastened to the fiercer battle; while Aladin and his followers dispersed the Syrian troops, and forced the Gascons back. The tumult reaches the place where Tancred is lying; he rises from his couch, grasps his sword and shield, and appears in the conflict. His presence decides the struggle, and Aladin falls under the hand of Raymond. Meanwhile, Solyman brings a short but glorious aid to the Egyptian allies. Among the many warriors slain by him, fame has snatched from oblivion the names of two only—Edward, and his wife Gildippe, who had performed wondrous deeds of valour throughout the campaign, and who, ever succouring each other, had never been separated in fight.

As when an axe the stately elm invades,
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,
It falls; and with it falls the mantling vine,
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine,
So Edward sunk beneath the pagan steel;
So with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.
They strive to speak, their wounds are lost in sighs,
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
Each other still with mournful looks they view,
And, close embracing, take the last adieu,
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light,
Their gentle souls together take their flight.

The Christian arms, however, prevail; Adrastus, Solyman, and Tissaphernes fall successively beneath the arm of Rinaldo; and the fair enchantress is forsaken by the rest of her champions. Leaping from her car, and mounting a charger, she herself took to flight—

But like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,
Anger and love her parting steps pursue.

Rinaldo, pausing to observe what friends he should aid, or what foes pursue, marked her flight, and followed. He overtook her just as she had laid aside her armour, and was about to plunge an arrow into her own bosom. 'Love,' she exclaimed, 'that has so deeply pierced my heart, knows how well it will admit this weapon also.

'Unblest Armida! what is now thy fate,
When this alone can cure thy wretched state?

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This weapon's point must heal the wound of love,
And friendly death my heart's physician prove.
Fond love, farewell! But come, thou fell disdain!
For ever partner with my ghost remain;
Together let us rise from realms below,
To haunt the ungrateful author of my wo;
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
And fill with horror every sleepless night!'

Rinaldo now rushed behind her, and withheld her hand. Again he vowed himself her champion, and swore to restore her to the throne of her fathers.

He spoke; and speaking, sought her breast to move
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love!
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow,
Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow,
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Meanwhile, Godfrey gathered the last laurels on the battle-field, the few remaining foes falling, flying, or surrendering.

Thus Godfrey conquered; and as yet the day
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,
The domes where Christ had made his blest abode.
Still in his blood-stained vest, with princely train
The impatient chieftain sought the sacred fane;
There hung his arms, there poured his votive prayer,
Kissed his loved Saviour's tomb, and bowed adoring there.

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